MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

OCTOBER 2002 • $3 • #233

THE FUTURES

SPAZM 151
AGAINST ME!
STORM THE TOWER
GASOLHEADS
SCHOLASTIC DETH
plus: Philly Punx vs. ClearChannel

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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•Canada: $4 each (air) or $3 (surface). 6 issue sub for $24 (air) or $18 (surface). (US dollars)
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Let us know which issue to start with!

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
Back issues #148, 150-155, 156-163, 166, 169-170, 172-175, 177-181, 184-232 are as stated above in subscription info. See page after next.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:
Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!
Ad Reservations: call to make sure.
Ad Copy In (with payment): by 15th of previous month–NO LATER!!!
Issue out: by 2nd week of following month.

★★ AD RATES & SIZES!! ★★
1/6 page: (2 3/8" x 5") $30
1/3 page long: (2 3/8" x 10") $85
1/3 page square: (5" x 4 7/8") $100
1/2 page: (7 1/4" x 5") $125
Full page (7 1/4" x 10") $400

AD CRITERIA:
We will not accept major label or related ads, or ads for comps that include major label bands. We reserve the right to refuse ads for any reason at any time. Send ads properly sized on paper.

CLASSIFIEDS: NEW PRICE! $2 for a maximum of 40 words. No racist, sexist or fascist material. Send typed if possible.

COVER: Mike Thorn

SELL MRR AT GIGS: Within the US, we'll sell them to you at $1.50 each ppd, cash up front. Contact us for ncn-US orders. Must order five or more of the same issue.

NEWSSTAND circulation through Big Top Newsstand Services, a division of the IPA. For more information call (415) 643-0161 or fax (415) 643-2983 or E-mail: Info@BigTopPubs.com. Also available from: No Idea, Sound Idea, Revolver, Get Hip, Smash, Subterranean, Last Gasp, See Hear, Armadilio, Ubiquity, Choke Inc, Desert Moon, and Marginal.
See page 5 for foreign distribution info.

Please send all records, zines, letters, articles, scene reports, photos, subscriptions, interviews, ads, etc., to:

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TOP 10

For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 (or so...) lists of stuff we review.

TIM BROOKS

- YOUNG WASTENERS-We Got Ways-LP
- HATE UNIT-(Fuck) Growing Up-EP
- ACURSED-Livet Ar Den Langsta Vagen Till-LP
- JOHN BROWNS ARMY-Who Fucked-LP
- RIISTETYT-As a Prisoner of State-LP
- PANIC-Turn Cold-EP/CONFLICT-LP
- KILLED IN ACTION-Untitled-EP
- EASYS-You're High Maintenance-45
- COMPLAIN-EP/COCKSPARRER-45
- ARRIVALS/DILLINGER FOUR-live

ROB COONS

- V/A-Barbaric Thrash Demolition #3-2xCD & EP
- HATED YOUTH/ROACH MOTEL-split LP
- YOUNG WASTENERS-We Got Ways-LP
- INFECT-Estrepito-EP
- AGENT ORANGE/JESUS & GOSPELFUCKERS-LP
- KILLED IN ACTION-Untitled-EP & live
- SAYYADINA-Solace Denied-EP
- V/A-Bloodbath Is Coming-2xEP
- RIISTETYT-As a Prisoner of State-LP
- MUNICIPAL WASTE-live

ARWEN CURRY

- HATED YOUTH/ROACH MOTEL-split LP
- RIISTETYT-As a Prisoner of State-LP
- LOST SOUNDS-Outtakes & Demos-LP
- SHOTWELL/ZERO FAST-split EP
- GITS-Live In Portland-LP/AGAINST ME!-live
- AWAKENING-Final Feast-EP & live
- ALLERGIC TO BULLSHIT-live
- AGENT ORANGE/JESUS & GOSPELFUCKERS-LP
- mosh instructer in *Another State of Mind*
- YOUNG WASTENERS-We Got Ways-LP

JONATHAN FLOYD

- AGAINST ME!-live
- BOOKS LIE/LIVING UNDER LIES-split EP
- COUNT ME OUT-Permanent-LP
- KOBAYASHI-Disko-LP
- LOST SOUNDS-Outtakes & Demos-LP
- YOUNG WASTENERS-We Got Ways-LP
- WRETCHED LIKE ME-I Am Become-CD
- SHOTWELL/ZERO FAST-split EP
- TRANSISTOR-CD
- ARRIVALS-live

JEFF NEERMANN

- WE MARCH-Life In a Bubble-CD
- HASIL ADKINS-Out To Hunch-CD
- AGENDA-Start the Panic-CD
- LOST SOUNDS-Outtakes & Demos-LP
- YOUNG WASTENERS-He Got Ways-LP
- EASYS-You're High Maintenance-45
- STOCKHOLM SYNDROME-live
- DEADLY WEAPONS-live
- LOS ULTRASONOROS-Rumble-CD
- CARBONAS-Scene Killer-LP

KENNY KAOS

- SHAKIN' NASTIES-Better Than Television-12"
- EXCEL-LP
- BEDPANS-80s Mod-EP
- GASOLHEADS-Action, No Reaction-45
- UPSKIRTS/WELFARE-split EP
- GEE STRINGS-Arrest Me-LP
- COCK SPARRER-England Belongs to Me-45
- MOST UNUSUAL SOUND-Street Stalker-EP
- APPLICATORS-17 Again-EP
- GYNECOLOGISTS-Bukkake Hit Parade-LP

CAROLYN KEDDY

- LOST SOUNDS-Outtakes & Demos-LP
- DISKORDS-Heart Full Of Napalm-EP
- BEDPANS-80s Mod-EP
- GITS-Live In Portland-LP
- HARD SKIN-Black & White Unite & Fight-EP
- KILLS-Black Rooster-12"
- EASYS-You're High Maintenance-45
- SHOTWELL/ZERO FAST-split EP
- SUPER 8 SUPERHERO-film
- MISSION OF BURMA-live

GUILCINEA LOUDMOUTH

OUT O' TOWN...

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible—one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only release. See records section for where to send tapes.

RAY LILJON

THE MILES APART-Storyboard-CD	J CHURCH-All the Wars-EP/EXCEL-LP
DECALS-Drive-By Kiss Off-CD	HUDSON-Lane Meyer Was Right-CD
WHATEVER IT TAKES-Fistful-CD	V/A-Move To Riot-CD/RUDI-LP
RIFF RANDELLS-CD/RADIO WITH GUTS-CD	PENELOPE-Face Au Silence Du Monde-CD
GAMITS-Come Get Some-CD/KILLS-EP	DILLINGER FOUR/LAWRENCE ARMS-live

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

STORM THE TOWER-Song For FM-EP	DISKORDS-Heart Full Of Napalm-EP
INFECT-Estrepito-EP/RUDI-LP	J CHURCH-All the Wars-EP/HARD SKIN-EP
LADY COP-EP/YOUNG WASTENERS-LP	NEW BRUTALISM-Record of American-LP
JOHN BROWNS ARMY-Who Fucked-LP	ACCURSED-LP/COUNT ME OUT-LP
COMPLAIN-Make A Mistake-EP	BONES BRIGADE-Never Meant Much-EP

WILLIE NELSON

ASBESTOS-Belong to Nowhere-EP	AGE-Blowing Wind-45/INFECT-EP
ACURSED-Livet Ar Den Langsta Vagen Till-LP	MIUNICIPAL WASTE-live
INFECT/DISCARGA-split CD	HERO DISHONEST-Juggernaut-CD
HELLBOUND/DESPITE-split LP	ASEBIA-LP/KILLED IN ACTION-live
AWAKENING-Final Feast-EP & live	AGRÓTOXICO-LP/NINETEEN-CD

DONNA POOLE

GITS-Live In Portland-LP	SHOTWELL/ZERO FAST-split EP
CARBONAS-Scene Killer-LP	DISKORDS-Heart Full Of Napalm-EP
SHAKIN' NASTIES-Better Than Television-12"	NO KILL I/FM KNIVES-live
THEE PSYCHOTONES-Teenage Queen-EP	FIND HIM & KILL HIM-You Can't Fuck With-EP
FAGATRON/NINJA DEATH SQUAD-split EP	YOUNG ONES/ARMED WITH INTELLIGENCE-EP

BRUCE ROEHRS

HAMMERLOCK-live/FAKE PATRIOTS-EP	ANGER IN MOTION-Reverends-EP
V/A-Battle For Airwaves Vol. 2-EP	AGENT ORANGE/JESUS & GOSPELFUCKERS-LP
ANTISEEN/RUPTURE-split 45	RUIN BOIS-EP/YOUNG WASTENERS-LP
BLURTERS/DEMOLITION HIGH STYLE-CD	ULTIMO ASALTO-Soldados Del Asfalto-EP
V/A-Loved By Few-EP/INCONTROLLADOS-EP	TROTSKIDS-4 Fois en 10 Minutes!-EP

MIKE THORN

ACURSED-Livet Ar Den Langsta Vagen Till-LP	STORM THE TOWER-EP/PANIC-EP
APATIA-CD/AWAKENING-EP & live	INCONTROLLADOS/ASEBIA-LP/INFECT-EP
DIOS HASTIO/SEPTICEMIA-split EP	YOUNG WASTENERS-We Got Ways-LP
KILLED IN ACTION-Untitled-EP	YOUNG ONES/ARMED WITH INTELLIGENCE-EP
KOBAYASHI-LP/SHOTWELL/ZERO FAST-EP	BALANCE OF TERROR/STRAIGHT TO HELL-EP

RYAN WELLS

INCONTROLLADOS-Hvem Vil Det Gavne?-EP	AGENT ORANGE/JESUS & GOSPELFUCKERS-LP
RED SQUARES-Modern Roll-LP	HARD SKIN-Black & White Unite & Fight-EP
DISKORDS-Heart Full Of Napalm-EP	V/A-Battle For Airwaves Vol. 2-EP
BEDPANS-80s Mod-EP	CLAP-SLA Took My Baby-45
LOST SOUNDS-Outtakes & Demos-LP	NUMBERS-live

ZINE TOP TEN

Gigantic #1	Mine: An Anthology of Women's Choices
Heartattack #32	Rad Party #29
Bambule #1	Stolen Sharpie Revolution #1
Cracks in the Wall #2	UPS #8
Finger on the Trigger #4/Note to Prisoners	Dirty Girl Chronicles #1

ZINE SHITWORKERS

Peter Avery	Aragorn
Michelle Barnhardt	Jerry Booth
Chanel Bowman	Tim Brooks
Amy Browne	Kat Case
Karoline Collins	Robert Collins
Rob Coons	Carl Cordova
Paul Curran	Andy Darling
Mikel Delgado	Ben Ditch
Adrienne Droogas	Jonathan Floyd
Gardner Fusuhara	Doug Grime
Jax Grime	Lance Hahn
Chris Hall	Harald Hartmann
Jeff Heermann	Vince Horner
George Impulse	Chloe Jensen
Kenny Kaos	Carolyn Keddy
Melissa Klein	Dulcinea Loudmouth
Gabe Lucas	Michael Lucas
Ray Lujan	Jesse Luscious
Hal MacLean	Bobby Manic
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#148/Sept '95. Soda Jerks, Toe Rag, Thorazine, Sacred Straight, Wizo, Opposition Party, Moody Jackson, Adversives, Opcion Crucial, Rebel, Rebel, Teen Idols, Walking Ruins.

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers.

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue.

#152/Jan '96. Delilah Jacks, Battalion of Saints, Bottom Feeders, Turbonegro, Murder Junkies, Junior, Assfort, Retch Records, Com-Fract, Dead End Kids.

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes.

#154/Mar '96. Motards, Subincision, Stisism, Donnas, Stallions, Count Backwards.

#155/Apr '96. "Holy Bible" issue. Hockey Teeth, Turnips Surfin, Pussy Crush, Cro Mags, High Plains Drifters, Slight Slappers, Third Degree, Anti-Flag, Knights of Malta.

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splash 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#157/June '96. Against All Authority, The Criminals, Wardance, Heroines, Brain Brats, Rudiments, Chinese Millionaires, Sons Of Hercules, Your Mother, Yellow Scab.

#158/July '96. Workin' Stiffs, The Gain, Ashley Von Hurter, Haters, The Process, Brother Inferior, Judge Nothing, Break-ups, Not For Rent.

#159/Aug '96. Smugglers, Brand New Unit, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, Round Ear Spocks, David Hayes/Very Small Recs, Man Afraid, Blind Side, Vox Populi, Death Wish Kids, Fun People, Fat Drunk & Stupid.

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q. Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, the Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemtion 87, Torture Kitty.

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat, Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew.

#169/June '97. Hand Skin, Cluster Bomb Unit, Jihad, Purgen, Speed Queens, Remission, Halflings, The Old Man, Deface.

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile. Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It.

#173/Oct '97. Hot Water Music, Fat Day, Los Tigres Guapos, Les Partisans, Bristols, My 3 Scum, Space Shits, Pessimiser Recs, Reclusives, Nick Qwik.

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#177/Feb '98. Superfly TNTs, Submachine, Dropout, Society Gone Madd, Pinhead Circus, Ann Beretta, Blackbird, Naive, Useless ID, Quarantine.

#178/Mar '98. Economics issue. Forgotten Rebels, Dirtys, Josh Collins, American Steel, Letterbombs, Gyogun Rend's, Go-Devils, Room 41, Tone Deaf Pig Dogs, Garage Rats

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, Stiletto Boys, All Bets Off, Bonecrusher, Summerjack, Cell Blck 5, DDI, Normals, Pirate Radio issue.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Ümlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnik Termites.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres..

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#200/Jan '00. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR #100-200.

#201/Feb '00. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#203/April '00. Spazz, Slang, *Slug & Lettuce* zine, *Suburban Voice* zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses.

#204/May '00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#205/June '00. Punks With Kids special. Skudz, 50 Million, Legion, Wilbur Cobb, Coalition.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#207/Aug '00. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City , Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#210/Nov '00. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, Pre-Teens, Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#211/Dec '00. Fly & Seth Tobocman, Anti/Dogmatikss, Hissyfits, Aus Rotten, Media Blitz, Rocks, Hospital Food, Falsies, White Stripes, 9 Shocks Terror, Tijuana Bibles.

#212/Jan '00. Avail, Born Dead Icons, From Ashes Rise, the Voids, the Guilty Pleasures, xLimpwristx, Chachi on Acid.

#213/Feb '01. Fun People, Onward to Mayhem, Ugly Pop, Midnight Evils, Atrocious Madness, Bread & Water, Josh Peach, Zodiac Killers.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#216/May '01. Propagandhi, Angelic Upstarts, Discordance Axis, Ruination, Photographer: Chris Boarts, Strap-Ons, Lynnards Innards

#217/June '01. Joey Ramone R.I.P., Tear It Up, Skitsystem, The Pattern, CrimethInc., Esperanza, The Chicago Blackout, Photographer: Ace

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#219/Aug '01. "Fix It!" cycling article, Crucial Unit, Lost Sounds, Lombardies, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 1, Casualties, Resinators, *P.U.N.K.*, Slaughter & the Dogs, Anti-Flag, Dontcares, S'Bitch.

#220/Sep '01. Latin American Issue. Aubuso Sonoro, Anti-Todo, Fuerza X, Apatia No, Manganzoids, Demencia, Sick Terror, Tocatta y Bulla, NTN, Argies, Reconcile, Anti-Korpus, Ruido De Odio, Los Pepiniyos, Rebelion Disidente, Brazil Scum , Kim Bae Photo Essay.

#221/Oct '01. Tales from the G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 2, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#222/Nov '01. Dios Hastio, Tragedy, Four Letter Word, *Salad Days* author Charles Romalotti, Very Metal, Maurice's Little Bastards, the Rotters, MDC Brazilian tour diary, the Cravats, JR Ewing, Dutch scene report, extended news section, "Globalization Rhetoric & Reality,"

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#224/Jan '02. "Legislation Since Sept. 11," Rendencion 9.11, Metro Youth, Severed Head of State, Piranhas, Paraf, Backstabbers, Inc, An Albatross, Citizen Fish Tour, SPAM Records, the Virus, Action Time.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#226/Mar '02. Queer punk special issue. Vaseline, Quails, Skinjobs, Italian queer punk report, Vaginal Davis, Feelings on a Grid, Sissies, Scott Free, Dumba, Columns.

#227/Apr '02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#228/May '02. Three Summers Gone, Haymaker, Killed In Action, 31G Records, Cheetah Chrome, Stardumb Records, This Computer Kills, Isso*Keh, Strong Intention, Desobediencia Civil, Custic Christ, Lack of Knowledge.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#231/Aug '02. Epoxies, Puppy Vs. Dyslexia, Koro, Blocko, Amdi Petersen's Armé, Piss & Vinegar Zine, Schizophrenic Records, Toys That Kill, Give Us Barabbas, Dirt.

#232/Sept '02. "No Future" article, Lost, Fartz, Sell Outs, Razors Edge, Stakeout, Dillinger Four, All or Nothing HC, Fleshies, Bridge Nine Records, Akashic Books, Liberty.

You Want Back Issues? ...We've Got Yer Back Issues Right Here.

buy 3, the 4th is free!

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IMPORTANT CRAP!
NEW AD RATES!

Starting next month with #234 (Nov. 2002), MRR's ad rates will be increasing for the first time in three years. Please note that since a good number of you have asked for them, we will be allowing up to four full-page ads on a first-come first-served basis. Thanks again for your continued support...

1/6th page (2 3/8" x 5") $30
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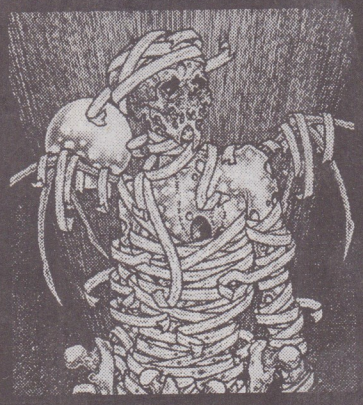

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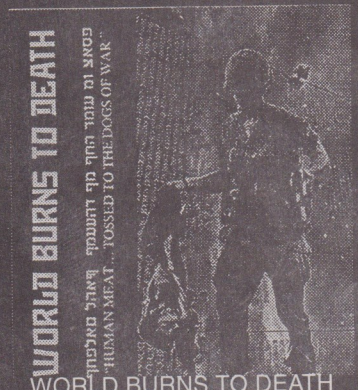

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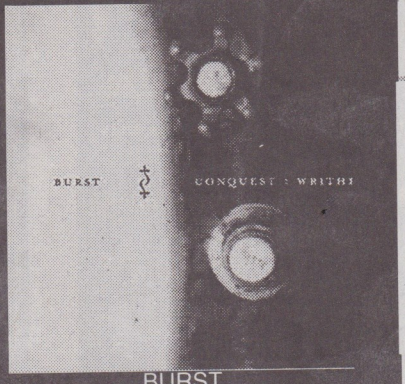

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LETTERS

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Mykel—I wish that you hadn't sent me the column, because then I could have gone on believing what you said in your previous email: that despite a few criticisms, you enjoyed the conference and even gave props on a few things, such as having a wide age diversity.

Your column is disappointing. There's plenty of stuff in there that is made up (or exaggerated), not to mention the factual inaccuracies (it's called the Underground PUBLISHING Conference, the theme is "Sharing our Tools, Refusing the Masters: Building Media Structures for a Better Future," not "Become The Media," which appears nowhere in our literature, the thing about the Boy Scouts you met being from Ohio, not Indiana, etc.). Later, you contradict your previous email and ask pointedly in the column if you're the only one over 25.

I don't understand the double talk. In a previous email you say, "You did a great job, I was very impressed." But in the column, you paint Jason and I as scenesters who are too busy or important to talk to anyone. You spend your time talking about the dorm staff's nipples instead of talking about what you found impressive, or offering any real criticism. Calling the kick-off show on Friday a "minstrel" show is insulting and disrespectful to the hard-working bands and DJ that played, and is a far cry from simply offering an opinion such as "they sucked"—not to mention your intentional, though unexplained, use of the out-dated terms "colored person" and "Negro."

What are you hoping that people will get out of this column? That they'll read it and think that it's just Mykel, exaggerating and making shit up as usual? What do you get out of writing this column? I know that you understand the inherent power in media and the value in the space that your column takes up in a zine such as MRR. This column does not give people an accurate picture of what the event was like, nor does it give an accurate representation of yourself. I don't understand what the point of it is.

Seriously, Mykel, I've considered us friends for many years and am disappointed that you levied such criticisms in a public forum instead of to me (or other organizers) directly, where the criticisms could be considered constructive instead of shit talking. You previously sent me an email with a few minor and valid criticisms which I thought were insightful—so how come that didn't translate?

—Jen Angel

Dear MRR—it´s Sven Yellowdog.

In MRR #231 there was a review of the MVD/Prejudice split EP by Vince Horner which pissed me, the Yellowdog crew, and the whole scene in Berlin and East Germany totally off. OK, everyone can say and has the right to say everything, good or bad, about the music—but Vince crossed the border of good taste. First, MVD isn´t from East Germany—they are one of the oldest bands playing this kind of music from West Germany. I have a feeling Vince does not listen to much crust or hardcore—but that is beside the point. Here is the explanation for the poor recording, lagging vox, and drums and dull riffs. It is punk rock—you know what that is? Does a fucking $3000 production (what punk has this kind of money?), great metal riffs, and vox like Axl Rose or drums like a doublebassmetaldrummer today make a better punk rock record? If so, I'm reading the wrong mag. OK, I don´t care what he likes or doesn't like—but why does he need to make ignorant comments about something he obviously knows nothing about? To make a comment like "make me hope Germany puts that wall back up, keeping these guys out of ears' reach" is not acceptable from someone that did not live on the other side of that wall. When this is said, all I can think of is ignorance. It's no problem not to like the music of MVD or whoever. It is a problem, however, to make comments about political issues that you have not lived through. In the future, please no more "jokes"—they are not funny. I'm not in the band, and this isn´t a yellowdog release—but I think these kind of reviews are counterproductive; they split up the scene and make many people pissed off.

Thanx. I know you don't give a shit and wish the wall was up, keeping my comments "out of your ears' reach."

—Sven

Hi MRR,

Just a couple of thoughts about the review section. First of all, reviewers should tell us what a record sounds like and whether or not they like it. Vince Horner's review of The Black Hand LP was absolutely useless and shouldn't even have been printed. It's OK if you hate it, but most readers would prefer a description over lame attempts at humor. It's also helpful if you let us know what material is included in the various discographies coming out these days (i.e. the Pandemonium 2xCD). Labels seldom list the source of the music on the outside of the package which makes it hard to tell if it's worth the price. Email addresses and website info alongside the usual contact info rule! And finally, MRR reviewers should not use the term "black metal." It's clear from the records you say are influenced by black metal that no one there actually listens to it.

Thanks,

Krysten, Labelled Nine

Hey MRR,

I want to say many thanks for the review of my zine in the August 2002 issue. I did agree with much of the review, but some of it really struck a nerve with me. Now, I got the part about having too many words. I can't help it. I love to write. And it's not like I don't real-

ize that there's too many words. I also got the part about the layout not being creative enough. And I was thinking about rearranging it. However, since my printer is broke right now, I'm going to try my luck at writing it in my own words, since the way I copied the zine did make it hard to read in some places.

However, one part of the review really made me feel bad. It was the part where the reviewer (CJ) was stating, "And there's one thing that really puzzled me: the writer claims to be deaf, but he wrote record reviews in this issue. Huh?" and it really got me thinking about why I bothered to send in the zine in the first place.

A little background information here: I am Deaf, Hard of Hearing or whatever the hell you call it these days. However, I am not completely Deaf. And as a matter of fact, I can enjoy music as long as it's turned up to a decent volume, and I love to mimic the drum patterns and the beats. In fact, I want to be a drummer in a band. It sounds like because I am Deaf, I am not supposed to like music or write record reviews. I'm not sure if that was CJ's point, and I will not take to slandering her in this letter. I was not born Deaf, but rather I became Deaf at the age of four from a series of ear infections that weakened my ears. I have worn hearing aids since I was eight years old. I had tons of speech and language therapy when I was in grade school, which I credit with my ability to master the English language. This explains why I write with so many words.

However, I remember when I was 13 years old and my brother brought home a Green Day record. And after listening to it for a couple times, I wanted one of my own so I went out and bought records and before you know it, I just got into all the wonderful punk bands that were around when I was still in diapers. Sure, before that I was into AC/DC and heavy metal, but it's punk rock and hardcore that really became like an addiction to me. I started writing zines three years ago and I bought a lot of records through the mailorders that have ads in MRR. In fact, it was MRR that made me aware of all the political events that were going on. Without MRR, I probably wouldn't care two shits about punk or hardcore. And keep in mind, I'm still very much into both styles. I go to shows at the Space in Burlington, I make my own patches and fix up my old clothes, and I also write my own songs to hold onto so I can use them in a band.

My other Deaf peers often viewed me as an outcast because I couldn't relate to "Deaf Culture," because it was too limited and I am so much more. When I was wearing clothes with patches and putting up my hair for the hell of it, they'd view me as a scary person but they knew that I was much more than that. I didn't need the spiked hair or patches, because that is not what punk is about. To me, it's about respecting others, being aware of what's going on in the world and also, contributing to your community. I often wish I knew more punks around here and I've tried to distribute my zine at shows, and while it did get picked up, I never heard from anyone that picked it up. This is understandable, because Deaf people aren't supposed to like music and if they're playing into that stereotype, that's fine with me. I will continue to write a zine no matter what anyone says. I've been taught by my own mother that I can do whatever the hell I want. Why limit myself?

CJ also stated that she thought some of the things I wrote seemed "immature" and "unnecessarily violent." I was not trying to be violent or immature. I like to make people laugh and obviously I failed there. However, the "Major General Despair" piece was an attempt at sarcasm and I meant to mock the "War on Terrorism." I would never declare war on people who eat Mayo-burgers. It's a joke and if she didn't get the joke, that is fine. We are entitled to our opinions. Once again, I can't help it if I rant so much. If I had some people to help contribute to the zine, it would be a lot better, because then I'd have some better things to write about.

I would like to say thank you for taking the time and space to print a review of my zine, and the only reason I sent it was because I wanted to see if anyone would bother to review it. I will continue to write a zine out of love and I don't do it for profit because I don't have the time to dedicate to it. And I want to say, keep up the good work and I will always read MRR no matter who's behind the zine or what. However, I'd appreciate it if you recognize the fact that there are Deaf people who enjoy music. In fact, I was not the only Deaf person at a show I went to about two months ago. There are no limits to what you can achieve in life. I am trying to get into a community college so I can use my writing skills for a good thing. I would like to go into journalism or at least work for an independent news source, so it's important that I exercise my writing skills in my zine and anywhere else. I am inspired by the review and I think I will try to find time for another issue and I will make the changes necessary in order to reach more people.

Thanks!
—Brad Barratt

Dear MRR / readers,

As much I was very thankful and appreciative to see my article appear in MRR (in issue #230), I was also a bit concerned, as I believe it had been sent to MRR about 20 months ago. It's always a bit painful (at least for me) to read work that I've written so long ago, but though my approach would have been entirely different had I written the article more recently, I agree with most of what I wrote. However, one thing especially dated about the article is that the email address I listed for people to use to contact me if they had a queer related project or wanted to correspond about being queer in the punk scene no longer exists. So, if people want to email about anything queer related, please do so at benwalklor@hotmail.com. Thanks!!

Ben Holtzman
64 Pleasant Street
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Hi Arwen,

First off, thanks for the favorable review of Radio State #3 in MRR #231. I' m glad you enjoyed it.

I'd just like to make a correction. While Winnipeg' s three-day Arsonfest is mentioned in the zine, but the coverage and photogallery that you are referring to is of Thrashfest III. All the photographs were taken by myself (I was one of the few photographers who endured the smoke of 9 Shocks Terror's set and caught a very bloodied Tony Erba wrasslin' Mike Tommyrot) and are exclusive, at least for the time being. Felix Havoc is going to be setting up an online hardcore punk gallery that they will eventually be featured on. Also, while Radio State is not an web zine, we do have a homepage that people can use to preview issues and stay up to date on things. It's located at http://radiostate.n3.net. Later!
Jason Penner Winnipeg, Canada
Guns, Liquor & Whores (http://glw.n3.net)
Arsonfest 2002 (http://arsonfest.n3.net)

There was one mistake in the Fleshies interview: Our website is actually www.fleshies.net, since www.fleshies.com is owned by a cybersquatting company in the Cayman Islands who refuse to even discuss selling us the domain name for some reason I can't fathom. Also, the Fleshies photos were taken by Andy Harris, Susan, and Tanner.
—John Geek

MRR & DP, Concerning DP's review of the new No Use for a Name CD, Hard Rock Bottom,

I've never heard a complete song by Papa Roach or Limp Bizkit. Bits and pieces were enough for me. I grew up listening to what I consider punk rock, The Kinks, The Who, etc. I started going to shows at the Filmore West in 1970 and have always loved energetic, controversial rock and roll. When the Ramones, the Sex Pistols, the Buzzcocks, etc. all hit the scene, I was elated! We needed that energy badly! I've never given up my love for punk, despite my friends and acquaintances thinking that I just haven't grown up. After over 30 years of listening and seeing punk rock I believe I'm a pretty good judge of talent. Of course, I understand that opinions are just that and someone's judgment and taste are subjective. But, to dislike a band only because they are on a certain label, playing at a particular festival or on the radio is shallow! No Use For a Name are hands down one of the best bands I've ever seen. And from what I have seen of Papa Roach and Limp Bizkit, I don't believe Nu Fan deserves the comparison. As far as being a NoFX clone, I do not agree, but if it were true a band could do much worse! Please let's try to confine our criticisms to worthy subjects. Punk rockers should embrace and support each other, not flippantly criticize one another.

Take care,
Don
Twisp, WA

Dear Arwen,

I write to you having just read the letter of one Aaron Aubochon in MRR #231. Mr. Aubochon felt the need to write a veritable essay about the terrible effects your column would have because of the influence of Maximum Rock N' Roll on its readers and so on.

When I read the column he was so pissed off at (in MRR #229) I personally didn't think it was a beacon for "punk rock elitism." I just read it and thought it was funny and cute. I didn't proceed to slaughter some "hippies and other weirdos."

This leads me to believe that this guy has a major bug up his ass. I mean, he even admits to being humorless in his fucking letter! I guess there'll always be someone there to nitpick and made a big deal out of what is merely minuscule.

I just thought you should know that that probably wasn't the general consensus of opinion on your column.

Adios,
Stephen Kelly.
Dublin,Ireland.

MRR,

I just wanted to drop you a line and let you know that I think you all are doing a great job. I've been reading MRR for the last 14 years and involved in the punk/HC scene for the last 12. Even though I go through phases where I'm less visible, I'm still here. A lot of people and other zines have lots of shit to say about MRR, but if they think they can do better, step up. I'll keep reading as long as you keep putting it out.

I get stoked whenever I see a new issue on the stands. There's always new bands and new records to get amped about. Even times when I was disgusted with my local scene, MRR has kept me from bailing completely on it all. At 36 I'm still around, which is not the case for most people my age. I just see no reason to "grow up" or get involved with "adult" pastimes like gambling, drinking, jock sports and fake/expensive status symbols. Fuck that. I'd rather play bass in a punk band and skate with my son. It's all about skateboarding and punk rock until I physically cannot do it anymore. Here comes the next generation.

Thanks for keeping me inspired.

Eric F.
Hayward, CA
x31x@aol.com

PS. I'd also like to say thanks to What Happens Next? for being great people and being an awesome band. Some people in the scene have a real lame "cooler than you" attitude and they don't at all.

My name is Jason . They call me Sin.
Where do I start? How about here: Fuck!

I'm so frustrated with the prison system. It's driving me crazy and getting me mad as fuck. But what can I do, you know? My situation is this: I'm an anti-racist and being prison is tough, being that! Not too many people stay real in here because of the numbers of skins to the number of punks. Anyhow, I walk the yard alone, and try to only hang with the few that are real punk or not. Today the "white brothers" came to me and told me I got a problem. And that my problem is I don't claim white power or pride. And they go on with this bullshit that if it "goes down," they won't have my back. I told them this. I love my life for me! And I'm suicidal and don't really give a fuck. Why claim some pride if I want to die? I don't really want to die, but I don't care about living either...

I gave up on my family eight years ago. Came to Salt Lake alone. Been on the streets and lived by my own rules. I don't give a fuck! Now here I sit in prison (third time). For drugs. I started writing music and with a lot of hate. I used to only listen to punk such as Operation Ivy, NOFX, and so forth. Not a lot of hate, you know? Well, now I write a lot of hate and started to feel alone with my music, and with my thoughts, period! Recently a new friend and punk named Ryan gave me two old issues of your magazine. Fuck, now I feel good and know I'm not alone. I'm new to your mags and I thank you with all of my respect for making it. I now have more reason to live. I plan on starting a band called Parental Advisory. I started a brotherhood called U.G.U.—Underground Unity. Punks and thrashers keepin' it real. I have no money now, but would like an issue of your newest mag. Also wouldn't mind this printed in it.
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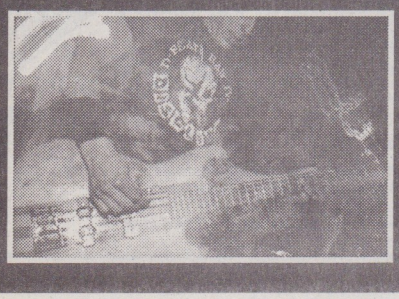

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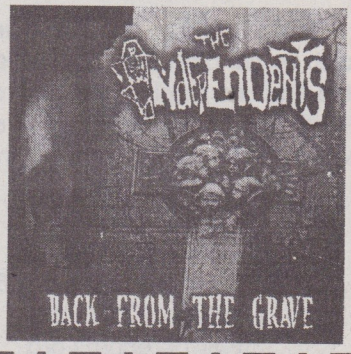

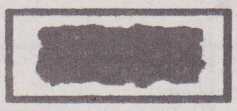

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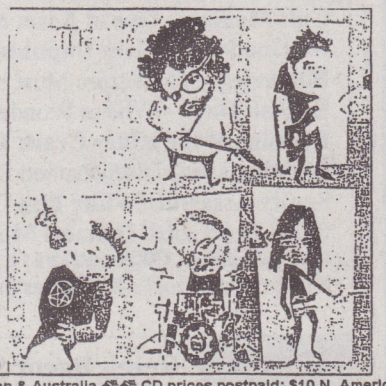

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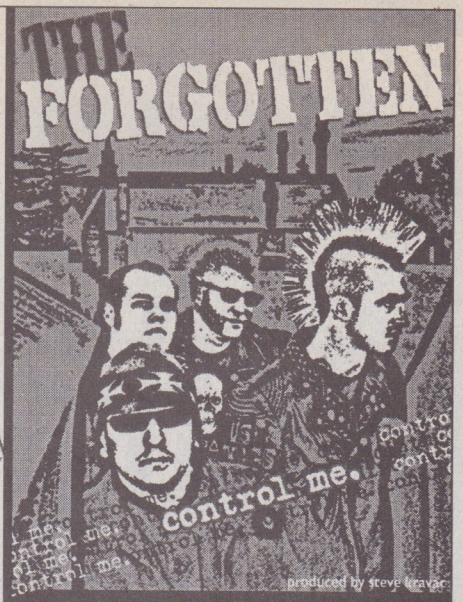

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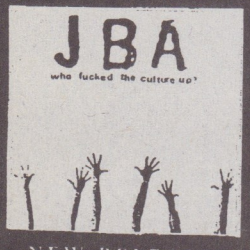

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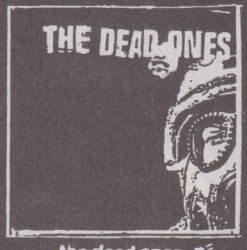

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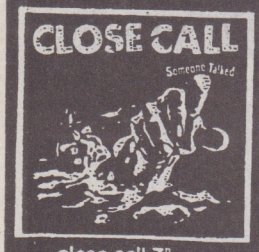

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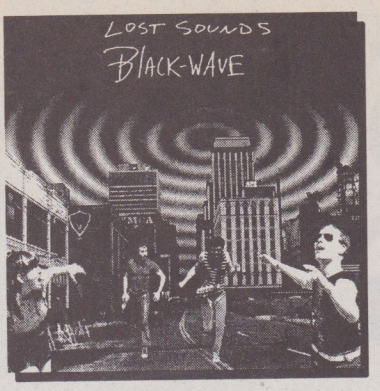

Lost Sounds

Black Wave CD/Double LP

Here it is, Black Wave, the follow up to 2000's album of the year "Memphis Is Dead" on Big Neck. This record is going to, and has, annihilated every formerly-emo-now-we're-into-New-Order-instruction-manual bullshit to come down the pike using their emaciated frames to try and flaccidly dry-hump their Casios into your heart. Band contains Alicja (CLEARS, FITTS), Jay & Rich (REATARDS).

The BlowUp *True Noise CD*

Seattle distortionists, The Blow Up, again teaming up with movement leader Tim Kerr, has graced us with a twelve song mindbender that states its point with urgent accuracy. Toiling away at machines of their own construction, the group has manufactured a compact tool for aural disintegration and a strident wake up call to the nostalgic flock of baying sheep steadfastly refusing to acknowledge their existence in the moment that is RIGHT FUCKING NOW!

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Dead Moon

Trash & Burn LP/CD

Yes, finally a new Dead Moon CD! After spending much of last year touring the US including a rousing show at The Vegas Shakedown, Dead Moon went home and turned out this gem. Dead Moon is fronted by Fred Cole, a living rock-n-roll legend (check out The Lollipop Shoppe)

COLUMNS

Every so often there is a show that really manifests everything that I love about the DIY punk scene. Every so often I get to a show and just have a good feeling about things. And then sometimes I go to a show and feel like it has nothing to do with my life—that everything about the show in fact goes against that which I believe in and all that I care about—and I sometimes wonder how that can be—how there can be such a different extreme of feelings and attitudes within the loosely knit punk scene. Even just among the varying bands that I like. Just recently I went from one extreme to the other. From a show in my own town where I didn't know, let alone even recognize one person. Where I felt no affinity to the people and felt very much out of my element. Where there was plenty of banter being yelled about saying things like "shut up bitch" to each other (not necessarily at the girls). And where the whole show was actually a show case for a punch dancing floor show—something that I truly don't understand and that really fucking gets on my nerves. I mean really—not to get into the violent dancing, argument—but how is it a conducive environment for anything, when you have a bunch of (usually) dudes in the middle of the room flailing and propelling their limbs with as much force as they can in a small contained space, which usually concludes with them crashing into the surrounding people? I gotta give some props to the girls who got out there and flailed just as hard—but I think this kind of shit is really fucking annoying and when all the other factors are taken into consideration—I found myself just going "what am I doing here?"

Fast-forward to the next weekend when I round the corner to the Warehouse and see about seven vans all lined up in a row with punk kids with scruffy hair and patches all unloading amps and boxes. I don't know why the row of vans got me so excited—but sometimes the vibe you get as soon as you walk into an environment can really set the mood for the night. Just walking up to the small crowd of people in the alley—I had a good feeling—I thought to myself "I think this is going to be a really good show." It's not that I knew all these people or really even knew much about the bands, and yet somehow there was a recognition of "being in my element." I was intrigued and interested and comfortable—and felt "at home." The show came together in the best form of collective efforts—where two small house shows got combined. It ended up with there being six touring bands—which is really usually a drag for those bands that are on tour. Especially when for the most part they end up playing to each other. There really weren't that many people at this show. I might guess that there were 20 or so people that actually gave donations to the bands. There might have been more. But it was without a doubt a small show and I pretty much expected to see everyone that was there pick up an instrument or a microphone at some point. It was hot and sultry that night and all the bands seemed to be on the same wave length and everyone played fairly short sets and there was a lot of equipment sharing and things went quickly and smoothly as the bands all did their thing.

It was one of those shows where even though there weren't that many people there, the people who were there were into it. The bands were all really excited to be playing with each other, and the space was perfect. Everything was conducive for a good environment for a positive show. And that is how it went. All the bands were really good—everyone was expressing their enthusiasm in the DIY punk community and this is the kind of show that really did feel like a community effort. One of the bands was having van problems; one of the other bands had just gotten over having van problems. Most all of the bands had some merchandise, including zines and literature and they were all collectively working towards supporting one another and making a go of doing this thing.

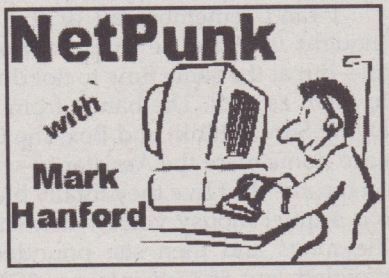
One of the best things of all, that I only really took full notice of as the night wore on, was that just about every band had a woman in it. I think it was a total coincidence which somehow made it all the cooler. Just a few months ago I was talking about the lack of women being visibly active and represented and even noticed and respected within the punk scene and here was a perfect example of just that. No big deal—it was just how it was, and it was fucking awesome.

I can't remember all of the bands' names, and so I thought it might be inappropriate to mention names at all—but at the same time to not do so would do an injustice to them as well. The bands from California were Under a Dying Sun (I think) and Box The Compass. And from closer to home were the Assistant—who I never really got into on record—but live they totally blew me away. The woman has a quiet mousy voice when she explained the lyrics to the songs and then she pounded on her keyboard and growled and it was intense. 1905 from Washington DC were the band that really got me to this show. They were just getting home from a long summer tour. I'd been catching a bit of a buzz about them, and just had a strong feeling that I needed to check them out. I was right. Her vocals traded off from a beautiful harmonious singing quality to a growling yell. One guy in the band had on an ancient ABC NO RIO t-shirt with a photo on it that I had taken. Things just felt right. And then Fire Down Below really got me all riled up. They had dual male and female vocals (with their voices doing the opposite of what you might expect—meaning her voice was the growl and his was the high pitch). This Philly band was full of energy and talked inspiringly of the DIY scene and their attitude and philosophy, and when they played they absolutely exploded with

the utmost intensity. And I mean really exploded with guitars almost flying through the air, feet almost as high as their heads and a flailing mania that was as powerful as the music. They totally blew me away.

China and I were talking about how sometimes seeing a band live really makes or breaks how you feel about them. Sometimes what on a CD sounds pretty good—becomes the most amazing intense experience in front of you. Sometimes what the bands says in between their songs and the ways in which they interact with the people watching them brings you into the whole experience in a connected way that makes you feel a deeply a part of it all. It is so worth it to check out every single band that plays—whether you've heard of them or not—because they might be your new favorite band. They might have the biggest influence on you. They might change your life. You just never know. And you could so easily overlook this if you just wait for the more popular bands that you already know to play. Sometimes just thinking about the groundwork and structure that binds our scene together can be really mind-blowing. The ways in which we travel from town to town, hoping to find some people who understand and appreciate the effort, hoping to find a space that works out for the show to happen, and hoping to find people who can participate in the exchange, bring something to the mix and form even stronger bonds and connections. These are the sorts of moments that are really special and so truly represent what the punk scene means—to me. This particular show that I write about was in many ways not so extraordinary, it was just one of many like this all over the place. A bunch of "no so well known bands" all proving that they have something fucking awesome to say and share, and pouring their sweat and passion into doing so. Giving it their all, even if only for each other. That is exactly what makes it so special, and it's just these sorts of very simple things that continue to totally renew and revitalize my faith in punk rock and the scene and the punk community.

—Chris(tine)
PO Box 26632, Richmond VA 23261-6632



I'm sure you'll read about it elsewhere in the mag, and it is kinda interesting since I'm telling you about this after my last column on the death of Internet radio, but *MRR* has revived the *MRR* radio show. This time, in fact, it is available to more people than ever, since it is available online via Real Audio. Check it out at http://www.byofl.org/maximum/radio/ .

Another oldie-but-goodie punk radio station that is still up and running is Total Punk Radio, at http://www.totalpunkradio.com/ . Not only do they have a ton of stuff that they stream, but you can also make requests for your favorite songs (from their list) and they will be automatically put in the queue. They stream in mp3, wma, and Real Audio format, in both high-speed and low-speed versions.

A decent source for mp3 files is mp3s4punx.com, which has a ton of stuff ranging from the Sex Pistols to Septic Death. For some reason, though, they have them zipped up, so they are kinda a pain to download and deal with. Anyway, there is quite a selection here, so you should check it out—http:// www.mp3s4punx.com/ . They'll also host your mp3 files, if you don't have somewhere to host them yourself.

I mentioned this about year ago, but the address has changed, and so I thought I'd turn you onto it again. The Germs Manimal page, dedicated to all things Germs, is still up and running. Believe it or not, the webmaster still manages to find new stuff to post about this defunct band, so give it a look. You'll find it at http://www.stormpages.com/germs/ .

Got word of a nice photo site called Kid With Camera at http://www.kidwithcamera.com/ . David goes to shows, etc., takes photos, and then posts them along with a journal entries to accompany the pics. There are some pretty nice live action shots of various bands, taken over the last couple of years. Check it.

For you skinheads, or, at least, fans of OI! and skin music, you might want to check out Oi!, The Web Page! at http://www.geocities.com/ SunsetStrip/ Palms/8077/ . Covering punk, Oi!, reggae, ska, scooters, beer, and more, there is a lot to look at, read, and listen to.

Another busy skin site is Drunken Skinhead at http://www.streetrock.net/ . You'll find a huge bunch of links, news, reviews, and message bases. You'll also find a bunch of various picture galleries, including band photos, pictures of tattoos, flyers and posters, drunken skins and punks puking (woohoo... just what I wanna see) and user-submitted naked punk (both male and female). Fun for the whole family.

Though they aren't (as far as I know) a punk-owned business, I've been buying a lot of movies lately from DeepDiscountDvd.com . They have stuff like *Dudes*, *Sid and Nancy*, and *Repo Man* for as cheap as 13 bucks, including shipping. Everything I've ordered I've received in good condition in a reasonable amount of time, so I feel OK in recommending them.

Speaking of videos, you'll find some pretty interesting stuff at ScreenEdge, a video label associated with ex-Jettisoundz video folks. You can buy vids and DVDs, as well as viewing Real Video streams of everything from weird porn to Black Flag to Psychic TV to The Toy Dolls. They have both low and high bandwidth streams, or you can download the vids to your computer. Visit http://www.screenedge.com/ for a taste.

Speaking of streaming video, Punkcast has some pretty good vids too. I think they may be associated with Screenedge, but I'm not sure. You can check out live vids of The Queers, Agnostic Front, Joe Strummer, and countless others, both inside and outside of the punk genre. Their site is http://www.punkcast.com/ .

I thought that DyeMyHair.com was a pretty funny site, but it is more proof that you can find anything on the Internet. This site is dedicated to showing you how to get vibrant hair colors with dye. You'll find tips on dying your hair, including the best colors and brands to use, a gallery of user-submitted photos, and columns on using alternative dyes and other colored-hair related anecdotes. Visit it at http:// www.dyemyhair.com/ .

About a year ago, I mentioned a site to get a free unix

account online called TheUnixPlace. The guy that was running this site can't seem to get his shit together and keep his computer up, and so I apologize to any of you that got an account with him, especially if you threw a donation his way for a lifetime account. As a matter of fact, he doesn't even own the unix place domain name anymore. Another free unix account provider now owns it, and they've been around for over 15-years, providing low-cost internet access to the public. For a buck (to prove you aren't just using the system to send spam) you can get an account that includes email, webspace, a unix shell (where you can do all kinds of geeky stuff), newsgroup access, and more. Check out the Super Dimensional Fortress at http://www.freeshell.org/ if you're interested.

That's going to wrap it up for this month. Send an e-mail to netpunk@diehippiedie.com with suggestions or sites that you'd like to see in this column. And, as usual, you may check out all of the columns online in the Netpunk section at http://www.diehippiedie.com/. See ya.

This month I will really get down to a seriously laborious examination of the political situation in the Middle East. Not! Since the last issue, the Middle East is still fucked up. I have *no answers*. But I do have some things to say about punk rock.

This month I'd like to talk about bootlegs and reissues.

There has been a tidal wave of bootlegs lately. Many of these are European boots of classic and obscure early 80s US hardcore bands, as well as some American bootlegs of classic Japanese and European bands. Also, quite a few labels have been reissuing classic material, as well as some overlooked gems long neglected.

I'm generally in favor of just about all reissues and bootlegs. I'm just happy to see the music made more available on vinyl no matter what. However, there are several moral and ethical issues, as well as some quality issues that we must consider when dealing with this topic.

First, some definitions.

Reissue—A contemporary label obtains permission to re-release out of print material. This could be an exact copy of an old release, or a compilation of several releases or unreleased material. Some good examples would be the Citizen's Arrest *Light in the Distance* LP on Dead Alive, any Grand Theft Audio CD, or any number of releases on the Get Back or Munster labels like Adverts, Blitz or Partisans LPs.

Bootleg—The first big wave of bootlegging was in the early 70s and principally took the form of making LPs of live concerts. Today bootlegs refers to any unauthorized release, be it a live record or an unauthorized reissue of an out of print item.

Pirate—Pretty rare in the punk world, a pirate is an exact replica of a release which the manufacturer attempts to pass off as an original. A few very rare and expensive punk records have been pirated and with mainstream music, pirate copies are widely manufactured and distributed in Asia and elsewhere. Often a pirate copy is a "knock off" that is a cheap replica of a current release at a lower price. Common in third world countries, "knock off" tapes and CDs are homemade copies of popular releases. Some punk and hardcore stuff is pirated in Asia this way, but not much.

Most of the time I think reissues are the best way to go. In the world of punk, it's not that hard to track down ex-members of bands and get their permission to use the material. You might get access to the original artwork or master tapes, photos, unreleased material, and also input from band members for liner notes. A royalty arrangement can be made so that the band members get some copies or some money and everyone comes out ahead. There is no need for the label to conceal its identity, and the records can be pressed in large quantities and distributed through legitimate channels allowing for the greatest number of people to be exposed to the music. Which is, after all, the point.

It is my opinion that unless the rights to the material are owned by a hostile record company, or the band flat out refuses to allow their material to be re-released, a reissue is always the preferred option when it comes to bringing old material to light.

Bootlegs are a much more difficult issue. Typically, the bootlegger has no permission and attempts to hide their identity. No label address is listed. Matrix numbers are scratched off the records. The records are distributed through second and third party fronts. The main ethical issue here is that the band doesn't get paid, and has no input or creative control over the quality of the material used. Many bootleggers produce unauthorized releases, but adhere to a certain code of honor that binds them to sending anonymously some cash or free copies to the band in question.

I would have to subdivide most bootlegs into some categories—first, bootlegs can be "passive" or "aggressive." By passive, I mean that the band members are distantly removed from hardcore and probably wouldn't care if the material is used, or would be very hard to track down. An aggressive bootleg would be something like an unauthorized live or demo release of a popular live band, or a pirate copy of one of their releases. Also, I would break bootlegs down in "fan" bootlegs and "mercenary" bootlegs. A fan bootleg is done primarily by a fan of the music who really wants to make the material available to the public but either cannot or does not feel they can get permission to do a legitimate reissue. A mercenary bootleg, on the other hand, is a crass attempt to cash in on a band's popularity by adding an unauthorized bootleg to their catalog that collectors or fans might be seeking. Think most live Misfits records here. Clearly a bootleg can fit into several of these categories at once, or only a few. However, I think we need to look at things from all the angles to best understand that there is no *one* reason to bootleg or reissue a record.

For example. When the Christ on Parade material went out of print, several people tried to get permission to reissue it. When permission was denied, some labels gave up. Others went ahead and did "aggressive" bootlegs that were essentially "fan" based. The proliferation of Christ on Parade bootlegs eventually forced the band and its label to do a legitimate reissue. Some bootlegs are definitely "mercenary" in nature, but are done by labels that are fans of the

music and use the proceeds to fund their new releases. Several labels are currently subsidizing their current roster of new bands by doing bootlegs of classic material surreptitiously on the side. As we can see there are several levels and approaches to this issue and in my opinion it's not possible to say "all bootlegs are bad, they rip off the bands" or "all bootlegs are great, they make music available cheaply."

Consider, for instance, this scenario. There are many bands from the 80s who got a really raw deal from their label. Also, there are labels that went bankrupt, or were bought out by other labels. The band members might want to reissue the material but legally don't have the rights to do so. They might, in such a case, actually support the idea of a fan bootlegging their material, as long as they got a few bucks or something, just to see the music out there and to stick it to their old label. Also, there have been cases of bands who essentially bootlegged their own material after disputes with their labels, such as the Deformed Conscience/Excrement of War split LP which the bands repressed after the label ripped them off. Or Doom, rerecording their early material and reissuing it when the rights to it were sold by their original label to a major label.

One of the principal determining factors in my feelings towards a bootleg is the quality. You have to look at the record and ask yourself if the person who did it truly cares about the music or is just trying to make a quick buck. There are quite a few bootlegs on the streets today with poor sound quality, bad covers and artwork, little or no liner notes, no lyrics, etc. and probably no copies going to the bands. Another factor is the price. Did the bootlegger try to make the music available at something like the price of a new release, or is the price artificially inflated? The common argument is that bootlegs sell for higher prices because of the risk involved and their scarcity. Some distributors gouge the price of bootlegs because they know that their intended audience consists of die-hard fans who will pay any price. The worse manifestation is the "direct to eBay" bootleg that is barely circulated but sold primarily at inflated collector prices while it is essentially a new record.

Let's take a look at some of the economics of bootlegs and reissues. A legit reissue generally has costs lower than that of a new release. The recording is already done, and artwork probably already exists. There are probably some mastering costs, editing costs, and maybe some expense in putting together new liner notes and artwork or remastering unreleased material. Still, even with royalties of some sort paid to the bands, the costs are lower than a normal new release. Such a record would probably sell at the same price as other new releases, making them perhaps slightly more profitable, but essentially about the same as any other new punk record.

Bootlegs, on the other hand, have almost no costs beyond manufacturing. If the recording and artwork are pre-existing, there is only a little time and work on a computer mastering and copying the layout, then straight to production. If no copies are given to the bands, the costs are extremely low. There is no advertising since it's not a legit release anyway, also probably no review copies are sent out, so there are no promotion expenses. On top of this, bootlegs often command a premium price, despite often inferior quality. Here is where the mercenary factor kicks in. Take some of the recent spate of bootleg LPs. If you figure these cost no more than $1.50 to $2.00 to manufacture, yet wholesale at something like $9.00 each, a pressing of 1000 copies yields a profit of $7000! Furthermore, as anyone who runs a label knows, it's really hard to get distributors to actually pay you for records. Whereas, due to the clandestine nature of most bootlegs cash is demanded up front. Imagine someone who is doing say, five or ten bootleg LPs a year. This is serious cash income. I think a profit of $50,000 a year is not infeasible from totally mercenary bootlegging.

Like drugs, there would be no supply without a demand. People keep producing shoddy, mercenary bootlegs, and people keep buying them. Also, as with drugs, there is always an element of risk. Angry band members could kick your ass. You could be sued, fined, and possibly go to jail. But like selling drugs, every day people think the gains outweigh the risks and go ahead and do it.

Another question I ask myself when I look at a bootleg or reissue is, "was this record worth doing?" Some material is obscure but brilliant. Some is obscure because it sucked to begin with. There's always some accounting for taste, but the Antidote 7", for instance, has been bootlegged four times because it is a total rager and never legitimately made available. On the other side many live Misfits and Slayer recordings are of marginal quality at best and clearly done merely to cash in on those bands' loyal and free-spending fans.

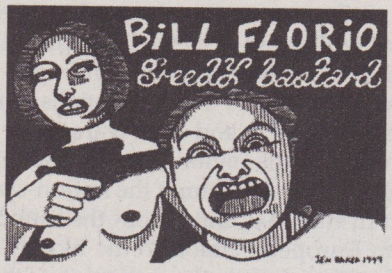
The most successful bootleggers in punk history were of course the German label Lost and Found. These guys made tens of thousands, possibly millions of dollars ripping off numerous hardcore bands, and suffered little or no repercussions, then left the hardcore scene and are still at large. Most people involved in punk would consider such mercenary bootleggers to be amoral, unscrupulous, dishonest, and working in contrary to any sort of DIY code of ethics. The label would in turn retort that people were happy to buy the stuff, they took the money and ran, and we are stupid to believe that punk actually lives up to any of its high-minded ideals. I'm sure they are gloating now at their ill-gotten gains made at the expense of gullible Youth of Today fans across Germany.

After wading into this moral and ethical quagmire, I see no clearer than when I came in. Some bootlegs are certainly bad, done for spurious reasons, by dumb people with suspect aims. Some bootlegs are totally great, making some amazing music available again at a reasonable price. Like most things in life, we can't draw any clear-cut black and white conclusions around such issues.

I for one was happy to see some great stuff like the State 7" on vinyl again. However, concurrent with the bootleg of this 7", some punk kids in Michigan are working on a legit reissue which will be done from the original tapes and artwork and also have access to an unreleased 7" worth of material. If the bootlegger had taken the time to do a little research they would have realized that a much better job could have been done and hopefully this material will soon be legitimately reissued. My personal favorites are the Killed By Death, Bloodstains and Killed By Hardcore type bootlegs. Here we see true record collector fans at work making comps of what they feel are overlooked and rare classics. Some of these comps are modern classics and some are infantile twaddle. But the premise is airtight and lifted from the Nuggets and Pebbles comps of

the 70s. My least favorite are bootlegs of bootlegs of bootlegs of live Misfits shows that sounded like shit to begin with yet still sell for $20.00 or more.

I hope I've shed a little light on the somewhat complicated issue of bootlegs. There has been some discussion of this issue in the letters column, and I'd like to see the floor opened to any other points of view or angles I didn't consider in this column.



I woke up this morning hysterically laughing, "It's the Fountain of Death! The Fountain of Death!" I have no idea why. I never wake up doing anything except wondering why I can't get another half hour of sleep. The dream had something do with a Pakistani guy making video dubs in a small dark cubicle. I don't know how I ended up screaming like an ill-fated Ponce De Leon but it's just really odd.

Usually I sleep with the TV on. It's been terribly hot this past week, so my girlfriend actually slept in the same room as me. She wakes up at 8am and goes to sleep at midnight and I couldn't do my usual routine of staying up till 4am and then passing out to *Animal Planet*. I used to pass out to the History Channel, but a year or so ago they decided to run an hour of infomercials and I would wake up with the desire to buy a George Foreman grill or a baste rotisserie chicken with GLH Formula 9. Now I just wake up with horrible visions of Jeff Corwin chasing me around the woods like in *Deliverance*.

I think sleeping with the TV on is a pretty punk rock thing.. Not only is it mentioned in Dictators songs but it's good training for peace of mind. I've been sleeping with the TV on almost all my life.

When I was two and three, I had to sleep in the living room. My baby sister slept in my parents' room and before that my parents were making baby sisters. The TV was in the living room and at 2 or 3am my mom would hear me open the big drawers of the wall unit, then climb them like steps, the next thing you know that nice color bar sound was on.

When I got a little older, like twelve and thirteen, I had this great way to stay home from school. I'd make myself sick by not getting any sleep. They had double shots of Ben Casey on from 2 to 4 in the morning and I believe I saw every episode at least once. What's up with that Dr. Zorba guy? I never really understood why they let a doctor in the hospital with a hairstyle like that.

Through high school and college I got my REM's to bad American kung fu movies with that unattractive blonde woman on HBO and infomercials where they tried to sell you melted cheese sandwich football machines and the Tom Woo Seminar where I was convinced I was a Woozer for working my crappy job everyday and not hanging out on his yacht with beautiful women from fruitful real estate deals.

There's something about staying up late that is very satisfying. I don't know if it's the lack of traffic or the quality of the homeless people in front of 7-11, Clint Eastwood movies on AMC, or just the nice feeling that my phone isn't gonna ring unless Dave Smith decides to get drunk and ask me Monkees trivia.

I know, I know, I should tell a story or make some sort of point now, but screw it, it's late. OK, OK. I saw Poison Idea this week. I think it's great that Tom and Jerry put together a new incarnation of the band, and considering the fact that they were supposed to die like ten years ago from health problems and poor diet, I think they sounded great. But, c'mon guys, *it's summertime*! And the rest of the country ain't freakin Portland. I thought I was gonna pass out and die, and I'm a 34 waist and not on stage screaming my guts out.

I also picked MDC up from the airport back from their successful European conquest. For some reason they all came back with blonde hair—I didn't ask. Dave Dictor gets the quote of the month. "Ya know, when I'm really tired and barely got any sleep for a few days, food always makes me feel much better."

So I got back from the Poison Idea show after hanging out at San Loco—Burritoville doesn't stay open late enough. I was just thinking about the last time PI came through, which was like nine years ago. It's sorta odd that nine years can go by and not all that much has changed. I mean sure, I have some new friends and some that disappeared, but I'm basically doing the came crap. I think it's good, I think one of the great things about being into punk rock and music and whatnot is that it is something to hold on to. It's a constant force, and it's really not much different since the 1950s or so when radio and record collecting started. You can go and nitpick and complain that Les Sexareenos are a rip off of the Sonics and every new hardcore band sounds like Poison Idea, but it's been an ongoing thing for 50 years now, and as much as we can be all negative and write our little scene politics and try to assign purpose to what we do, its really not any different than what Jerry Lee and Hank Williams and Alan Freed were doing. Well maybe they gained some more mainstream success than any of us will, but they would probably still be doing what they're doing without it. I know I will—will I see you in another nine years? If ya do ask me what the hell the Fountain of Death is, maybe I'll have figured it out by then.
bill@candids.com

Prognosis: Fucked

To Whom It May Concern:

Wells Tipley has been under my care since 11/8/2001, for Panic Disorder with severe Agoraphobia.

Because of this psychiatric illness he is unable to travel to Suffolk County Courts and thus unable to serve as a juror.

This condition is expected to last at least a few years.

Sincerely,

<name deleted>, MD

Well, the good news is no jury duty. Bad news is the prognosis for the next few years appears to be kind of bleak. Fuck.

***

Past "Oh Man What The Fuck!?!???!" columns are available on the web at www.trafficviolation.com.
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I feel like an expatriate.

It's been two and a half months since I moved from my Oakland apartment of twelve years to a flat south of Market in San Francisco. I already feel exiled, a traitor even, to what I still consider to be my home town of Oakland.

I never thought of San Diego as my home town, though I lived there for fifteen years. And Ventura, where I went to high school and junior college, that was my parents' home town. I couldn't wait to get out of both, each a stiflingly parochial small town in its own way. Santa Cruz, where I graduated from the UC, was closer to feeling like home. At least it was in northern California, with access to the Bay Area. Oakland's my home town because that's where I chose to live when I moved to the Bay Area. I made it so by exploring its streets and learning its neighborhoods, getting involved in community service and local politics, and generally putting down roots.

Don't get me wrong. I'm glad I still live in the Bay Area. Despite all my criticisms of San Francisco, which are many, I'd rather live in SF than, say, Berkeley. I share a great sunny Edwardian apartment with my girlfriend and our two cats; very urban, and more affordable now that the tech crash took down rents in these prime dot com neighborhoods, halting for the moment the area's gentrification. With any luck, south of Market will be like the lower Haight, where 1980's "urban renewal" (read "negro removal") stalled part way, leaving that neighborhood a mix of the insufferably hip and the suffering poor to this day. Whatever the case, our long range plans call for moving back to the East Bay, Oakland preferably, in two to three years.

I've written about the sense of belonging in past columns. Specifically, I've declared myself an international anti-statist communist, yet I acknowledge that I'm an American. I'm most at home in this country, participating in American culture, speaking the American language, enjoying American freedoms. This is different from a sense of place, which is a much narrower sentiment in my experience. There are parts of this country I don't feel comfortable visiting, let alone taking up residence. Utah, for instance. I spent nine months in that godforsaken state with my parents when I was twelve, and I break into a cold sweat every time I think of that Mormon hell hole. I'm comfortable in the Bay Area, and at home in Oakland. That's my sense of place.

Clearly, one man's hell hole is another's home sweet home. Larry Livermore is scared shitless of Oakland, and no doubt would find Utah's divinely sanctioned white supremacy more to his liking. (Excuse me, western cultural superiority in Larryspeak.) My point here is that a sense of place is concrete and local, associated with a neighborhood, home town or at most a region. Out of my sense of place I can understand, though I don't at all sympathize with why gangs fight over turf or why the city-states of ancient Greece, Medieval Europe or Renaissance Italy regularly did battle. In turn, I see patriotism as the attempt to hijack this sense of place, as well as the sense of belonging mentioned above, in service of an abstraction called the nation-state.

Of course, the reverse has been going on for the past several decades as well. People have been trying to establish nation-states corresponding to their sense of place, fostering a kind of tribal nationalism, not to mention countless civil conflicts and civil wars. This disintegration, or devolution of the nation-state is counterpointed by movements that seek to subsume the nation-state into larger and larger transnational units, from the mundane, economically driven European Union to the bloody fantasies of pan-Islamic fanatics. In all, the nation-state has fallen on some hard times lately.

The nation-state is called the "European state model" because of its origins in and development out of European feudalism. Right off it must be stated that the Karl Marx of the *Communist Manifesto*, not to mention vulgar Marxists who insist on the letter of that document, are utterly wrong. European feudalism is not the universal historical stage determined as the necessary precursor to capitalism. Marx himself realized this when he attempted to explain why Asian feudalism never made the transition into capitalism by positing his problematic notion of an "Asiatic mode of production." It took George Lukacs to spell out exactly why feudalism was different from capitalism in his masterpiece, *History and Class Consciousness*.

Capitalism as a mode of economic production is the first truly totalizing social system, according to Lukacs. Capitalism not only expands to encompass the entire physical world, it attempts to absorb all aspects of society—political, social, cultural—and even tries to infiltrate individual psychology down to its most fundamental levels. In turn, the totalizing "science" of Marxism arose out of and in response to this totalizing capitalist system as the principle effort to understand and overthrow it. Thus, not only is Marxism inadequate for describing non-capitalist modes of production (to include socialism by the way), those non-capitalist modes of production prior to capitalism's development such as slavery, feudalism etc. never demonstrated the totalizing characteristics associated with capitalism. Feudalism in particular was far from monolithic, exhibiting in its absolute monarchy phase not only the centralizing mercantilism that would serve as the basis for the modern nation-state, but also a city-state commercial republicanism that would instigate modern liberalism, as well as a guild syndicalism and a peasant communalism that would inspire modern socialism.

(In an interesting side note, at least two major neo-fascist currents also can trace their inspiration to European feudalism. Charlamagne's Carolingian Empire serves as the spiritual model for the European-wide imperium championed by Julius Evola and Francis Parker Yockey, whereas the incredible political and ethnic diversity within the old Holy Roman Empire serves as the basis for Alain de Benoist's ethne-based ideas of a "Europe of a thousand

flags.")

The radical German sociologist Franz Oppenheimer offered a far more insightful analysis of the origins of the modern nation-state in *The State*, in which he hinted at the diversity of European feudalism. Oppenheimer postulated that the modern nation-state originated in the combination of the territorially based "primitive feudal state" and the commercially based "maritime state;" an analysis that puts Marxism to shame and that serves as a cornerstone for anarchist critiques of the state. More precisely, this was the European origin of the Enlightenment republican nation-state of the late 18th/early 19th centuries, as exemplified by England and France and characterized by liberalism and democracy.

This discussion is now going to get complicated, for while the "European state model" is associated solely with this Enlightenment republican nation-state, that was by no means the only kind of nation-state that arose in Europe. The authoritarian nation-state of the late 19th century, epitomized by Germany's unification under Bismarck, practiced an integrative nationalism that in its aggression, intolerance and imperial ambitions proved a precursor to the totalitarian nation-state and ultra-nationalism of fascism in the early 20th century. Finally, the totalitarian, ostensibly socialist nation-state of Bolshevik Russia eventually exalted a "proletarian nationalism" that became the model for countless Third World revolutions and liberation movements of the mid to late 20th century. Indeed, no successful Enlightenment republican nation-state came into existence on its own after 1848. To understand why, as well as what this diversity of nation-states indicates, we need to turn to Immanuel Wallerstein and his neo-Marxist world-system theory.

In *The Capitalist World Economy*, Wallerstein traces capitalism's development as a world economy back to 1450, when a nascent geographic stratification began, creating core, semi-peripheral and peripheral regions that expanded and changed with the growth of the world economy. The rise of English and French nation-states in the 18th century consolidated the core as a collection of rich, exploiting capitalist nations in western Europe, at the same time defining a periphery of poor, exploited Third World ocuntries along with a mediating semi-periphery of countries that were exploited by the core but which in turn exploited the periphery. An advantage to Wallerstein's schema is that it allows for some movement within the world economy. Core nations can decline and fall into the semi-periphery or periphery, peripheral countries can climb into the semi-periphery, and semi-peripheral nations can struggle up into the core. Yet, overall, the exploitative dynamics of this world capitalist economy mitigates against such movement, especially the rise of poor, exploited nations to any higher status. Thus, while various core countries initially found it relatively easy to consolidate sovereign liberal, democratic political units with sharply delineated territories and tightly bound populations that considered themselves nations, countries that tried to follow in their footsteps found the going much tougher creating viable nations out of divided peoples, insecure territories and embryonic economic and political systems. Inevitably, they had to resort to more strident, disciplined forms of nationalism and economic organization. The very success of the core nations in the world capitalist economy made subsequent success by other nations that much more difficult.

In the early 20th century, Russia was a country straddling periphery and semi-periphery, and Germany was a semi-peripheral nation attempting to break into the core. Little wonder that each adopted brutally totalitarian systems—Leninist Communism and Nazism respectively—to forge national unity, foster economic progress and forceably change their status in the world capitalist economy. And little wonder then that extremely poor, underdeveloped Third World countries took up Marxism-Leninism, or homegrown versions of dictatorial socialism to throw off colonialism and imperialism, attempt basic industrialization and economic development, and push their way out of the periphery. Wallerstein's world-system theory convincingly accounts for these significant differences in the nation-state as they emerged historically around the world. The theory even explains the transnational tendency to unite a number of culturally similar or geographically contiguous states into a larger "superstate" or confederation of states, as with pan-Africanism, or pan-Islamism or pan-Europeanism. This variation on the nation-state is an attempt to maintain or change position in the world capitalist economy, nothing more. What Wallerstein has a harder time explaining is tendencies toward the devolution or disintegration of the nation-state.

The voluntary or forceable dissolution of the nation-state—from the peaceful separation of Czechoslovakia into its ethnic components to the violent destruction of Yugoslavia by hostile ethnic mini-states—is a pronounced, worldwide trend that flies in the face of an economic imperative that would seem paramount in the world capitalist economy. That being the creation of sovereign national states that are also economically viable in the world economy. The sectarian, tribal and gangster nationalism that is emerging in parts of Africa, Asia, Europe and Latin America is reducing the traditional nation-state—democratic or totalitarian—to splinters; chaff in the whirlwind of global capitalism. By the way, watch for the debut of similar forms of erosive nationalism in north America quite soon.

It also flies in the face of Hardt and Negri's thesis in *Empire* that we've passed from American imperialism into American empire, as evidenced by US global hegemony in everything from culture (MacDonalds and Disney) to politics (legalism and constitutionalism). We see none of the ordering principles of empire at play in the world today however. More and more, large nations are disintegrating into warring mini-states, and smaller countries are dissolving into armed gangs, with all the civil unrest, social chaos, war and civil war such dissolutions entail. This is precisely the world sketched out in Robert Kaplan's remarkable neo-Hobbesian essay, "The Coming Anarchy," now collected with other short political commentaries in his book of the same name. The brevity and precision of language in *The Coming Anarchy* is stunning when compared to the endless turgid prose of *Empire*. Yet another reason to recommend the former over the latter, even though Kaplan's a wank whose *realpolitik* solutions—essentially letting the rest of the world go to hell while the developed world pulls up the drawbridges to hastily constructed fortress states—is Pentti Linkola light.

In turn, I take the insights offered by Robert Kaplan to bolster my own perspective. Call it the Hooligan varition.

The nation-state as we know it, and that includes Kaplan's affluent fortress states, are doomed by the dynamics of world capitalism to violent collapse. What will emerge out of their ashes is a truly international capitalist ruling class operating out of heavily protected enclave territories and states within states around the globe, and an extremely mobile transnational labor force shaped by social disintegration, endless war, ecological devastation and forced migration. A wasted world of permanent chaos and war in constant need of food and guns, with every remaining natural and human resource wide open for plunder and exploitation. A terrifying world, really.

Such a future world is by no means inevitable. The Hooligan solution—social revolution—you should know now by heart. It's here I also agree with Wallerstein. Due to the interdepence of the world capitalist economy, socialist revolution is completely ineffective in individual countries. World revolution is the only way to transform global capitalism. The international working class needs to abolish the nation-state and world capitalism through global communist revolution. We need to take out the nation-state on our own terms, and not let capitalism lay waste to the nation-state, and the planet.

Blah, blah, blah. Yadda, yadda, yadda. Fuck that shit you say.

Do me a favor before you dismiss the revolutionary option so quickly. Pick up a copy of *The Coming Anarchy*. It's now out in trade paperback, I believe. Read at least the essay of the same name. You can probably manage that sitting at a Starbucks table in any Barnes and Noble if you don't want to actually *buy* the book. If even half of what Kaplan thinks is going to happen does, this planet is going to become a living nightmare for most of humanity in the not-too-distant future. I don't accept Kaplan's assumption that such a world is inevitable, which leads me to search for who or what could possibly change things so radically that we can avoid Kaplan's dystopia, and my variation on it.

If you've got something better than working people rising up all around the world, let's here it.

Now, as to whether the present anti-globalization movement is that movement in embryo, the answer is yes, and no. Certainly, the anti-globalization movement is one promising source of resistance, but without the much smaller, overlapping anti-capitalist movement, anti-globalization is a farce. Other emerging global currents—indigenous peoples movements, transnational labor organizing, various and sundry youth cultures, etc.—will no doubt also factor into any movement capable of taking on global capital. All subjects for equally lengthy future columns.

Next issue, I go global south. Or is that Third World? No, no, I go native.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... You can find the "lost" Hooligan column at the new, improved http://www.huahuacoyotl.com. To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligan3@mindspring.com.

The UN Global Report on AIDS is Out!

I am gay, but I don't have AIDS. Contrary to stereotype, not all gays have AIDS. I think that the best people qualified to write about AIDS are people with AIDS. At the rate things are going, that's going be more people than we can bear to think about. But, we must think about it, because if we don't, we are in very deep trouble. Joe Westmoreland is a writer who has HIV. He wrote: "It freaks me out that kids today are getting HIV and thinking it's OK because all they have to do is get on the drugs. I want to scream 'No, No, No!" That says more than I could ever say. But even though I don't have AIDS, I'm going to humbly try to tell you what I know about it. More and more people, both heterosexual and homosexual, are contracting the HIV virus. I've read the UN report on AIDS. It's mostly facts and figures, and yet it's more frightening than anything and everything written by Edgar Allen Poe, Stephen King, and Clive Barker combined. Before I get to that, let me first state the following fact as bluntly as I know how: punk rockers get AIDS.

I have known of and known punks who live with and who have died from this disease. Some are heterosexual, and some are homosexual, and there are some who fall somewhere in between. Some have contracted it from an HIV-contaminated needle and others from unsafe sex. The bottom line is that no matter how they contracted it, it has *killed* people. People like Barney Wagner of Sea Monster, Lance Loud of The Mumps, Craig Lee of The Bags, Frankie Fix of Crime, Glynnis Johnson of Red Red Meat, Black Randy of Black Randy & The Metrosquad, Gerardo Velazquez of Nervous Gender, Donny Diaz of Battalion of Saints, Renato Russo of Electric Abortion, Don Vinyl of The Offs, Vaughn Toulouse of Department S, David Wiley of Human Hands, Jeff Wilkerson of Nervous Eaters, Chuck Briggs of US Bombs, Dave Hahn of The Cro Mags, Alec Murphy of The Vidiots, Marco Mysterioso of The Schematix, Patrick Mack of The Stimulators, Miki and Armand Zone from The Fast, Dave ID and Johnny 19 from The Mad, Nicky Crane—the skinhead from the cover photo of the *Strength Through Oi* comp, Jim Nash of WaxTrax! Records, Cookie Mueller—an actress from John Waters' films, Tommy Tadlock, Benjamin Smoke, Drew Blood, Leigh Bowery, Kenny Everett, *MaximumRocknRoll*'s own Donny The Punk, and many more.

Perhaps these names may seem like names from another, earlier generation of punk rock. But that's the loathsome trick of AIDS! The HIV virus gets into your body and begins to destroy your immune system slowly. It may be unnoticeable as a disease until ten or more years later. You could imagine yourself to be not-at-risk and therefore never get an HIV test. You could be healthy for years and not even know that you have it. What names from bands that you watch on stage today will be on this list tomorrow? Will your name be on this list? It's up to you. If you are not already HIV positive, your name can be on this list too, IF you don't do everything in your power to avoid contracting the HIV virus.

Unfortunately, it's obvious that fewer and fewer peo-

ple are taking the precautions they need to take in order to avoid getting AIDS. Why is that? If you are a younger person, maybe you don't feel threatened by this plague. For example, if you are a teenager, the ten-year incubation period of AIDS could mean that you won't see kids your age with the signs of HIV disease. Yet the ten year incubation period *also* means that these people that we *now* see in their twenties and early thirties with full blown AIDS got infected *when they were teenagers*. Kids who don't see their friends and peers sicken and die from AIDS, don't feel the up-close personal risk, and so they don't take precautions every time. Is this you? The UN's Global Report on AIDS says that 6000 new infections occur daily among young people. Will you be one of them?

AIDS! Just say the word and people begin to squirm in their seats. They get an uncomfortable look on their faces, as if to wordlessly ask, "Do we really need to talk about that?" Yes! We do need to fuckin' talk about it! Why? Because the numbers in the UN report on AIDS speak for themselves. According to the UN's Global AIDS report, "an estimated 11.8 million young people aged 15-24 are living with HIV/AIDS." We need to do more than just wring our hands in bitter frustration, with tears in our eyes asking "why" to the clouds! We need to make sure that everyone learns how to avoid contracting AIDS, and we need to fight harder to pressure the government and the National Institutes of Health to find a cure for those already infected. It's just hard to imagine either goal being reached with this creep Bush in the White House. This makes the job all the more difficult, but with determination it is still do-able.

George W. Bush's idea of "AIDS Education" is abstinence-only programs. This was the same position as wrinkly old conservative Ronald Reagan. But even the Surgeon General appointed *by* Reagan didn't agree. C. Everett Koop stated, "I have always said that abstinence is the best protection against HIV infection, but it's not an option for most people." He said this way back when many readers of *Maximumrocknroll* were little babies. No one in government listened to him then and they still don't now! But it's true. Sexual abstinence is not for most people. Which is exactly why abstinence only programs don't work. Especially for yuonger people! Because younger people have hormones that are raging, and every natural biological urge is screaming for sexual release! It's easy for the geriatric generation to tell the younger people "don't have sex." Their sex drive has already waned! But how and why do they expect younger people to abstain from sex? The answer lies in the very reason why the abstinence-only educational program exists. The program wasn't designed with any genuine care for the health and lives of young people. Health experts didn't design it at all! It was designed by politicians to ease the minds of parents who are uncomfortable with the idea of their sons and daughters having sex. Abstinence only programs allow both politicians and parents to live in a glass bubble of comfortable denial. But how comfortable will these parents feel as they watch the coffins of their children lowered into the ground after they have died from AIDS?!

I wonder...did George Bush "abstain from sex until marriage?" Perhaps this is a question we should talk about, considering his wild, alcoholic frat-boy past. Hypocrisy of the "do as I say; not as I do" sort has never been an effective educational tool. These people of this older generation are always droning on and on about how they never had any sex before marriage. Most of them are such liars! Why does no one have the nerve to say this to their faces!

When *didn't* they have sex? The 1970s were Sexual Liberation time! The 1960s were Sexual Experimentation time! The 1950s were Sexual Repression/ so-let's-do-it-in-the-backseat-of-the-car/ highest-incidence-of-unmarried-teen-pregnancy-in-US-history, time. (It's true look up the Sociology statistics.) The 1940s were This-might-be-the-last-time-I-ever-see-this-soldier/sailor/marine/flyboy/ so-it's-my-patriotic-duty, time. In every decade everyone has always thought of any excuse or justification to have sex.

They do it for love, infatuation, desperation, joy, desire, boredom, despair, peer pressure, money, revenge, to forget a past lover...you name it. Sometimes, when the opportunity arises, it often "just happens." This older generation does a lot of talk about how they never did it, and how in their day they were "pure." But sometimes, late at night, when you get them off their guard, the truth comes out! They begin to open up and be honest about their lives. Once you get their defenses down (even if they do withhold the details a little bit), they let you read between the lines. They did so have sex when they were young. They are just afraid to admit it *to you*! ...Because they don't feel comfortable with the thought of *you* having sex.

The reason for their discomfort is totally selfish. They are afraid of being publicly embarrassed among their peers if they give off the appearance of "promoting" teenage sexuality. A friend of mine, Ann Northrop of the NY cable TV show *Gay USA* once said, "Our entire society denies that teens are sexual." I agree, and I think the reason for their denial is an entirely selfish one. I'm sure these so-called "adults" know fully well that teens are sexual. These so-called "adults" are just terrified of what it will do to their own public image if they acknowledge that fact. This "George Bush" sort of attitude will kill people.

The UN Global Report on AIDS is a comprehensive examination of AIDS all over the world. AIDS has been around for a long time now and studies over the years have shown very clearly what does work and what does not work. The report says; "the more information provided, the better."

"Relatively low rates of teenage pregnancy and sexually transmitted infections in countries such as Canada, France, and Sweden seemed to reflect the success of comprehensive curricula, applied on a national scale, covering a wide range of topics and presenting options for safe sexual behavior. Less successful outcomes were reported in school systems where abstinence was presented as the only appropriate option outside of marriage, and where contraception was incorrectly presented as ineffective in preventing pregnancy, HIV and other sexually transmitted infections."

A wordy paragraph...but what does it mean? It means that the more "safe sex" and "safer sex" options you teach kids the safer they will be, but "abstinence-only education" kills. When you only give young people a "don't have sex" message, you have not prepared those young people for what to do when they cannot conform to that message. Even the kids who want to live up to that message can fail. Despite lofty intentions an individual might have about trying to wait until marriage, an opportunity for sex just might arrive. Abstinence-Only education doesn't prepare

young people for facing a sexual reality that's bound to occur when every raging hormone is screaming "Go for it!" If that kid doesn't have the information about how to do it safely...that kid could get AIDS. These abstinence cheerleaders don't get it...because they don't want to get it. That is why they mechanically chant their mantra of "The Only Safe Sex Is No Sex" like the victims of a mind-control cult. That slogan is nonsensical because "No sex" is not safe sex. "No sex" is *no sex*! That's like saying the only safe air to breathe is *no air*, or the only safe water to drink is *no water*, or the only safe activity of any kind is *no activity*. This is the idiocy they dare to call "education."

You *can* have 100% safe sex—at least as it pertains to HIV infection. HIV isn't the only sexually transmitted disease, but it is the only fatal one. Putting questions about other sexually transmitted diseases and whether you are *emotionally* ready for sex aside for now, it is important to know that it is *physically* possible to have sex with no risk of HIV-infection. Clinton's former Surgeon General Jocelyn Elders was onto something when she said on World AIDS Day that mutual masturbation is a great AIDS prevention technique. For stating that truth, she got *fired* by Clinton! What could be safer than wacking off your boyfriend or clit stimulating your girlfriend to orgasm? No body fluids get exchanged and you never have to worry about a condom breaking. But the Clinton administration stepped in and said; "Oh, no no no.... Sorry, we can't say that! The kids might want to try it." Fine, then. What's the alternative? Don't say anything about it and let them explore sex in ignorance? Let them get AIDS? Is that what you want? Take a look around. That is exactly what has happened and is happening. Dr. Elders was fired immediately after her statement about masturbation. She was branded a corrupter of the innocence of youth and a counter-cultural lunatic. After Elders the whole push in AIDS education was a massive thrust toward the abstinence-only message. What did this preaching of the abstinence-only message bring us? That same generation of post-Dr. Elders teens who heard only the abstinence message are now in their early twenties. According to aids.about.com, in 1998 alone there were approximately 20,000 new HIV infections in the United States of people under the age of 25. Those numbers are the utterly disgusting legacy of abstinence-only education.

Kids should learn and understand that they have the choice to say "no" to sex if they don't want it. They must also be given information about "safe sex" and "safer sex" techniques when and if they decide that they do want to have it. In terms of HIV infection, anything to do with the hands and fingers on any sexy part of your body, (such as mutual masturbation) is "safe sex." Anything where another person's semen, blood or vaginal fluid doesn't have even a remote possible chance of getting inside of your body is safe. Licking each other's nipples is safe, but breast milk can transmit HIV. (It's a bodily fluid.)

"Safer sex" is when you have some sort of penetration with a condom. If you don't use a condom, HIV-infected fluids can enter your body through the lining of your vagina, rectum, mouth, throat, and the opening at the tip of your penis. Uncircumcised men seem to be at greater risk than circumcised men. This is suspected to be because the head of the penis isn't actually skin, but membrane. The theory is that the membrane becomes more skin-like if the foreskin is removed. The virus cannot pass through skin, but it may be able to pass through membrane. Another explanation might be that the foreskin keeps the underlying tissues warm and moist, allowing HIV more time and opportunity to pass into your body before the HIV-carrying fluids dry out. HIV certainly seems to be able to pass through the vaginal and anal walls rather easily. Maybe little tears in the linings of those walls is what enables the virus to get into your bloodstream. All of this is why you should use a condom. It makes any penetrative sex that you have "safer sex." The reason it's called "safer" is because there is still some risk here if a condom breaks. You can reduce the risk of a condom breaking to almost nothing if you use it *properly. Notice that I stress the word "properly!"* Don't use a condom after its expiration date. Do not bite open the condom package, gently tear it. Squeeze the tip of the condom to remove all air and leave a little bit loose at the end to allow for expansion and to allow some movement, then roll the condom down onto the erection. Use plenty of water-based lubricant. *Pull out before you cum.* All of this is much safer. The "abstinence-only" crowd likes to nit-pick on the failure-rate of condoms. They really exaggerate the risks of condom failure. What they *never* mention is that most of the condom failures have been related to people using them incorrectly. The usual reason why they were used incorrectly is because the people using them were never given proper AIDS education on how to use them—largely because of abstinence-only education.

Of course, it has become increasingly difficult for younger people to even get their hands on condoms and lube. But, ya know something? I'm not convinced that people really desperately need to have any sort of penetration to have sex, anyway. I know that I don't. I personally have never engaged in anal (or vaginal) intercourse. Contrary to stereotype, not all gay guys have anal intercourse. Many heterosexual women state that they don't easily orgasm by vaginal intercourse anyway. But if you *must* have penetrative sex, you really need to use a condom to make it safer.

Oral sex is very risky if semen gets into your mouth. Some people suggest to perform oral sex only with condoms and dental dams (a flat rubber sheet you hold over the vagina.) Unfortunately, few people like to lick rubber. It is a known fact that many people have contracted HIV through oral sex when cum got it the mouth. If you have oral sex and you never allow someone to cum in your mouth, your chance of getting HIV is very slim.

I don't personally know of any case of oral sex transmission that has occurred to a person who *didn't* allow someone to cum in his or her mouth. But if you have an open sore in your mouth, or bleeding gums, the risk is very possible that HIV-positive pre-cum could get in there and infect you. There is virtually no difference in pre-cum and cum, except in volume, but more volume means more virus and more chance of infection by way of some tiny cut or mouth sore somewhere in your mouth that you are not even aware of.

Everything indicates that mouth to vagina oral sex is not at all an easy way to contract HIV, but vaginal fluid and menstrual blood are potentially infectious. Exposure of the mucous membrane of your mouth to these secretions does have the potential to lead to HIV infection. But, the risk is so rare that according to the CDC (Centers for Disease Control), out of all the lesbians who have become HIV-

infected, 98% of them had some other HIV risk—injection drug use in most cases. The numbers of men who *only* practice oral sex on women (if such men exist) are so low, that there has never been a documented case of HIV transmission. But again, the risk is there, especially if there's a sore or cut in your mouth.

Apart from HIV infection, which I believe to be the most pressing problem by virtue (?) of it's deadliness, there are other risks. As I briefly mentioned before, there are other sexually transmitted diseases out there. You can be infected by scabies, herpes, genital warts, molluscum contagiosum, and crabs with only skin to skin contact. This includes mutual masturbation, or just rubbing against each other naked—activities which are "safe sex" in regards to HIV, but not entirely "safe" when we are talking about other less deadly diseases. These infections *are* still pretty damn nasty though, so you don't want them. They simply don't have the severity of HIV/AIDS. Yet it is still important to mention that even condoms can't protect you from some of these infections.

Blow jobs could infect you with Gonorrhea whether you give or receive, although fingers cannot and it's believed that the sharing of sex toys can't spread Gonorrhea either. (Sharing sex toys can expose you to HIV though—*see how complicated this gets?*) Similarly, your mouth-to-someone's-penis can just as easily transmit herpes as your-penis to-someone's mouth.

Syphilis can be transmitted through any sexual contact between mucous membranes. Hepatitis A and B are out there too, as well as Genital Human Papillomavirus, Chlamydia trachomatis, and... the list of sexually transmitted diseases out there is seemingly endless. I haven't even spoken a word about the risks of pregnancy before you are ready.

So let's not kid ourselves. Sex is not a completely benign activity. Even without the physical risks there are the emotional consequences, and the broken hearts of vulnerable, romantic boys and girls don't easily mend. The bottom line is, if your gonna do it, ya gotta be prepared for it. Please don't think that I advocate recreational sex. I just want to inform you that you can make sex safer. And especially because of AIDS you *must* make sex safer. Pretending that everyone will remain abstinent until marriage is not AIDS education.

These are the sorts of facts that need to be taught in AIDS education programs in school, and yet these are the facts the government doesn't want kids to learn. What is the effect of this? I phoned the CDC hotline, 1-800-342-AIDS and asked what their statistics were for new infections in young people. I was told that in the USA from Dec 2000 through Dec 2001, there were two new HIV infections *every hour* in people aged 13 to 24.

When given a choice between traveling the path of wise AIDS policy and the road to Stupid Street, the government has always marched deliberately on the wrong road. How many times must this HIV bomb explode in their faces? What explosion will it take to crack their thick heads open to let some brains into the empty skull cavities? You don't have to contract HIV because of their brainlessness.

NEXT ISSUE- PART II: HIV AND NEEDLE USE

Should we send in 250,000 ground troops, or will 25,000-pound bombs be enough? Do they have nerve gas, and if so would they use it? What about the Republican Guards—are they as bad-ass, smart, and loyal as advertised?

How many people will die?

It's the middle of a Bush administration, so it must be time to distract a recession-battered public with saber-rattling tirades equating Iraqi leader Saddam Hussein with Adolf Hitler. How else can Bush get his approval rating back up from 65 to 92 percent? But selling Americans on *Gulf War Boondoggle 2: The Revenge* will likely prove more difficult than convincing them to show up for the 1991 original. As Congressmen Chuck Hagel (R-NE) points out, "There are a number of difficult questions that need to be asked before Congress would support a resolution of war against Iraq."

First, there's no inciting incident: Saddam hasn't invaded Kuwait. The guy is making no effort to dis us properly. Second, the highly-anticipated ending of the first *Gulf War*, in which columns of victorious American troops were to be showered with roses and free oil by liberated Iraqis, never materialized. Third, the Afghan action epic *Tora Bora Bora*, though initially well-received, is now considered trite, clichéd, and banal. Fourth, this expensive sequel would probably be financed exclusively by America. A July 27 *London Times* poll shows that most Britons, our biggest partners in the original *GWB*, are not up for a sequel.

The rationale for attacking Iraq changes by the day, according to administration goons. First came the unfinished-business argument: Saddam invaded Kuwait in 1990, used chemical gas and remains a threat in the Middle East. Never mind that the Iraqi dictator worked for our CIA when he did that stuff, and that nothing worse has transpired in the last 12 years than garden-variety Third World repression. Then Bush declared Iraq a member of an "Axis of Evil" along with Iran and North Korea, unrelated countries that share neither common ideological nor geopolitical aims. Finally, Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld implied a link between Iraq and Al Qaeda in planning September 11. Rummy says "absolute proof" isn't necessary to justify an invasion, which merely confirms that they don't have any.

"[The Bushies] don't seem to have a cohesive message to describe the threat," a US government analyst commented to Reuters' Carol Giacomo. "They seem to be throwing things at the wall to see what might stick and nothing's taking hold."

After Saddam, Chaos in Eastern Europe

"When there is a democratic Iraq—and that is our goal—an Iraq that truly cares for the welfare of its own people, it won't only be the people of Iraq who benefit from that. It will be the whole world and very much the region," a deluded US Deputy Defense Secretary Paul Wolfowitz claimed on July 17. "Turkey stands to benefit enormously when Iraq becomes a normal country."

Remember, that's what they said about Afghanistan in

October. Now Osama, Mullah Omar, and the Taliban are running loose in Kashmir, radical Islamist movements are on the rise in the former Soviet republics of Central Asia, and US Special Forces are guarding Afghan president Hamid Karzai, a despised and ridiculed American puppet whose bribed soldiers can't be trusted not to kill him, much less defend their Kabul city-state. As bad as the Taliban were, the thugs who replaced them may be even worse.

And getting rid of Saddam could lead to even-more-apocalyptic consequences.

Saddam's principle opponents are Iranian-backed Shiite groups and 20 million Sunni Kurds whose "peshmerga" fighters are struggling to create an independent Kurdish homeland comprising northern Iraq, southeastern Turkey and extreme northwestern Iran. The Shiite Supreme Council for the Islamic Revolution in Iraq (SCIRI), the Kurdistan Democratic Party (KDP) and the Patriotic Union of Kurdistan (PUK) agree that we should depose Saddam, but no one wants another strongman to replace him. "Our viewpoint regarding regime change is that it has to be at the hands of the Iraqi people. We will not permit there to be foreign interference, whatever its nature, in orchestrating this change," SCIRI's Mohammad al-Hariri says.

Most experts expect Iraq to disintegrate into civil war after an overthrow of Saddam's oppressive Ba'ath Party. From 1994 to 1998 the KDP and PUK fought brutally over control of the "no fly zone" created by the American-led allies to protect Iraqi Kurds north of the 36th parallel. And a Turkish Kurdish group, the Kurdistan Workers' Party (PKK), has split off from Iraqi Kurds as it launches guerrilla attacks within Turkey. A post-Saddam power vacuum will encourage the Iraqi Kurds to fight for the spoils within Iraq, with the winner taking on the Shiites. Iran would likely evict its own Kurds, most of whom arrived as refugees from the Gulf War, while arming the Shiites. Just this month, 2,000 PUK troops fought pitched street battles against Islamist guerrillas of the Jund al-Islam group, leaving at least 20 dead in the northern Iraqi city of Halabja. And Turkey, which has already lost 30,000 lives in its own Kurdish civil war, will undoubtedly see a renewed drive for a free and independent Kurdistan carved out of its mountainous east to join whatever Kurdish state emerges from a shattered postwar Iraq.

European and Middle Eastern, secular and Islamic, Turkey is the economically fragile strategic lynchpin that holds together eastern Europe and the Balkans. If Turkey falls apart, all hell will break loose between Muslim separatists and Slavic nationalists in what's left of Yugoslavia and Albania. Gulf War 2 could ultimately lead to millions of deaths spread across three time zones.

More Islamist Terror

Opinion of the United States is now at an all-time low among Muslims around the world. One reason is our continued support of Israel's military campaign against the Palestinians. Another is that we replaced what was seen as the world's purest Muslim regime, the Taliban, with an oil-company stooge. Going after Iraq will make matters worse. Why give radical anti-American Islamists even more political ammunition with which to recruit suicide bombers and attract the financial donations that fund their assaults?

The administration calls attention to Iraq's "weapons of mass destruction," but a former UN weapons inspector says that Iraq possesses neither nuclear nor biological devices. (Of course, no one ever calls upon the US to account for *its* weapons of mass destruction. Presumably white male Protestants are intrinsically more trustworthy than swarthy male Sunnis.) If and when Iraq attacks its neighbors or American interests, US retribution might be justified. Until then, the current combination of weekly bombing raids and devastating economic sanctions should serve as sufficient punishment for whatever it is that Saddam did to offend delicate American sensibilities.

Careless Talk Costs Jobs

As if it wasn't bad enough that we have no moral justification for or strategic interest in attacking Iraq, the Bushies' irresponsible war talk is hurting an economy already battered by accounting scandals, the dot-com hangover, and fleeing foreign investment. War rhetoric and the resulting increased threat of terrorist attacks against the US are driving up oil prices and making markets more volatile, says Allen Sinai, chief global economist at Decision Economics in Boston. "An invasion of Iraq raises a huge number of unanswered questions, and that kind of uncertainty is deadly for financial markets." Oil is now going for about $26 per barrel, up from $22 in January—before Bush dubbed Iraq part of an Axis of Evil. Given that Iraq produces four percent of the world's oil supply, a jump like that, at a 30 percent per annum rate, boosts gasoline, heating and transportation costs significantly, slamming the two-thirds of our economy that is dependent upon consumer spending. And the more the Bushies trash talk about the big ass-whuppin' they're going to give Saddam, the more oil prices will rise. "In the oil market, it's just starting to dawn on people that something big might be happening," says Roger Diwan, managing director of Petroleum Finance Co., a Washington consulting firm.

As we saw during World War II, defense spending can spur economic growth—but only if the war and the government spending to fight it is long and sustained. "In what is likely to be a reasonably quick and decisive operation, there isn't going to be time for a war economy to develop," asserts Anthony Cordesman, an analyst at the Center for Strategic and International Studies in Washington.

Do the Kurds deserve a homeland? Sure. Would Iraq be better off without Saddam? Probably. But if we're smart, we won't be the ones to blow over this particular house of cards. We have too much to lose and too little to gain in the fuck-up that would certainly ensue.

BOOK SHIT: *TO AFGHANISTAN AND BACK* is available everywhere. If you want a copy of *TO AFGHANISTAN AND BACK* signed by me, please send $19 (includes shipping to anywhere in the US) to: Ted Rall, PO Box 2092, Times Square Station, New York NY 10108.

MORE BOOK SHIT: *ATTITUDE: THE NEW SUBVERSIVE POLITICAL CARTOONISTS*, is also out. It contains cartoons by and interviews with 21 cartoonists who are progressive, ass-kicking and funny as hell. The cartoonists include Andy Singer, Clay Butler, Lalo Alcaraz, Tom Tomorrow, Ruben Bolling, Matt Wuerker, Lloyd Dangle, Tim Eagan, Stephanie McMillan, Scott Bateman and yours truly. You can order it from any decent book store for $13.95.

"Another pitcher?" he asks.

"How many is that?" I say.

"That's a whole pitcher for each of us," he says. "There are five of us. This would be the fifth pitcher."

"And what are we drinking?" I ask.

"It's Bud Lite, Mykel. Bud Lite."

I throw in a five-dollar bill.

"Whew," I reply, "then get another. At least it's not beer. I couldn't handle my balls with a pitcher of beer in my stomach."

We're at a bowling alley in Bowling Green, Ohio. *We* is me and my new friends. Brent, goateed editor of *Zineguide* and *Tail Spins* collects the cash. Doug, all six foot seven inches of him, sits behind us, quietly surveying the rolling action. Terra, publisher of *Stir Crazy*, is a slinky beauty in black: t-shirt, jeans, hair—with perfect pale skin. She must've heard about me, though. She constantly refers to her boyfriend back in Chicago and how faithful she is to him.

Less faithful is Katherine, another cutey, publisher of *Retail Whore* magazine. But she isn't ready to whore for me. She's chasing a *nerd*. "I love nerds!" She tells me. I gotta get some glasses.

Finally there's Billy, a blond veggie guy who's the only one of us who might break 100. He runs *Loop Zine Distribution*.

"Ah," you ask, "what the fuck are you doing bowling with zinesters in Bowling Green, Ohio?"

I'm glad you asked me that. Let's back up.

The info packet comes in the mail. UNDERGROUND PRESS CONFERENCE: June 21, 2002, Bowling Green, Ohio. The theme: BECOME THE MEDIA.

It costs ten bucks to register, another thirty to stay in a dorm room—with a roommate. Not a bad deal, since there's gonna be free food.

The application asks for my preference in roommates: male, female, trans. In a stroke of brilliance, the application does not ask whether *I* am male female or trans. I choose *trans* and mail it in with my credit card number.

A confirmation comes the next week. Eagerly, I look for my roommate's name, expecting something like TRIXIE.

TBA, it says.

The day before the conference, I borrow Dad's Buick and head out to Bowling Green. Two days to get there. I'll take it slow, stop in small town thrift shops and garage sales. I can pay for the trip with stuff I buy cheap and sell on eBay.

In Ohio, the check-in instructions say to enter the Bowling Green campus and look for "two large towers" on my right. Coming from a place where we just lost two large towers, they'll be easy to spot. I drive right by 'em.

Leaving the campus, I pull a U-y and head back. Walking in the same direction I'm driving, is an attractive chick with cheek-revealing shorts and a black t-shirt that says, "I am not a chick."

"Hey babe," I say, "you know where the towers are?"

To my chagrin, not a touch of annoyance crosses her brow. "Right there," she says, pointing to a couple of low brown buildings a few yards ahead. "Those are the towers."

Oh yeah, this is Ohio.

Some friendly-if-chubby students wait at the dorm lobby desk ready to check me in. They give me a room key, and a little card. On the card is a number.

"The number is the code for the mensroom," says a large girl. Her nipple purses the cloth of her t-shirt right at the O in Bowling Green. "If you come in late, just wave the card at the post in front of the door. The door will open. Then wave the card at the elevator, and it'll take you right where you want to go."

"Wave the card?" I ask.

"It's called *a Proximity Card*," she explains. "It's copy-proof, absolutely secure. Soon all cards will be like that. It's the future of technology."

I thank her, and head for my room, waving the little card at pieces of furniture and wall fixtures, hoping I can find some secret use for it. Nothing happens.

Although there are two beds in the room, I'm the only one there. I guess *she'll* show up later.

I leave the dorm and hit a bar called Howards. There's an opening concert tonight.

Howards is a big place, divided into two rooms. In the front are the regulars, playing TV poker on the bar machines. In back, is a stage with a few long tables and another bar. Over that bar is a TV showing the Cleveland vs Pittsburgh game. I order a Sam Adams and watch the game. No one else is.

Thank G-d for Sam Adams. It's not great, but it's good and it's there. Once I was at a bar where the choices were "Bud, Bud-Lite, Coors, Coors-Lite and Corona." Is there a better definition of hell? Maybe "Roommate: choose one: feminist, Christian, Tipper Gore."

Gradually, more people come into the club. One guy brings a suitcase and two young friends. The guy himself is about 22. He's gangly, with dirty blond hair, a university t-shirt and shorts. He puts the suitcase on the floor and opens it. Inside, is a bunch of blankets. These, he removes and hands to his cohorts. Beneath the cloth are enough electronics to set the CIA running. They don't unpack them. Instead, blondboy keeps the suitcase on the floor and messes with the knobs. Tiny Xmas tree lights flash, casting eerie shadows on the boys. There is a soft whirring sound.

Right about now, in walks the first colored person I've seen today. A college guy, he bobs his head, and shakes his shoulder like a ghetto parody.

He's got a pile of paper with W-something, some radio station, written on each piece. He tapes them up around the room. An especially large sign, he tapes to the front of a table on the stage.

Then, he sets up two turntables, puts on records, and turns up the volume. Way up. My ears bleed.

This Negro DJ plays a scratch mix that interests this crowd as much as the TV baseball game. The DJ claps his hands, shakes his shoulders, closes his eyes, as he gets the mix down. His rasta hair whips back and forth as he turns his head side to side.

The young white crowd slowly stops trying to talk to one another and starts trying to fake interest in the music.

It's a minstrel show. They might as well have the DJ in white gloves rolling his eyes. A buncha white folks enter-

tained by a colored guy playing colored music. He should be ashamed. I am.

After the DJ comes the skinny blond with the suitcase. He attaches a microphone to an antique cassette recorder and kneels over the luggage piece. He flips some switches. More lights flash like aliens in an Ed Wood movie. Then noise. Loud, sometimes screaming, mostly just the *walla walla* of a prerecorded crowd, turned to ear-splitting volume. I walk into the other room.

There's Jim Munroe, sitting at the bar, not playing video poker. I've just got time to say hello when I see Jen Angel and her boypal Jason. Jen's eyebrows are pulled into a frown. Jason gestures wildly at the wall.

I walk up to them.

"Have I interrupted something?" I ask.

"Oh hi, Mykel," says Jen with a look of thrill matching a greeting for the telephone bill.

"Hi gang," I say. "Looks like you did a good job here, even if it is a bit young and whi..."

"Sorry I can't hang around and talk," says Jason. "I've got to mingle. I'm the host, you know."

Both of them take off for the other room.

After a proper amount of brooding time, I too, return to the stage room. About half boys, half girls, they're nearly all college age and super skinny. There's a new hairstyle. This year's fashion. Cut to bare the neck, but bulky. The hair bulges out thick at the back. Dozens of horizontal eggs on sticks.

Eyeing one particularly attractive egg on a stick, I walk back and forth in front of her, showing off my Dick Tracy hat and raincoat. It's not getting me very far. I am gettin' drunk on Sam Adams and might do something to cause myself pain. It's time to ditch the place and hit the dorms. I have a room with two beds in it. And TBA is yet to come. Yeah, right.

That night, taking care of biology, I meet an attractive guy in the bathroom. Blonde, scruffy beard, wearing shorts, I figure I'll impress him.

"Hi," I say. "I'm Mykel Board."

"I'm Billy, he says. "What did you say your name was?"

Jeezus! It's tough being famous when nobody knows you.

"Not important," I tell him. "Do you have an alarm clock?"

"Sure," he says. "Why, do you need to get up?"

I nod, hoping he'll say, "I'll wake you up. You want to start with a soft kiss or a little hand massaging?"

He doesn't.

"I'll knock on your door at nine o'clock. How's that?" he asks.

"Yeah, great." I say.

We leave the bathroom. He goes into a corner room telling me "Good night!"

Inside the room, I hear voices of all genders. They're laughing. Having a grand old time. Kids.

Old time? Old timer... am I the only one here over 25??? What good is becoming the media if you do it only until you graduate college? Become the media, then join the corporation.

And the zines themselves? No matter how good they are, the basic question remains. What good are hundreds of zines telling hundreds of people what they know already? Becoming the media is okay, but it's not enough. What else? I'll tell you tomorrow.

Tomorrow: I'm up before the wake-up knock. I go to the main registration, in a large hall, maybe the gym, at the university.

Dozens of tables fill the hall behind check-in table. At the table is Jen Angel. She's more friendly than she was last night.

"Hi Mykel," says Jen. "Glad you could make it."

"I came for the roommate," I say.

She tilts her head and smiles an *aw-look-how-cute-he-is-putting-on-his-Mykel-Board-act* smile.

"Sure Mykel," she says, giving me a peck on the cheek.

She hands me a button with a picture of a sawhorse on it. "Thanks again for coming. Here's a button. It's your admission ticket."

"Should i wave it at the elevator" I ask her.

She doesn't get it.

Wandering from table to table, I look for the free food promised in the promotional propaganda. Rounding a corner, I nearly run into some high school-looking kids.

One of the guys, blond with an asymmetrical haircut, asks me, "are you Mykel Board?"

I look at him and his friends. Boys with punk do-s, plaid bondage pants, girl pretty and nasally pierced. Not a bad menage.

"Yes," I admit. "You wanna fuck?"

They laugh.

"Hope you don't mind," says the blond boy. "We're in the boyscouts."

I laugh.

"No really," the guy says. "We're really in the boyscouts."

I nod toward the girl.

"She in the boyscouts too?" I ask.

"Oh yeah," she says. "America and England are the only countries that keep boys and girls separate. In the rest of the world, it's just *scouting*."

"Isn't this America?" I don't ask.

I'm impressed, though. These guys are close to the answer I'm looking for. They're bringing things to people who don't have a clue. Dressed like that and in the boyscouts. That says more than any little punkrock zine talking to little punk rockers. I bet they get a chance to tell new things to new people. People who've never heard of zines. I bet they're from some little town in Ohio.

"We're from some little town in Ohio," the guy says. "We love your column and heard you were here. We wanted to meet you. We have nothing to do all month except wait for the next *MRR* to come out."

"Exciting place, huh?" I ask.

"Well, we have the boyscouts," he says.

I invite them out for a beer, but they've got to get back to Ohio. We shake hands, theirs white and smooth in my swarthy hairiness.

It's time for me to leave the registration hall and listen to Jim Munroe and Rich Mackin talk about booking a spoken word tour.

In a huge lecture room, they stand in front of a whiteboard like the professors in a movie.

One grey-haired guy in a short sleeve polo shirt sits in the back, sucking on his teeth. Other than that, the room is filled with punky looking people, just this side of puberty.

A lot of very wide girls squeeze themselves behind the desk-chairs.

Here comes another grey hair, this one as bald as I am. Jeans, longish hair, he could be an actual prof. And look, a Negro, the only person with a tie, sits on the side, by himself. I find it strange that everything is so... so... classically academic. It reminds me of trigonometry class.

The talk is good, mostly the guys just answer questions. Rich and Jim are funny. Filled with anecdotes. Rich talks about the need to include theater.

"It gets around the boring and the predictable," he says.

"I have this friend who came to a protest with a six foot toothbrush," he gives as an example. "It was the only prop he had lying around the house."

"A by-stander asked the guy why he had the toothbrush," he continues. "*Because Nike has sweatshops*, was the answer."

A pretty girl in army fatigues, wearing a beret, raises her hand.

Rich points to her.

"How come everything goes through you guys?" she asks. "There may be others here who have something to say. Maybe others could tell about *their* experiences. We should speak to each other, not through some leader conducting us. We should exchange ideas, not just receive them."

She stops, waiting for other audience members to speak. None do.

"This isn't school," she continues. "We need to organize, to deal politically. Why structure it in this way?"

She's abrasive, annoying, and ultimately right. She leaves soon after her question.

Ah, there's so much more to tell, but I've got a space limit. All-in-all the conference was fun and inspiring. But something was missing. Some variety. Something to challenge me. To piss me off. To make me think something I haven't thought before.

And what about the kids? All they saw were kids. What does this say? That their future is bleak? That they'd better enjoy their hobby now. In five years, they'll be selling insurance?

Back in New York:

"Mykel, I'm in town for a day or two. Some folks paid my airfare to talk to some major label companies and tell them they suck."

It's Biafra's voice on my voicemail. I recognize it immediately. He leaves a number and I call him back.

"Hey," he says, "I got invited to some record exec conference. Amazingly enough only a few of them walked out on me. After me, though, they had a panel called *Artists as Brands*. That's when *I* left."

"Wanna come to drink club?" I ask him. "It's this bar experience that we do every week. Me, some friends, and Japanese students. This week it's at a homobar in Hell's Kitchen."

"Sorry Mykel," his disappointment doesn't sound too deep. "I got invited to another conference, a hacker's convention. It's in a fancy hotel by Penn Station."

"Wow!" I reply, switching to rock'n'roll mode. "Can you get me on the guest list?"

Inside the hacker's conference: It's all boys. White boys. Nerds. Geeks. Tattooed, pierced, some amazingly beautiful white boys.

The aura of geek martyr, Kevin Mitkin, hangs over the place like a powerful fart. There are movies about him. Talks. Every speaker mentions him, holds his breath and waits for applause.

I meet Biafra just inside the door. We go to the hotel restaurant, bar actually, for lunch. Sitting at the bar are a middle-age couple, the first colored people I've seen all day. Waiting for the food and booze, I talk to the black couple.

"Are you guys pros or just part-time hackers?" I ask.

"What's a hacker?" comes the reply.

Biafra kicks me under the table. Somehow he knew they weren't part of this convention. He thinks I'm just trying to give them a hard time. Not me. I'm trying to prove a point.

I return my conversation to Biafra. As we speak, he doodles on a napkin.

"You should sign that," I tell him. "That'll make it art. I'll hang it on my wall as my first original art acquisition."

He signs the napkin and hands it to me.

"A present," he says.

Back upstairs, I take a look at the computer room. The only girl clings tightly to a whiteboy who wanders from computer to computer. She never leaves him, keeping her arm around his waist. She strokes his shoulder. Turns to him to nibble out a kiss. Her every move begs, "Love me as much as you love your computer! Please!"

"Hey Mykel," comes a voice from behind me. It's Mark from NEGATIVLAND. You know, that band that samples, mutates and creates. You know, that band that gets in trouble for sampling, mutating and creating.

"I shudda known you were gonna be here," I say.

I'm gonna talk," he says. "Explain how you can really win, sometimes."

His talk isn't until later, though. I thumb through the program to decide what to do next. There are a bunch of interesting choices.

I can go to ***Lockpicking,*** where I can find *details of some high security lock weaknesses and some state of the art techniques of exploiting them.*

Here's a good one: ***Proximity Cards: How Secure Are They?*** The description says *Riding in an elevator, subway or just walking down the hall, a person can bump into you, say "excuse me" and walk away with the decoded information from the proximity card in your pocket.* The future of technology, they say.

I choose one called ***I Am Against Intellectual Property.*** Sounds up my alley. I've written on this, and it's always fun to meet other people who are right. There are so few of us.

I come in at the end of it. The speaker, a skinny guy with curly black hair, is taking questions from the audience. I can't hear what they're saying. I do hear a constant *IP*, instead of "Intellectual Property." Geeks.

I sit in the middle of a row of empty seats. Empty not for long. A very fat guy with acne commensurate to his girth sits himself next to me.

He takes up a chair and a half. His thighs are as big as my apartment. I doubt he can touch his knees together. Legs thus apart, he leans back in his chair and starts to shake. The toes of each sneakered foot touch the ground. Then, the heels bounce up and down at masturbatory speed. His bulk shakes the whole row. I feel like I'm on a

train.

A group of people stands in the aisle, waiting to ask questions of the speaker. Tall and skinny, a lot of black-haired boys look very hostile. They're artists.

"You can complain about intellectual property and big business all you want." says one, whose tightie whities show between his black shirt and black jeans. "But I make my living that way. If there's no intellectual property, how are we going to live?"

"I know that's a problem," says the speaker. "But how many people live from their art right now? Most of the money, by a huge percentage, goes to big corporations."

Wrong answer. The right answer is "fuck you."

Why should I pay you again after you finish your work? If I teach English, I work an hour and get paid for an hour. If you write a song, why should you keep getting paid years later? For the same work? Who else gets paid like that? Tour. Play music. Sell your records, t-shirts. That's how you should get paid.

As I think these thoughts, my stomach suddenly wretches from the stink of a massive fart cloud. The smell is so bad my eyes burn. I look around. The fat kid next to me has opened a Tupperware box of boiled eggs. They smell like they've been buried for weeks. I'm going to throw up. I leave the room.

From here, it's the show room downstairs. This is another area on the same floor with all the computers. There's a stage with a band singing about something I can't understand. Everyone is young, white, and as male as a football game.

A scruffy guy in a dirty grey t-shirt and a baseball hat that says QUALCOMM, comes up to me, smiling like he knows me.

"Are you Jello Biafra?" he asks.

I assure him I am.

"Wow!" he continues, "I heard you were gonna be here today. I haven't decided whether I'm gonna see you or Ralphy Boy's band though."

"Where's Ralphy Boy gonna be?" I ask him.

"At CBGBs." he answers. "It's some big crusty show. Lots of bands."

"Go see Ralphy Boy," I tell him. "That'll be fun."

"But won't your show be exciting?" he asks.

"Oh yeah," I tell him. "I'm as exciting as C-Span."

Actually, Biafra's talk isn't bad. He mentions Kevin Mitkin once and tells the audience "Don't protest the media. Become the media."

My favorite part is when he pulls out some amazing vinyl. Punk? Not exactly. Corporate? So corporate it *is* corporate.

Corporate albums. The soundtracks to shows put on by corporations for their employees and clients. One song, on the Coca Cola LP, is "The Great Bottling Plant In The Sky."

Funny stuff. At the end, Biafra takes off his shoe.

"I'm back in court with all the Dead Kennedys stuff," he says. "I'm broke. This is my shoe. Get it?"

I hope he got a shoeful. He's a good guy. More importantly, he's *old*. He's old and he's still doin' it.

I gotta go home. It's after 1am. I gotta teach at nine in the morning. Besides, all this young whiteness is getting to be a drain. Bowling Green, OK, I can understand it. But New York?

Okay, okay, it's computer geeks. What did I expect? Octogenarian Polynesians?

I donno. Hackers and zinesters and politicos and punk rockers. They run like hamsters in an exercise wheel, confusing the squeak for something important. We need to figure a way to open the cage doors.

OK, enough philosophizing. Excuse me. I'm gonna go sell an autographed napkin on eBay. Maybe it'll pay for lunch.

ENDNOTES: [*Visitors to my website: mykelboard.com or subscribers (email to: god@mykelboard.com) will receive a few extra endnotes. There are just too many to keep up with.*]

—> *It's enough to make you a Luddite dept:*

Kesha sent me this technology report. It's about an experiment in Seattle that uses *fingerprints* to keep track of credit card numbers. You leave your credit card at home, and charge with a fingertip.

Yep, store your fingerprints digitally.. in a computer where hackers (like the US Government) can easily get in and wreck havoc. Charlie Manson? Osama Bin Laden? Hey! That's you! It says so right here... and we've got fingerprints to prove it! I bet it's the future of technology. Oy vey!

—> On a more positive front, Kesha also sent me word of a study done by the *American Journal of Clinical Nutrition*. According to the study "New evidence suggests beer has bone-building benefits."

Not only does the stuff prevent heart attacks, it also supplies "a form of silicon easily absorbed by your body and necessary for strong bones."

I'll drink to that.

—>*See, I've been trying to tell ya, dept:* This sounds like something Ted would send me. Maybe he did.

Dr. Lorraine Boule, from Sheffield University in northern England, told the British Psychological Society conference that men became more skilled sexually as they get older.

"Older men sustain erections for longer, are longer coming to orgasm, and satisfy women better. Sexual activity does diminish with age, but the quality should get better," she was quoted as saying by the Daily Mail.

Dr Boule's conclusions were based on a survey of 185 married professional men aged 30 to 60. While 22% of men under 46 suffered erectile problems, only 16% of those over 46 did.

The male menopause was a myth spread by drug firms to boost the multimillion-dollar market for impotence treatments, she said.

Yeah!

—>*Tapes & bars dept:* I got email from Kenneth Myers who's in the clink in Mississippi. He's desperately seeking zines and cassettes. So throw something in an envelope (not together, zines have to be separate from tapes) and send 'em to: Kenneth Myers, #295956, Cooper St. Correctional Facility, 3100 Cooper St., Jackson MI 49201

—>*ABC NO WAY dept:* I just read the disgusting letter in *MRR* from ABC NO RIO. For those who missed it, the NY club cancelled a show for Cripple Bastards, an Italian band. Why? They didn't like the cover of their CD and the band couldn't explain it... in English. Talk about cultural imperialism! Jeezus fuckin' Christ. Does ABC NO RIO make everyone say the Pledge of Allegiance? Is John Ashcroft booking these days?

I'm glad the ABC-ers don't read. Could you imagine them in the library? Uh oh! That book has a nasty cover. If

the author doesn't explain it to me—*in English*. I'm burning it! As if we don't already have enough censorship problems with George fuckin' Bush.

Cripple Bastards is an underground band, touring in a DIY way, exactly the kind of band that need venues like ABC NO RIO. Clubs like ABC keep open the freedom to play away from the corporate monster. When they censor, they become monsters themselves. Cripple Bastards should email me. I'll see what I can do for them. Probably not much, unfortunately. You? Go see 'em!

—>Oh yeah, I need to tell you about Robb. He's certainly the most admirable new person I met in Bowling Green. Robb lives for his zine, *Quickdummies*.

As many zinesters do, Robb used the office copier. And he broke it. Okay, you gotta pay $100 and get it fixed, right? Nope, the company sued him. It's a long sad story, but Robb wound up paying $100,000.

Can you imagine? I've never seen $100,000 and here's this little punk kid paying it to a major corporation. Working 60 hours a week. Keeping *none* of his income. And still putting out the zine.

You can, and should read the story for yourself. Ask Robb how to get a copy. Contact him at: quickdummies@hotmail.com.

When I saw Robb's zine, I first thought. This isn't very good. The type is too small. The grammar and spelling is wrong. Who's gonna read it? Then I thought, "Mykel, you're wrong. You read it."

This is it. More than a zine it's a person becoming himself through print. It's not preaching to the converted or otherwise. It's not becoming the media. It's *being* the media.

Greetings, punk-parents. This column just celebrated its second birthday and I'm glad for the feedback, contributions and support it's gotten. Let's keep it going!

This month's column is a contribution from a stay-at-home punk dad. I do believe he's onto something with his "punk rock baby relaxation theory." I tried it out with my 2 1/2 year old girl tonight shortly before her bedtime. I dialed onto the *MRR* radio via www.byofl.org/maximum/radio and she sure was a happy kid! Craig's theory works for calming babies and keeping the toddlers cuddling, too. My girl said, "Mama, hold me! Dance with me!" So I did and in doing so, got her to mimic my every swivel-neck, fist-in-the-air, knees-up, legs-swinging bounce around the living room.

Stay tuned next month for a story from a SF mom whose "tiny terror" started her own pit while still in the womb, now wears combat boots, and prefers trying to pet the other kids in the petting zoo instead of the goats.

Contact info: yardwideyarns@hotmail.com or PO Box 12839, Gainesville, FL 32604

*

Piss Shit Spit Up and Growing Heart:
Daily Life as a Stay-At-Home Dad

Some days I feel like GG Allin's papa. I can still be shocked by the quantity and quality of the different fluids coming out of the various orifices of my son's body. Add in his impeccable timing of when he releases those fluids into the environment and he could overwhelm even the crustiest of punks. While the day to day parenting of Daniel can get real messy, overall it is an experience that is very simple and at the same time, richly rewarding.

In some ways, it's the simplicity of being a parent which is hardest for me. Most of my life I have been so active—getting wrapped up in projects, creating finished products, organizing events. I have spent most of my life since my teen years doing several projects at once and when I finish them moving on to more stuff to do.

Being with Daniel challenges this. My main duty is just to be with him—hanging out, walking, holding, talking, loving, encouraging, and playing with him—while taking care of his cycle of needs. He needs food (mom's pumped breast milk), sleep, and his surprisingly frequent diaper changes. I do it all and then do it all over again. There is no clear beginning or end, and it just cycles on around the clock. Furthermore, there is no finished product for me to hold in my hands. Raising a child is an ongoing process that I am learning to celebrate.

It's simple—Daniel requires me to pay attention. To be right with him wherever he is. For much or my life I have been so busy doing and making stuff—achieving and succeeding in some measurable way—that I often forgot to pay attention.

Now, I am paying attention (or trying to anyway). So little seems to be happening—no zines, radio shows, bands, shows to put on, meetings and demonstrations to attend. I'm just hanging out with my kid. What is funny is how it is much more rewarding than any of that 'doing stuff' busy work I was always caught up in. Sometimes I am filled with a joy stronger than I have felt at any point in my life. I get consumed with these pure feelings of love that are earth-shattering. I don't seek it—it's just there—like for my whole life I've just been waiting for this particular being to show up and tap into this deep well of love that I never knew existed.

Babies R Punk

Five years ago I pretty much dropped out of the punk scene. I re-enrolled in March. You can blame Daniel. It happened the month he was born.

By the time he was three days old, I had it figured out that babies like to move and that they like noise. After spending nearly ten months in a tightly enclosed womb going every which way mom goes, and surrounded by the noise of body fluids, heartbeats, and outside sounds, noise and movement are comforting. Figuring this out, I wrapped Daniel up in his baby sling (a big piece of cloth that is kind of like a big baby sack), grabbed my old punk records, and started dancing around the house with him. Punk rock never sounded or felt so good. Months later we're still dancing and it still makes him smile, helps him relax, and aids him in going to sleep.

I'm sure I'm onto something here and will soon be patenting my "punk rock baby relaxation theory." This theory holds that punk rock is the next best thing to the womb. The loud distorted guitars simulate the intrauterine white noise of body sounds, my heart beats about the same rate as mom's, and the punk rock drumming keeps the beat at a similar pace as the baby's heart. Snuggle up that baby,

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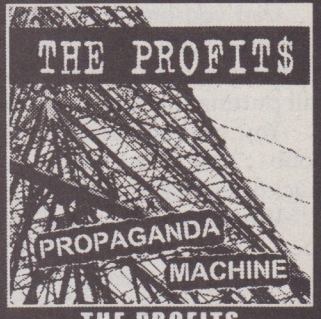

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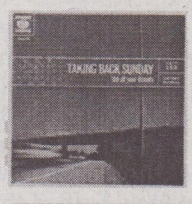

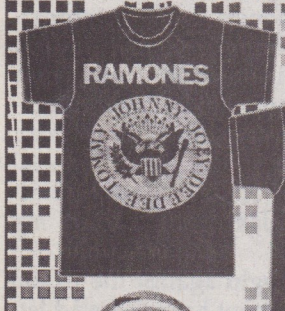

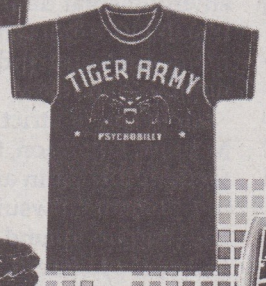

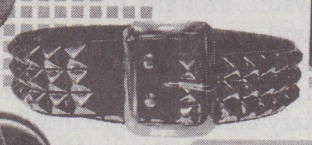

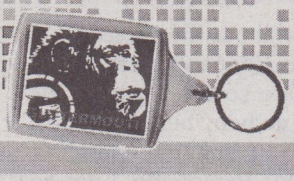

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turn up the stereo, and calm that crying child.

Daniel's birth did more than just get me listening to punk rock—it also got me thinking about it. Getting ready to have a child forced me to look back at my life and the choices I had made through the years. I discovered that in most cases, the good choices I made were influenced by punk in some way.

As I made the decision to make my child the priority in my life—both in the material sense by quitting my job and delaying my career to be a stay-at-home dad and in an emotional sense of committing myself to being a father who will respond deeply and lovingly to his children—I realized that this life-changing decision was also influenced by years of punk rock. It was punk that taught me to ignore society's messages if they didn't resonate with me, to follow my heart, to be my own authority, and to do it myself.

As a result, I've been led back to an appreciation of punk by Daniel, not just for the lulling effect it has on infants, but also for the powerful role it has played in my life (and my son's).

What Challenges You More—Somebody Walking Down the Street With a Mohawk, or a Guy Snuggling His Baby Boy?

Daniel and I go everywhere together. I walk and carry him in the sling right by my heart. Most of my life I've been a pretty introverted guy, but I've never felt more confident in public than when I am carrying him. The effect he has on most people is transformative—people see him and just become bundles of joyful smiles (which he generously returns). Wherever we go we seem to get noticed, and it's cool to watch his effect of spreading a little happiness everywhere he goes

It's pretty rare to see Dads carrying their kid at all times of the day. I know we send a message about fathers and babies bonding that is different than the messages that dads and kids are usually taught. Just us being out in public makes a statement about priorities and the roles males can choose in our society, as well as the importance of nurturing children.

While most of the reactions we get are very positive, we have received a handful of negative reactions. Interestingly enough, all of them have been from white guys (Daniel and I are also white guys). I've actually had a few men look at Daniel and me, and then scowl. Now I can understand how I might make someone scowl (I've been known to have that effect), but I am completely baffled that someone could look at a baby—particularly one as cute as Daniel—and scowl at him

I have also been surprised by the reactions of a couple of white punky guys I know. In totally separate circumstances they reacted to my news about being a stay-at-home dad by jokingly referring to me as a 'deadbeat dad' (a term usually associated with absent fathers, not present ones).

Sometimes when I talk to people about the choices I've made, I can see that some of them really can't understand that a male in this culture could care so much about his children that he would want to put them before money, career, and "success." Some men can't imagine spending that much time at home with a baby. Personally, I am so grateful to have this opportunity and get to experience daily what they are missing out on.

The 80s Peace Punk Inspired Conclusion

Punk rock has touched my life in manyways. I love the noise, humor and rebellion. While I've always appreciated amazing bands or creative reactions to suburban stuffiness, there's always been a deeper meaning for me. I've connected with the crazy punk ideals of loving others, helping folks out, and hoping for a better way of life.

At this deeper level, I see Daniel and fatherhood embodying these ideals in my life more than anything I have ever done. I feel a love for him greater than any I have ever known. Each day I am given the gift of serving my son and striving to focus all my attention on him. Most of all, being a part of the incredible process of raising a child in these challenging times is by far the most hopeful and revolutionary action I have ever taken.

—Craig Usher

If any of this makes you want to communicate, please write caushuper@excite.com

Well, I am pained to admit that, every once in a while, it pays to be late (yeah right I'm pained). Here I am, already one day past my column deadline (technically, 6sixdays past my own column deadline—I'm late quite a bit and I'm sure I'm a big pain in the ass for Arwen & Mike) and this story just came in over the news wires. If you keep up on political/corporate issues at all, I'm sure that you'll have heard this analyzed 6,000 different ways before this issue of MRR actually reaches your hands, but I can't hear about something like this and not freak out and write a column about it...especially when its hot off the presses.

Steppin' In

Last month, I yammered on about the actual reasoning behind the Bush administration's recent "corporate crackdown." I claimed that the actual reasoning for this "crackdown" was simply to prevent major financial losses for those folks who invest a ton of money in large corporations. I noted that it doesn't make the front page, and that you don't hear the Bush administration calling for "tougher laws" and "increased accountability," when a corporation is found to be responsible for things like murder, environmental devastation, or policies that favor financial gain above inherent human rights. The Bush administration has just added a massive exclamation point to my claims.

In a US District Court case brought against the Exxon Mobil Corporation, the State Department has released a letter to the judge in an attempt to block the case from going to trial. The lawsuit, brought forth by the International Labor Rights Fund on behalf of 11 Indonesian villagers from the providence of Aceh, claims that they were the victims of murder, torture, kidnapping, and rape by the Indonesian military unit set up specifically to guard Exxon Mobil's natural gas field. Exxon Mobil asked the State Dept. to step in on their behalf and have apparently gotten what they wanted.

Despite a world of evidence in favor of the plaintiffs

(murders, kidnappings, etc., *did* happen after all—it's just a matter of proving that they were committed specifically for Exxon Mobil), the State Dept. argues that the case could potentially threaten US goals and interests in the region, even going so far as to claim that it could have "an adverse impact" on the "struggle against international terrorism." Were the letter not such serious proof of our nation's full-fledged effort to put international investment above international peace, the line of logic contained in it could easily be deemed comical. On that tip, allow me to have a field day deconstructing...

Let's start right at the beginning, where the State Dept. outlines its major reasons for believing that the trial could have negative results for the US: "The Department of State believes that adjudication of this lawsuit at this time would in fact risk a potentially serious adverse impact on significant interests of the United States, including interests related directly to the on-going struggle against international terrorism. It may also diminish our ability to work with the Government of Indonesia on a variety of important programs, including efforts to promote human rights in Indonesia." So a verdict that would prove that the Indonesian military committed numerous human rights abuses on behalf of a US company would actually hinder efforts to deter human rights abuses? Interesting...by extension of this logic, the proper way to fight against human rights abuses is too look the other way when they happen. (Hey, look at how long that worked for racism!) In the following paragraph, they take a quick second to reaffirm their "condemnation of human rights abuses by elements of the Indonesian armed forces in locations such as Aceh," and remind everyone that they will "work vigorously to bring such abuses to and end through diplomatic and other means." Assumedly, their "other means" will involve many of the same techniques they used to force China to recognize human rights, like turning the G7 into the G8 and admitting them into the WTO.

Continuing on, they state that "the government and people of Indonesia react most negatively to any perceived intrusion into areas of Indonesian sovereignty" and that "adjudication of this case will be perceived in Indonesia as a US court trying the [Indonesian government] for its conduct of a civil war in Aceh." This is an interesting argument for me in two regards: 1) no one likes having a foreign court rule judgments over what should be local issues. However, this is a similar set-up to the WTO court, where locals can be tried and convicted for "disrupting the free flow of trade" by a court whose judges were not appointed by anyone that was actually elected, and our government aggressively (no pun intended) supports the WTO and its court. Actually, it is interesting to note that in case of the WTO, plaintiffs can be tried and convicted by a foreign body, but in this case, the defendant is a US company and Indonesia won't be held responsible in any way, shape or form. 2) How can the people/government of Indonesia perceive this as an "intrusion into areas of Indonesian sovereignty" when the lawsuit is being brought up on behalf of 11 Indonesian people? If you were being killed, raped, and tortured by your government, cannot we not safely assume that your best course of action would *not* be to "let your government handle this.'

Now we get to the meat and potatoes of the letter where we discuss the business/financial aspects of the potential lawsuit. First of all, the State Dept. admits that much of its opinion is based on the numerous different ways that the case could unfold, noting as an example "whether the case were to go to a jury and, if so, whether a substantial monetary award were to be imposed on Exxon Mobil" and "how other large commercial interests might interpret such a judgment when making investment decisions in Indonesia." However, before you start thinking that one of the government's main foreign policy efforts is to open up foreign markets for exploitation by US companies, let them get back to this issue of human rights. (This next quote is really good, so please note that the pesky *italic comments* in parenthesis are mine.) "An adverse effect on our human rights objectives is also possible if the [Indonesian government] were to turn down US companies bidding for new contracts in response to the suit. Working side-by-side with US firms, Indonesian companies and government agencies see the advantages of modern business practices including transparency *(Enron? WorldCom?)*, respect for contracts *(ha)*, fair labor practices *(moving or threatening to move operations to a country like Indonesia, where workers will fight to work for virtually nothing, as a means of solving labor disputes)*, anti-corruption *(god, is there a corporation in the Fortune 500 that could claim to be practicing "anti-corruption?")*, efficiency *(having the local government kill everyone opposed to your company's plans)*, and competitiveness *(this is my personal favorite...Exxon Mobil, in terms of revenue, is the largest corporation on the planet...how can their operations be viewed as competitive in any sense?)*. Man, how is that for skewed logic...claiming that a case against a US company who allows a foreign government to kill people on their behalf should not be allowed to go to trial because it would hinder US companies from teaching the rest of the world how to do business?

Again extending the logic, I should not have to go to work tomorrow because it would prevent me from telling all of my friends about how great my work ethic is.

Also buried among all these gems of dizzying intellect is the State Dept.'s assertion that such a trial could cause political upheaval in Indonesia. Again, there are two points that just begged to be brought to light here: 1) Indonesia is already in a state of political upheaval and has been for decades, and 2) how much damage could a court case against a US corporation do to the Indonesian government and how does that affect us here in the US anyway? As if to answer my second point, the State Dept. letter reminds us that "given its size and large population, any threat to Indonesia's political stability could impact on the security of US treaty allies Australia and Thailand, as well as other countries in the region." OK, now let me get this one straight: One lawsuit brought against the largest corporation in the world by a small non-profit agency, under complete fairness of US law, has the potential to throw the political stability of all Southeast Asia and Australia into the gutter? I don't know whether to laugh myself into a stupor or crap my pants in fear...

The lessons learned here are gut-wrenchingly obvious. The Bush administration has no interest in "cracking down" on the corruption and crime committed by corporations—they're only interested in fighting the corruption that causes rich investors to lose their money (they can't even claim to be preventing massive job loss for Americans,

as their policies promote such results every day). If they were truly interested in stopping corporate corruption, they'd never step in to prevent a fair trial against a company with a host of horrendous charges listed against it. The Bush administration also has no interest in fighting terrorism, just in using that as an excuse to take away whatever rights they feel like taking away and attempting to place the country into a permanent "wartime economy." If they were truly interested in fighting terrorism, they'd admit that the Indonesian government's killing, raping, and torturing of its own citizens to protect a foreign business interest falls under the very definition of terrorism and would quit providing them with nearly all of their weapons and military training.

Like I said, no one really wants to believe that our government's foreign policy is more focused on forcing other countries to swallow our style of global capitalism than on making this a more peaceful world to live in. But right here, buried in the middle of the State Department's letter, it tells us plainly, "Increasing opportunities for US business abroad is an important aspect of U.S. foreign policy." Please note that protection of the inherent rights of all human beings is not.

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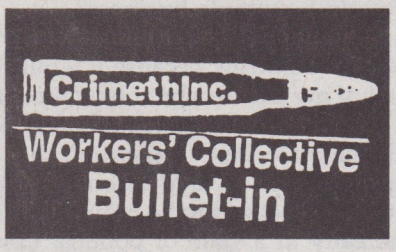
If you feel like sending me a copy of your zine so I can get it on the shelf at our local cooperative bookstore, or if you'd like to send me a letter arguing that the Bush administration is actually attempting to combat terrorism and corporate corruption (or if you'd like to write on any subject at all), please send it to: Rainbow Bookstore Cooperative, c/o Nathan Berg, 426 W. Gilman St., Madison, WI 53703.



This year's only half done, and has already shown more loss to me than any other year before.

At some point within the past few years (an exact day or month seems impossible to speculate); I traded a level, monotonous life for one of both lows and highs. The peaks have been incredible—and valleys can be horrible, and call that trade into question every time. Though I'd come to expect the worse times in my own life, somehow I'd overlooked how it would feel witnessing it magnified in others.

I didn't talk to or notice Thom Wright, though I saw his life end. In Louisville at InFestEd, at the end of June, while completely healthy and sober, he drowned at a rock quarry. I first saw him after someone had pulled him up from the water, barely keeping himself afloat. I feebly helped in swimming him to some rocks on the edge of the water, and held his legs up while others administered CPR. He was pronounced dead shortly that same evening.

I didn't even know I knew Sera until I saw the right picture, browsing through a *Clamor* magazine in some city (which I don't recall), and memories of a few summers past in Milwaukee and another encounters somewhere on the East Coast came into memory like a smack in the face.

Emma died in a car crash this year. She left Chicago for Florida the day I was moving in down the street from where she used to live. She wasn't much more than a face and a name to me; but I think that still counts.

Thanks to the state and the political climate, being deceased isn't required to be removed from people you care about. Rampage, an acquaintance of mine from Long Beach, is potentially facing four or five felonies adding up to a life in jail. Another person I might never see again.

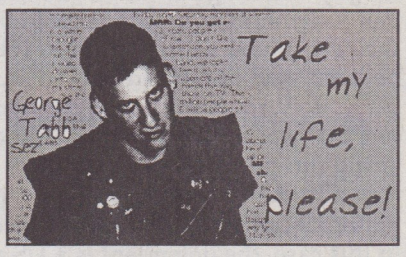
These kids belong to an uncountable many, who I revel in encountering by chance when I travel. I never bothered to write down their addresses, or wouldn't concern myself with finding them. It's not that I didn't want to see them—I'd just let the small microcosmic punk world turn until we saw each other again.

And with Thom's death, I'm pretty disturbed by the notion that I witnessed something like this and it seemed so surreal. This was the most real thing I'd ever seen, the most tragic thing I'd ever seen, and yet watching the right movie evokes tears to me, while this didn't. I don't know if this is just a lack of one symptom of dealing with loss, or if I'm not doing it at all.

If you know/knew these people, you probably have a better grasp on understanding these events than I do. If not, beware, because people you know will die much earlier than they should. People you know will be squawked about on TV news—when it doesn't have to do with their politics—and you'll be shown first hand yet another example of how lecherous mainstream media really is.

Don't mistake these declarations for despair. I'm still convinced that failure is the secret key to success, and tragedy the necessity of every story worth telling (thus, often the harbinger of much better things). I know we'll all soon be dead, I've really seen proof of that now. It just makes me want to reach harder for those peaks and pitfalls than ever before.

The deviants responsible for this column: CrimethInc. / 2695 Rangewood Drive / Atlanta, GA / 30345, or cwc@crimethinc.net
Rampage's mailing address: Matthew Lamont #2057039 / 501 City Drive / Orange, CA 92868



I got the last of the shaving cream out of the semi-rusted can. I figured, hell, that can almost lasted me a year. I don't have to shave much. And when I do, I hate it. I always cut myself, or almost end up taking off an ear or something. So I am forced to use a razor. I only buy like one pack of those a year also. When the dried blood on the blades finally gets on my nerves, I throw it away. Shaving sucks. Thank God I don't gotta do too much of it.

So, there I am, doing my just-about-weekly shave, and the door buzzer buzzes. Of course the first thing I do is cut myself. Right below the nose. Actually, right where the side of the nose meets the face. The place that always gets sore when you blow your nose too much. Anyway, so I cut myself really good, and lots of blood starts to pour out. It

mixes with the remaining shaving cream, and I start to look like Santa Claus a la George Romero. Shit. Who the fuck is at the door. If there is one thing I hate, it is when someone comes over unannounced. Actually, if there is one thing I hate, it is when someone comes over at all. I really don't like people in the place that I live. I dunno, it feels like they are taking up my space. Smelling up my air. They say guests and fish stink after three days. I think they both stink after three seconds. I really hate it when someone comes over. Then they sit in your favorite spot. Mine is the right side of our decaying and pathetic pull-out couch which we bought from some yuppie on the upper-west side who was a nurse, and no longer needed a bed for her cats to sleep on. So we got it for a good price, and now that it is all torn apart and stuff, Wendy makes me cover it with a brown sheet. When guests come over. Which is not too often. Thank God. But when they do come over, they sit there, in *my spot*, and sometimes take control of the clicker. And that, *really* pisses me off. A man's television is his. His remote, an extension of his penis. Ya ever notice how men are always playing with it, switching the channels, fumbling with it. Ya notice how the really cool remotes, the ones men like, are long and tubular, like their dicks. Hmmm. I mean, in the olden days, they were all black, which made some of us feel inadequate, but now they have different colored ones, even white ones. Anyway, no man wants another man playing with his remote. At least, no straight man. And when a relationship develops, and sometimes when there is enough trust, a man will let a woman play with his remote. But it is very rare. I mean, would you let just anyone play with your penis? So, if ya ever go into a man's house, don't touch his remote.

So, where was I, oh yeah, so, I'm shaving and bleeding and there is someone outside who wants to bother me. And who hasn't called. Not that I would have answered the phone... I screen all my calls. I mean, what gives someone the right to burst into my house and start talking to me, even if it is only electronically? Fuck 'em. I'll talk to them when and if I want to. Not at their convenience. At mine. After all, it is my phone. When someone calls me and wants to talk, they know to start talking after the beep, and if I am home and want to talk to them, I'll pick up. My friends complain that my line is busy. They say I should get call-waiting. Yeah, right. So someone can *interrupt* me when someone has already interrupted me electronically? No thanks.

So I'm bleeding down to my chest by now, but decide to answer the door. I figure what the hell. I look terrible, what with the blood, shaving cream, dorky glasses I am wearing, and sweat pants. I push the "door" button and hear the buzzer go off. I hear footsteps walking into my building, then see someone round the corner into my eyesight.

It was Blondie. Debbie Harry.

As a teen I had always imagined schtuping that Blondie chick. I mean when I got her first album, I thought she was the hottest thing since the invisible girl from the "Fantastic Four." I used to imagine that invisible girl riding on top of me, invisible of course. I'd reach up, and cup her invisible breasts, and kiss her invisible mouth. She'd be going up and down on me, calling me her "Thing." Wow. Of course I couldn't see her, but I could definitely feel her. I would also imagine that my right hand was invisible as well. Man, she was hot. But, Blondie, now there was a real woman. No 2-D transparent chick here, real album cover gloss. Her voice was so sexy. Her performances, so erotic. She just had to stand there and breathe and like fifty guys would go nuts. It was that east-village junkie look that did it I think. She was the bad girl that you weren't supposed to have, especially if you were Jewish. I mean, here she is, the perfect blonde goy. And punk rock, taboot! I used to listen to her records and imagine that I would meet her at Max's or CB's, we'd talk, then I'd invite her back to my parents' apartment for dinner. My mom would say, "George, it doesn't matter if she's not a Jew, but can she cook?" My step-dad would say, "Go for it, son!" After dinner, I would take her to my room and play Ramones albums for her. I would imitate Johnny, and hold my air guitar real low. I'd throw my long straight hair around (hey, it's a fantasy) and act really cool. I'd burn into "Today Your Love, Tomorrow The World" from "I Don't Wanna Walk Around With You" by counting "1-2-3-4" in a high pitched sort of whine. She'd be loving it. Then I'd put on "Plastic Letters" and she'd start to take off her clothes. Suddenly I would imagine I was Joey Ramone, and she was PJ Soles from *Rock and Roll High School*. I'd sing her a sweet song, and she'd call me Joey. We would begin to make out, and she'd take off the rest of her clothes. I'd reach down there and it would be all smooth, like a mannequin. At that point my Mom would usually walk into my room to tell me to turn down the music and find me stroking an album cover. But she understood. Blondie was every teen punk boy's fantasy. So she would just shake her head, and leave quickly. I'd turn down the stereo, and hear my parents laughing about me in the other room. Oh well. I'd turn up the music again, and get busy in my head with that blonde doll.

So in walks Debbie Harry, and I'm bleeding all over, and I look like hell. I had imagined her coming over to my place, but not with me looking like this. She says, "Hi George, I'm Debbie, Greta is on her way!" I'm shocked. My friend Greta, the guitarist of her band, has sent Blondie to my apartment. It wasn't supposed to happen like this. Then an even scarier thought races through my head. Is the couch covered? If Wendy gets wind of this, goddamn Debbie Harry in our apartment, and the couch isn't covered, I'm dead. I look back into my living room/bedroom/kitchen/ family room and see that it is. So I allow Ms. Blondie to enter. As she does, I get the feeling she is staring at the couch, wondering why it is covered with a brown sheet. She tells me that Greta is on her way, and asks if she can use my phone. I say sure, and she sits *in my spot* on the couch. Debbie Harry. In my spot. She makes a call, but gets no answer. She then asks if I can turn on *Entertainment Tonight*. Something about OJ she wants to see. I apologize for bleeding all over and looking like a dork with these dopey glasses on, and she says don't worry about it. That's cool. I think. But I realize she doesn't see me in a sort of um, err, sexual way. Shit. Here she is, in my apartment, with Wendy gone, and she sees me as a dork. Some guy who she is supposed to meet with Greta, so they can then go to some lame party. Where I'm sure they'd laugh about that jerk who doesn't know how to shave, and wears Jerry Lewis type glasses. The one fucking time I gotta answer the door, it is Blondie. Figures. So I think to myself. I gotta do something drastic. Something to prove that I am not a dork. Something suave. Smooth. James

Bond like. I got it. I gently reach toward her on the couch and hand her the remote. Our eyes meet, and I hear the theme from *Romeo and Juliet*. I am in heaven. Then I realize the music is coming from the television, and she is not looking at me, she is looking behind me, at the picture of Letch Patrol, oops, The Band That Can Not Be Mentioned, on the wall. In the picture, we are all wearing underwear. She points to me, in a wig, and says that guy looks familiar. I guess it's the blonde hair. No matter. I tell her it is me, and she says I look "sexy." Wow, now I'm getting somewhere. Then she uses the remote and changes the channel. Wow. Fucking A. Blondie is holding my clicker. Touching it. Stroking it. Increasing and decreasing the volume. My heart starts to beat real fast. I think I'm gonna faint. Then the door buzzer goes off again. This time it is Greta, and some young guy who looks like Steven Seagal.

They come strolling in, and Debbie hugs them both. Then she kisses the guy passionately. Shit. This is her boyfriend. Fucking Greta comes over with Blondie, and her boyfriend. This sucks. Then they all sit on our couch with the brown sheet. Debbie and Steven, hand in hand. I figure, I'm not giving up so easy. If Blondie is in my house, touching my *remote*, then she's mine. Fuck Steven Seagal. This is war.

Now I am not one who usually likes to fight. In fact, I sort of despise violence. I hate the sight of blood, especially when it is my own. I mean, I do love horror films, *Mortal Kombat*, and fake violence, but when I see the real thing, I usually almost faint. When people fight, it scares the shit out of me. Especially if I am one of the people fighting. As a kid though, I had to fight a lot.

My brothers and I always got into fights as kids. When my dad made it big in insider trading, he moved us to Greenwich Connecticut, where we even got in more fights. See, Lloyd, Seth, and I, were like the only Jews in the whole place. At least the only Jews who looked like Jews. I mean, I'm sure there were others, but they didn't let anyone know it. So, every day, we'd get on the school bus, and get beat up. Sometimes even before. There was this kid, Mark Heatie, who used to take my Batman lunch box from me everyday, open it, throw the bologna sandwich, apple, and three oreo cookies into the street, and then laugh. When I would go to pick the food up, he'd punch me and then laugh some more. I tried to fight back, but he was in sixth grade, and I was in second.

When Lloyd, Seth, and I would get on the bus, it was usually time for the Tabb family beating. There were these two kids in particular, John and Cathy Comeford, who'd really give it too us. I remember the girl, Cathy, hitting me with a fist, with her index finger slightly raised, and yelling as she hit me, "Get the point, Tabb, get the point?" Meanwhile, John would be hitting Lloyd, and Seth would be crying for help. Of course the bus driver, Jackie, ignored what was going on, and kept smoking pot as she drove us to school. She'd be listening to Three Dog Night or something, and every time the kids would get louder then her radio, she'd throw back a handful of candy, which would amuse the kids for a short time, at least until the song was over. She also sped like crazy, which all the kids loved.

So, we'd be getting beat up, and the hippie bus driver wouldn't help. You'd think other kids would help, but most of them just shouted, "Kill the Jews, kill the Jews." Thanks Dad, for moving us to such a nice town. I remember once when all our family friends joined "Burning Tree Country Club." We tried to join, but weren't allowed 'cause we were Jews. It sucked. Anyway, all the other kids would then join in the beatings, if they felt like it. There was Marc Newell, his older brother J.P., Ricky Erikson and Bruno Andre, the Denesi Brothers, and lots more. We'd get to school all bloody and stuff, and we were told that if we ever told a teacher, we be killed. So we used to say that we fell. Or banged into something by accident. Like we did when our father would go to town on us every once in a while.

Anyway, I forget when it was, maybe like fifth or sixth grade, but I had had enough. Lloyd, Seth and I decided that it was time to take some action. Our father had tried to teach us how to box, but that doesn't work against like a bunch of kids who are fixated on their parents' belief that we belonged in the gas chamber. So we had to do something, and the Denesi Brothers were our fist target.

Let me tell ya about these Denesi Brothers. Their names were Enrico and Dominic. Dominic, the younger and smaller of the two. Their father was some mob guy who made it big, and got his family a house in Greenwich. They had a big white Cadillac, which their mother drove at awesome speeds up and down London Derry Drive. All the kids called her speed queen. Enrico and Dominic called her "Mama." These kids were pieces of work. They had new shoes every day, and each owned like fifty suits or something. They were dressed up like good little gangsters, and even had the accents to go with it. Enrico would say to me, "Hey Tabb, if you don't let Dominic beat up Seth, I'm gonna give you a pair of cement shoes." I'd say, "I'd rather have the ones you are wearing," which usually resulted in a huge brawl. Anyway, this would go on day after day after day. I remember one their father came on the bus and told the Tabb boys to "stop fucking with his sons, and stop messing up their suits and shoes." We would tell our Dad and stepmom about all this, and then they would say what they always did, "Fight your own fights." Fuck 'em.

So, one day, in the middle of the winter, Lloyd, Seth, and I had had enough. The Denesis started in on their *Goodfellas* routine, and my brothers and I took action. Enrico started hitting Lloyd, and Dominic, Seth. All the kids were yelling, and Jackie just kept throwing back more and more candy. I got Enrico's attention, by calling him a "wop faggot," and he came after me, saying, "You're dead, Tabb, you're really dead." Enrico came after me, and so did his little brother, who I guess got bored of beating up Seth. As they started to hit me, I motioned for Seth and Lloyd to do their thing. They went to the back of the bus, and opened the emergency door. It was snowing hard out, so the bus wasn't going over fifty. Then I bumrushed the two wiseguys, and pushed them out of the back of the bus. While it was moving. They landed in the middle of the street, and all the kids started laughing and clapping. We closed the door, and took our seats. Jackie threw back some more candy, not even knowing that she had just dropped off two of the students on the way to school.

When we got to school we were asked to go to the principal's office. Someone had told. We waited there until the Denesis arrived with their parents, and our parents arrived. We all went into the principal's office, where the Denesi family explained that the "Tabbs were rotten apples." The principal asked who the "instigators" were. They said, "The Jews." I then told everyone our side of the story. How

we were beaten day in and day out, and how we had finally had enough. Finally it was decided that all the kids were not allowed to ride the bus for two weeks. My stepmother, pissed as hell that she couldn't now stay home in the mornings and listen to Carole King, or fuck the carpenter, yelled at us for the next few weeks. My dad got so angry about my stepmother yelling at us, that he grounded us for a month.

But we were victorious. We were hardly beat up after that incident. We showed 'em that the Tabbs ain't gonna take no more shit. And even the Comefords left us alone. In fact, years later, I saw John Comeford hitchhiking, and I picked him up in my dad's car. He was on his way to work, at a local gas station. He had dropped out in the tenth grade, and was trying to help pay for his and his girlfriend's baby. He told me I somehow looked familiar, but he didn't know where he knew me from. I told him he looked familiar too, but that we had probably never met. I dropped him of at work and he told me I seemed like a nice guy, and it was nice meeting me.

The next major fight I got in was two years later, when Bruno Andre and Ricky Erikson started to beat me up on a regular basis in seventh grade. Now I was in junior high, and my brothers, who were younger, weren't there. It was just me. Anyway, Bruno was this overly big French guy, and Ricky was this white-haired kid who looked like a cross between Marty Feldman and Speedy Gonzalez. Real creepy. Anyway, they'd gotten into this routine of beating me up on the bus after school. They'd throw my books out the school bus window, and punch me around a bit. Of course they'd say it was because I was so small (I didn't reach puberty until I was almost 18) and a Jew. The second, of course being more important.

Finally, one day, I had had enough. I got on the bus ready to fight. They started with the Jew stuff, and told me I was a faggot for carrying a lunchbox. I hit Ricky with it so hard his eye started bleeding, and he had to get eight stitches. I also hit Bruno in his big nose, and made it bleed. After that incident, we no longer fought. In fact, we started to hang out together, because they said they "respected" me. We used to fish a lot, and Bruno gave me my first porno magazine. It is funny how kids do things, huh?

So fighting is sometimes necessary. And this time I felt it was. I mean, I had seen *On Deadly Ground*, and *Hard To Kill*, and that Steven Seagal didn't look too tough. And it was Blondie we were talking about. She was holding my remote. I figured if I wanted her, I'd have to fight him for it. So I did.

I took my fist and slammed Seagal hard in the face. He reeled backwards from the pain, and yelled something inaudible. He then jumped up and round-housed me in the chin with his left foot. "Bastard," I thought to myself as I slammed him in the groin with my right shoulder. He then took out his Uzi and sprayed a hail of bullets all over my apartment, destroying my fax machine, toaster, VCR, and telephone answering machine. There was smoke and flames everywhere. I grabbed his gun, and melted it with my X-ray vision. Then punched him in the face again. He went reeling backward, and landed on top of Greta. I then took my framed picture of the Ramones, and slammed him on the head. He screamed in agony, and took my Peavey, and slammed me in my nuts. I coughed up blood, but kept fighting. This war was not over yet. I was gonna destroy this piece of shit movie star

Actually, I put a copy of *Destroy Television* in my VCR and pushed play. For the next thirty minutes, Debbie, Greta, and Steven laughed and watched a bunch of bands and had a good old time. They kept telling me the show was great, and Blondie asked how she could be on it. I was getting somewhere. She had now let go of Steven's hand. I told her to just gimmie a call, or I'd call her. She gave me her phone number.

This was too good to be true. Blondie was holding the extension of my penis, and giving me her phone number. I figured, "Ha," that oughta get Steven Seagal.

Finally Greta announced it was time for them to go and they all stood up. We shook hands and Blondie gave me a little kiss on my cheek. She got a little shaving cream under her nose. As she left, she thanked me for showing her a good time, and told me she'd come see my band next time we played. Greta said good-bye, as did Steven Seagal.

After I finished shaving, and putting toilet paper on all my cuts, I sat down in *my spot* on the couch covered with the brown sheet and put on a Blondie album. I once again thought about taking off her clothes. But I stopped. I figured it was no longer "smooth" down there, but it really didn't matter. I didn't need Debbie Harry as a sex symbol anymore. I'm kinda grown-up now. I now see her as a real person. Not just an object of my young lust. And she's cool. No, I didn't need to fantasize about her. Because it was almost nine o'clock, and time for *Star Trek: The Next Generation*. And that Counselor Troy, whatta set of knockers!

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1.Solidsnake@georgetabb.com

2.The new demo from New York's The Kick rules. They are working with Nightbob now, and the stuff is great!

3.Loaded Undies Rock! As do Whole Hog!

4.It's back to school time. Remember, most of the time, you are right, and the teachers are wrong!

The Journey is Better than the Destination

Johnnie BODIES has a great new four way split seven inch for you drunks and punks. Radio Records (Sonoma, USA) presents *Battle for the Airwaves Vol.2*, featuring "West Coast Punk" vs. "East Coast Oi!" The WORKIN' STIFFS (RIP) start off the festivities with "My Ghetto." This song brings back memories of Dave, Mike, Mundo, and Eric in their heyday—San Francisco skinhead music that always entertained. They were a good band!! Lots of funs for skins and punks. THE BODIES follow up the WORKIN' STIFFS with "Wolfboy," about the virtues of cheap, warm beer. Turn the *Battle for the Airwaves No.2* over and you get the WRETCHED ONES—New Jersey Oi! stalwarts playing their song, "Sometimes the Journey is Better than the Destination." This song illustrates that not only can the WRETCHED ONES drink vast quantities of ice cold Schaefer Beer, but they also have deep thoughts about the

trials and tribulations we experience during our time on this earth. Read these lyrics: "People swarming all around, like a bunch of locust/ Move into the rat race, and they lose their focus/ I know what they're looking for, it's right under their noses/ They need to step back, stop and smell the roses/ Sometimes the journey is better than the destination/ People always making plans, concerned about their final fate/ I believe when they get there, it ain't gonna be so great/ Everybody's too busy to even open their eyes/ Sure you have to pay the driver, so at least enjoy the ride/ Sometimes the journey is better than the destination." Intelligent words!

On the heels of this great WRETCHED ONES' song, you get some top quality Oi! from New York's finest, THE TEMPLARS. THE TEMPLARS play, "Raise Your Hand" and it goes like this: "Keep me in my place/ Keep me living in fear/ Don't you rock the boat/ Don't you make no waves/ Gonna work you every day/ Gonna work you like a slave/ Welcome to the rat race." This is a great song!

Write to Johnnie For your copy at: Radio Records, PO Box 1452, Sonoma, CA 95478, www.vom.com/_radio77/index.htm

Mr. Jeff Clayton and ANTiSEEN have a brilliant new split 45 with Australia's RUPTURE. On this Snapshot Records seven inch, ANTiSEEN come for your brain with "Suicide Boogie," from 1998. This song starts out slow and menacing like so many great ANTiSEEN songs and towards the end cranks up the speed and the volume. Turn over this scum punk 45 and RUPTURE treat you to "I'm the Man," which is a melodic rock n' roll number about unbridled lust and instant sexual gratification. On this song the boys from RUPTURE even include piano playing. Pretty damn rockin'! In the sleeve, RUPTURE vows that Gus Chamber will be "never forgotten." For this record and BLURTERS product write to Jay at Snapshot Records, PO Box 175, Georges Hall, NSW 2198, Australia; jay_snapshot@hotmail.com.

While we are speaking of the BLURTERS, they have a fucking excellent split CD out with DEMOLITION HIGH STYLE! The BLURTERS start the battle with "Motherfuckin' Sexist Motherfucker." A brutal treatise on male/female relations. Then the BLURTERS smash you in the face with "Beer and Bile." Fucking great! The third song on the *Battle Scars and Blazing Guitars* CD is "Turn Off the Radio," about the deplorable condition of commercial radio. The fourth and final BLURTERS song is, "Bite It You Scum" by GG Allin, which they also dedicate to RUPTURE's Gus Chamber. Excellent! The second half of this CD is performed by DEMOLITION HIGH STYLE, which is the new band featuring Scott Mac from TOE TO TOE on vocals and song writing chores. This is good street rock with shouted vocals, searing guitar parts, and a strong bottom end. DEMOLITION HIGH STYLE wallop you with three originals: "Ill Gotten Gain," "Anti-Hero," and "Sin and Redemption," before their grand finale, "Chip On Your Shoulder," by COCK SPARRER. This is the first release on Scott MacFadyen's Sold Our Souls record label. Write to Scott at PO Box 751, Newtown, NSW 2042, Australia.

Kangaroo Records from Amsterdam has a couple of rock hard selections for you this month. We will start with a ten band seven inch compilation called *Loved By Few...Hated By Most*. This excellent compilation feature crazed punk bands from Australia, the Netherlands and the USA.

Some of the hardest selections are from Australia—the aforementioned BLURTERS lead off side two with their killer song "Fuck Off"—great! The BLURTERS are followed by A.V.O. (Apprehended Violence Order) and their brutish tune "Trough Boy." Next up you get fast thrash by SOMETHING IN THE WATER, from Kearny, New Jersey, USA. Excellent! ANGER IN MOTION does "hated" followed by the obscure and marvelous JEZUS AND THE GOSPEL-FUCKERS from the Netherlands in the 1980s, and their quirky song "Emotions." The opposite side of this frenetic EP is led off by two fast hard core songs by MILKMAN. Next, BURY THE LIVING from Memphis, Tennessee gives you two shouted vocals with thrash/punk numbers. CRISPUS ATTACKS from Rockville, Maryland are next at bat, and smash through "I Don't Want to Destroy Everything" and "The Rage and the Fury." DANDARE come right at you with "Surrounded by Stupidity" and BRESHNEV finish off the side with "www.bullshit/control." A great record!

Kangaroo Records give you a historical perspective of the Brisbane hardcore punk band ANGER IN MOTION (A.I.M.), from Brisbane, Australia circa 1990. The title of the EP is *Reverends and Rednecks*, and the guys blast through five blistering songs: "Redneck Fun," "Reverend John," "Mental Genocide," "The Real Thing" and "Slampit"—a ton of fun!

Henk Smit and his amazing Kangaroo Records also has a brilliant split LP available for you punk rockers! The *Couldn't Care Less* split features JEZUS AND THE GOSPEL FUCKERS and AGENT ORANGE. Side one of the LP is some amazing punk you have never heard! JEZUS AND THE GOSPEL FUCKERS from Harlem, started out in 1978 with the likes of THE VD PATIENTS, THE BUGS, and IVY GREEN. These rowdy drunken punks managed to attract a lot of attention in their brief tenure—being banned from the clubs for fighting, pursued by the cops for instigating riots and general shit disturbing.

The music on this disc has been available only as a demo and on a bootleg CD, but now you get an official release with liner notes by JEZUS and lots of pictures. This shit is fucking punk rock with a boot! The band plows through "Factory," "Dope," "Alcohol," "Amsterdam," "Kill the Police," "TV Slave," "Gospel Fuckers," "Live Fast Die Young," "Genocide Express" and "Emotions." This is blistering fast punk!

Side two of the split LP features the legendary AGENT ORANGE—the band from the Netherlands, not California! This side compiles the two infamous AGENT ORANGE 7"s . The first EP, *Your Mother Sucks Cocks in Hell* was on Graaff Hendrick Records and this slab is great! You get the title cut, "Lingerie," "Feminist," and "Nothing"—great! The second AGENT ORANGE P is included as well! This one is entitled *VD—Hello My Friend, Coming My Way?* and you get "Herpes," "KKK," and "Kill the Police." Good shit! Write to Kangaroo Records, c/o Henk Smit, Middenweg 13, 1098 AA Amsterdam, The Netherlands, Tel/Fax (20) 6926469.

The RUIN BOIS from Spain have a good skinhead Oi! record out for you on Bords de Seine Records from Paris, France. Side A is the title cut of the EP *Agora So*, and this is represented by the fine guitars, drums, and bass playing. The vocals are enthusiastic. Side B is more polished Oi!

music with high octave singing and a familiar Oi! beat within the rhythm section. The second skinhead record supplied by Bords de Seine Records this month is a co/release with Camden Town Zine from Girona, Catalonia, Spain. The band is known as ULTIMO ASALTO and the title of the record is *Soldados del Asfalto*. This EP was recorded in 1999, in Spain, and is sung in the Spanish language. The singing is deep and gruff with the band members chiming in with good choruses. On side A, ULTIMO ASALTO hammers through the title cut, "Soldados del Asfalto" and "El Oi es Violencia" with a vengeance! Side B brings more tough Oi! to the forefront. You get the battering ram treatment with "Mestro Orgullo Pasado" and then for the death knell, ULTIMO ASALTO administer the final song, "Skinhead"—very good! Write to Camden Town Zine, Placa del Vi n' 11, 17004 Girona, Cat., Spain, camdentown@eresmas.net or Bordes de Seine, BP 85, 75561 Paris cx 12, France—bdskinhead@aol.com.

Combat Rock Records from France has released an EP by the legendary 80s punk/Oi! band TROTSKIDS. The EP is called *4 Fois en 10 Minutes!!...* The TROTSKIDS had a popular LP out on the Chaos Productions label in 1983. Felipe, the drummer from the 80s incarnation of the TROTSKIDS writes the liner notes on this EP and the information (in French) on the back of the sleeve might indicate that this material is from 1985. TROTSKIDS run through "le Cheri de Ces Dames," "Dernier Repas," "Furoncule" and a punk rock version of "Imagine." Pretty damn good! Write to Combat Rock at 7, Rue du Paquis, 57950 Montigny les Metz, France.

The FAKE PATRIOTS from Perth, Scotland have a hot new 7" EP out on Intimidation Records. After three compilation tracks that appeared on Helen of Oi! Records and live appearances with THE SWELLBELLYS, THE THREATS and ON FILE, the FAKE PATRIOTS are building a reputation as an up and coming street band. On this new Intimidation Records single, the FAKE PATRIOTS wrangle four good punk rock tunes: "Avoid Me," "Ready, Steady, Scam," "I'm Glad You're Dead" and "Obscene and Not Heard." This is solid punk rock driven by tastefully done guitars and strong vocals. Read the poignant lyrics to "Ready, Steady, Scam": "Modern life, it fucking sucks/ Do what ya want, don't give two fucks/ It looks like its all up to you/ (But) you're being told exactly what to do/ Ready, Steady Scam/ Find employment, you'll be a slave/ Find religion, you'll be saved/ Dig your gardens, paint your house/ Wake up fuckin' suckers!/ Make home movies of your life/ Take porno photos of your wife/ Learn to cook, it takes no time/ You're brainwashed now, so get in line."

Look for the full length CD by FAKE PATRIOTS on Tenderloin Records. For the *Avoid Me* EP write to: Intimidation Records, PO Box 14627, Leven, Fife, Scotland, KY8 2ZD; www.initimidationrecords.co.uk.

Kick n' Punch Records from Denmark has a great punk EP prepared for you knuckleheads! The band is called INCONTROLLADOS, and the EP is called *Hvem Vil Det Gavne?*. This is late 70s/early 80s style punk with chunky guitars and first rate vocals. You get eight songs sung in INCONTROLLADOS native tongue, performed with urgency! Contact Kick n' Punch Records at kicknpunch@wildmail.com or Maximum Overdrive Records at kvalme@ofir.dk.

On the live music front in San Francisco, we were treated to a great HAMMERLOCK show recently with none other than the illustrious THEE WHISKEY REBEL opening up the show with his pithy observations on modern life—excellent. Liz and Travis followed the intelligent banter with hard-bit country punk for the politically incorrect Confederacy of Scum Rock—California (Colorado) style. Great!

Till next month—See you at the bar!

Operation: L.I.P.S.

This has been a bad year for many of us in this country—With the dark day of September 11 and its aftermath casting a long shadow across the land, the TERRORISTS who HATE FREEDOM and wish to destroy our WAY OF LIFE have been aggressively pursing these ends to new levels heretofore unseen in this powerful, spirited nation of ours. Clandestine networks, made up of fanatical reactionaries blind to all that we hold dear, have been revealed as being long present and have been brought to the foreground in this battle. It is a war against EVIL ITSELF that we must win.

In light of the current federal push for the multi-million member domestic spying network Terrorist Information and Prevention System (Operation: T.I.P.S.), we have decided to do our part for the good old US of A and begin our own home-spun grassroots network for collecting intelligence on so-called "citizens" who are doing their best to undermine FREEDOM and OUR WAY OF LIFE in this country. As a result, Local Intifada against the Police State (Operation: L.I.P.S.) is actively recruiting for our elite group of concerned, freedom-loving citizens—If you are in *any* position to see potentially unusual or suspicious activity in public places, if your routines allow you to recognize unusual events and you have expressed a desire for a mechanism to report these events to the proper authorities. In other words, if you are a student, a plumber, a postal worker, a cable installer, a transportation worker, a librarian, a drug dealer, a teacher, a loiterer, a panhandler, an engineer, an architect, a welfare recipient, if you are involved in *any* sort of activity that takes place in public where you have a chance to *observe* .Then we want *you* to be involved.

As you may not immediately recognize these terrorists (they are not easy to racially profile), we have enclosed a handy list of typical suspicious activities to be used as a reference and loose guideline—But remember that their methods change daily and so a diligent citizen must always be ready to react quickly and use his or her best judgment in *any* suspect situation!

Be on the Lookout for Any/All of These:

• Anyone fitting the profile of a "suited businessperson" expressing an unhealthy obsession with inanimate objects such as money, expensive watches, or large and inefficient cars.

• Persons telling you what you can or cannot put into your own body. Related: Anyone (especially one who fits the profile of a user of steroids or prescription drugs) in a low-income neighborhood or music event who attempts to get

you to sell them illegal drugs.

• Individuals in blue or black uniforms employing obvious racial profiling and/or excessive violence against fellow citizens.

• "Authority Figures" who refuse access/basic rights to scores of detainees held on unspecified charges for indefinite periods of time. Often times, these individuals may have a connection, however tenuous, with a person or nation the "Authority Figures" deem "Evil." However, it is not a requirement to have any connections of this sort for the "Authority Figures" to cart you away, although being publicly outspoken about your beliefs, disabled and/or homeless may contribute to your chances.

• Persons who desecrate the flag by wrapping themselves in it, effectively using it as a shield against any criticism and getting it very dirty in the process.

• Suspiciously well-dressed individuals, often wearing sunglasses, asking questions in a public library about what sort of books or websites a citizen has perused. Also keep an eye out for these individuals going through your or your neighbor's trash.

• Anyone attempting to gain access to your computer use records, for any reason, whether they have asked for permission or not.

• In this time of skyrocketing unemployment and recession, be on the lookout for politicians and bureaucrats who attempt to make unnecessary inquiries into your sex life/habits as a "requirement" for public assistance of any sort, including food stamps. Also, be observant of fellow welfare recipients in expensive Armani suits (common names: Enron, Microsoft, Halliburton, PG&E) running off with much larger welfare checks than they are entitled to and stealthily avoiding questions about their sex lives to boot.

• Secretive "Military Courts" which routinely deny many rights of the accused they would have under a civilian court, which may be employed freely against individuals seen fit to stand trial in them by other mysterious forces. These are often considered to be "Fantasy Courts" by rumored terrorist affiliates/cells known as the LAPD and NYPD.

• Drivers of huge, flag-encrusted, road-hogging SUVs flaunting all traffic regulations, common sense, and courtesy.

• Individuals whose routines/mail/habits indicate they may be part of an unconstitutional "Shadow Government" (likely to be high-ranking military personnel and/or wall street shock troops) designed to assume all federal power in case of catastrophe.

• Persons referring to themselves as "The Health Department" informing you that you can no longer serve free food to the hungry or risk being punished.

• Large, shiny new vans laden with satellite dishes and state-of-the-art communications technology, often seen at sites of "newsworthy" events. These are rumored to be part of a large and well-organized network of monopolistic businesses, dedicated to maintaining information control and the status quo at all cost, that may or may not be connected to a shadowy entity known only as the "WTO" or "IMF"".

• Pasty individuals, often dressed in clerical robes or ministerial garb, who will attempt to tell you not only what you can or cannot do with your own body, but will also tell you who you are required to worship and pay homage to in otherwise secular transactions.

• Men who declare an open-ended "War Against Evil," lasting until they say it is over, which grants them the power to declare most rights of citizens across the world invalid as they see fit.

• Anyone who tells you that sticking up for your freedoms should result in your deportation to another country.

We heartily encourage you as a freedom-loving individual to report any individuals perpetrating these acts through the appropriate channels, which could include self-publishing of your accounts, the ACLU, the Independent Media Center, and, of course, directly to Operation: L.I.P.S. at operation_lips@hotmail.com. Thank you for your activism, America. With *your* help, we can defeat evil wherever it may lurk—or at least keep it in check.

(with some contributions from Jello Biafra, thanks Jello)

Charlton Heston must have been an adviser to Mayor Cianci at the time that road was put in that runs parallel to the mall and perpendicular to the statehouse, because the view coming from the bottom of the hill towards the capitol is some *Planet of the Apes* fascist bullshit. I ride my bike on that street every day, but the imposing nature of the plan never hits you fully until you approach it in a car.

It makes sense; I'm no student of the formal aspects of urban planning, but I walk with my eyes open. It's easy to read a city's subtext when you understand that they look the way they do for a reason. A walk through a small town can read like a table of contents, and the architects confer with the business people and government to make sure it's easy to read. There's nothing conniving about that really, is there?

The, oh, I don't know... *evil* aspect of this kind of planning is its multiple translations. Take for example the ubiquitous strip mall. It can read as comfortingly convenient to many suburbanites or big families with a variety of needs. The premise is simple and it's no wonder they're so popular. The same strip mall, to many readers of this magazine (I guess) and lefty types and snotty Urban Outfitters graphic designers (I guess) will see the hallmark of a rapidly fossilizing culture, bereft of creativity and caving in on itself like a black hole. Fair enough. This is easy enough to see, but the same split runs to smaller levels: fences denote at once both security and foreboding, depending on which side you're on; picture windows, especially on ground floors, present an open facade, yet one- way glass adds an unmistakable air of fortitude; even sidewalks and parking lots gently suggest where you belong in relation to the city[1]. One-way roads, the width of sidewalks, and size of "grassy areas" all serve to steer people in a direction and suggest how long they should stay once they get there. I'm sure I don't need to tell you that the level of comfort of an area of urban property varies directly to how the number of commercially zoned properties directly surrounding it.[2]

Which sort of brings me back to the whole fascist

state house thing. Providence's city center has been undergoing a slow facelift for the past three years or so (and in this case, "city center" is not to be confused with "downtown," which is called "down city" here, incidentally. But not like a city full of people who are in some way "down" emotionally, which would be funny; or not like "down, city!" or not like a city full of people who are just "down" with some esoteric knowledge; more like "downstream"—where all the shit goes); partially because the mayor wants to leave the ugliest scar possible when they finally throw his ass in jail, and partially in illustration of the greater trend in formerly industry-based towns: Agriculture to industry to service economy, and finally, if the current administration gets its way, a volunteer-run service economy. Train tracks have been pulled up, rivers now have streets built right over them, and finally, a huge mall (once again, the city refers to it only by its brand name—Providence Place—it even has its own Interstate exit) was built; incidentally, this monstrosity and its accompanying deathstar parking garage, glass skyway, and new streets, takes up a roughly similar amount of space as all the vacant storefronts downcity. However, there's some story about how the downtown property owners prefer to keep certain valuable properties empty, as their market value is higher as vacant properties than as having held failed businesses (and in cities replanned around automobile usage and suburban sprawl, downtowns in medium-size cities do tend to, well,fail). Talk about abstract math.

So, as I was saying, we now have this big Lego thing on Frances Street. As cars drive north they pass it on their left. About the time you pass the Fire and Ice ("an improvisational grill"; in my opinion themed restaurants are the New Economy of the service industry), the peak of the state house comes into view. Incidentally, on top of the dome is a guy dancing. Shirtless. Providence is that kind of town. A few yards up the hill, you now have Borders on your left and the upper columns of the state house have unfurled. By the time you're at the intersection of The Cheesecake Factory and Memorial Boulevard, you have spread out in front of you the whole lawn (green year-round) and the whole State House, big sidewalk and all. However, you're in a car, so you have to turn right and go to the train station or left towards the garage soon, so don't dally with the view or the horns will start up.

The shift in the city's focus makes sense in the way a state capitol wants to have its capitol building as the centerpiece. However, in tandem with Providence Place Mall, a new dichotomy has arisen in the way people fit into the city. It's what you don't see in dramatic skylines, because skylines are viewed from bridges and interstates. If you or Charlton Heston drives to the mall, you'll not only be funneled through the most populace and functional parts of the city, but you'll be guaranteed a place to park. You have money to spend and the city has loans to repay. However, if you're walking, Providence Place is a huge divider; if you're not going there, that is. People now have to walk around this beast since no considerations were included for pedestrians. In all fairness, there is a new riverside walkway that runs between two of the mall's structures, which happen to serve as excellent dark corridors for a variety of transactions. I imagine on the blueprint it says "riverwalk."

What the State House and Providence Place Mall have in common is that they are built to make people feel small. That's not a conspiracy theory; it's just how urban planning works. The architecture of the State House is meant to invoke grandeur, and therefore, power. There's nothing mystical about that; it's the same rationale behind patriotic songs—invoke awe, pride, and maybe a religious aside- that's what states are made of. Excuse me: States. These buildings facilitate automobile use, making walking their perimeter an alienating, if not altogether unsafe, experience (try walking the perimeter of your local mall); almost as if you have no business there. And that is the suggestion. Both of these buildings also aim to artificially increase the city's size. Of course, they can't actually make the city bigger, but they can increase the time it takes to get from point A to point B, or problematize the possibility of getting from here to there at all. That is on of the main shit by-products of auto-based cities. They promote a distorted view of the city itself (and of course, ruin communication between drivers and non-drivers. Have you ever asked directions from someone in a car? Forget it? Everything is "a few blocks away," yet nothing is in walking distance!

However, it's not surprising that this is how cities are written in late-capitalism; the challenge we face as...well, *humans*, is how to live in cities that exist as marketplaces. We have to learn how to write our own stories that contradict dominant usage through promoting service to and use by the people that make up the city, not just the people who come in from the suburbs on weekends to eat, drink, and be fucking annoying.

[1] See Joan Didion's creepy essay on shopping malls in *The White Album* for a good anecdote about parking lot striping.
[2] Designated parks are an exception, as they serve as relief valves for dense urban areas.

OK, so this issue of *Maximumrocknroll* contains references to French philosopher Michel Foucault, LA novelist and freeway enthusiast Joan Didion, and Argentinean bibliophile Jorge Luis Borges. Find them if you can. When did we start with these airs, you ask? Hell if I know. I'm the girl who misspelled "bureaucracy" in my last column—you know, the one defending the virtues of the public schools...

Also in this issue, Mike McKee examines the assault on all-ages venues in Philly, Storm the Tower talks about socialized medicine, Mike Taylor looks at the politics of public spaces, and the kids, always a sucker for an anthem, go nuts on the corner of 24th and Mission, San Francisco...

And not to worry—there are also impassioned arguments on both sides of the Axl Rose: a douchebag? debate (I know, not much of a debate), plus more Jerry's Kids and Black Flag references than usual, Mike Thorn talking about drinking stolen beer (find *that* one!), Gary Shandling, Uriah Heep, girls, boys, hard times, good times, and fast guitars.

So we had to raise the ad rates this month. Anyone else been following these postal increases? They're brutal, especially for small publishers. Currently, the IPA

(Independent Press Association) is organizing to bring down rates for its members (that includes us) but for now, we forge on alone. We simply need to bring more money in to counter this and other expenses. We've now brought them into the range of our closest peers in the big punk zine world. In addition, we now have full-page ads. Ah, full-page ads. I don't know how you feel about it, but personally, I'm not crazy about how a few large labels occupy the equivalent of billboards in fanzines, and in the process, make the fanzines more homogenous-looking than they already are. So we don't like to do it, but really, it has to be done.

We've tried to keep the smallest size quite cheap, as it has been for many years, so that advertising space can be available no matter how dinky the label or record or whatever. In acknowledgement of the ever-widening gap between the huge lucrative labels and the aforementioned dinky ones, most of the price increase will hit the larger sizes. Please refer to the big notice on page 5 for more details. Thanks for understanding, and go ahead and contact me and Mike if you have questions or if you need a little moral support. To be specific: me for the ad questions, Mike for the moral support.

Speaking of moral support, thanks to the punx who have continued to stand by *MRR* through the years—the zine is more energetic and closer to its original vision than it has been in years, thanks greatly to your support and encouragement. I can't tell you how dearly I love *MRR*, despite muscle spasms, insomnia, a cornucopia of nervous habits, and frequent nit-picky, lunatic episodes. Onward!

arwenc@mindspring.com
Ration #2, "Fire Escapes," 2 stamps or trade, PO Box 170291, San Francisco, CA 94117 —new issue next month!

Ok, not much of a column for me this month—I've been perperpetually sick for the last month with no sign or hope of getting better—add to this horror the recent impoundment of my car on the way to see The Feederz (serves me right for going to reunion shows)—you could say that I've been having a rough go of it lately. Not as rough go of it as millions of Iraqis will if Mr. Bush and his evil henchmen get their way with their planned invasion, but a rough go nonetheless. But what about that invasion? I think it's all too transparent what it's really all about—a two headed hydra of America's oil obssession, combined with a demented desire on the part of Mr. Bush to put a little bit of excitement back into the recently stagnanting war against terrorism. The whole world is seemingly against it—hell, according to today's (8/16/02) *New York Times* dissent has begun to swell even amongst normally hawkish Congressional Republicans. Hopefully this spells the first steps towards the demise of these bastards' ploys.

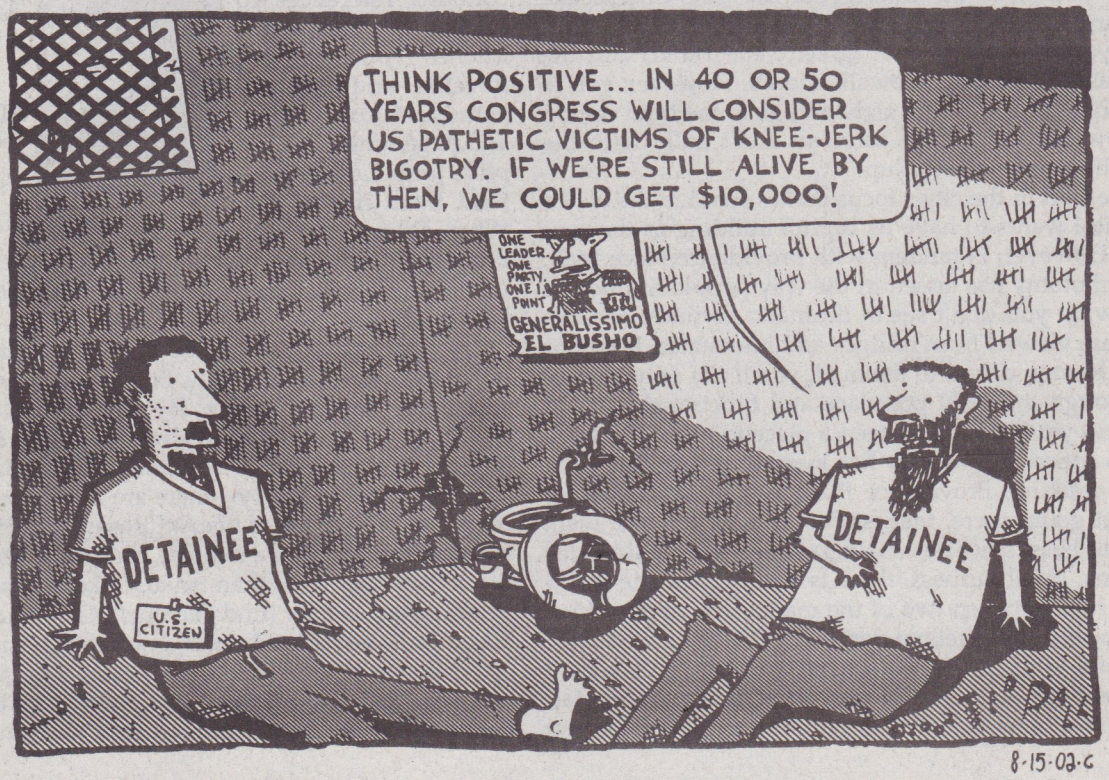
In other news, I recently celebrated my 28th birthday, and I must say that I'm happier than a pig in shit to able to look around and find so many others at or around my same age level. It's good to see that punk can be so much more than some flippant teenage rebellion—and it's good to see so many other folx sticking with something that so many others simple let slip away. Yahoo! Where's the cake?!

Endnotes:

1) I will be accepting presents from now until the end of the year for my birthday—I'm not really a socks and underwear sort of fellow— but more a rare record sort of chap.

2) First SNOBS EP! HELLO?!

3) Write me c/o *MRR*'s PO Box or mikethorn@mindspring.com



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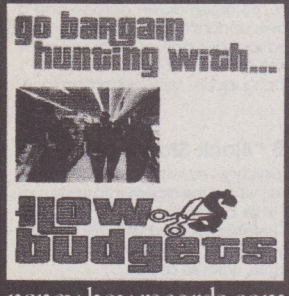

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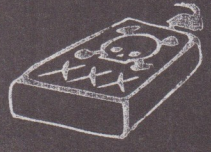

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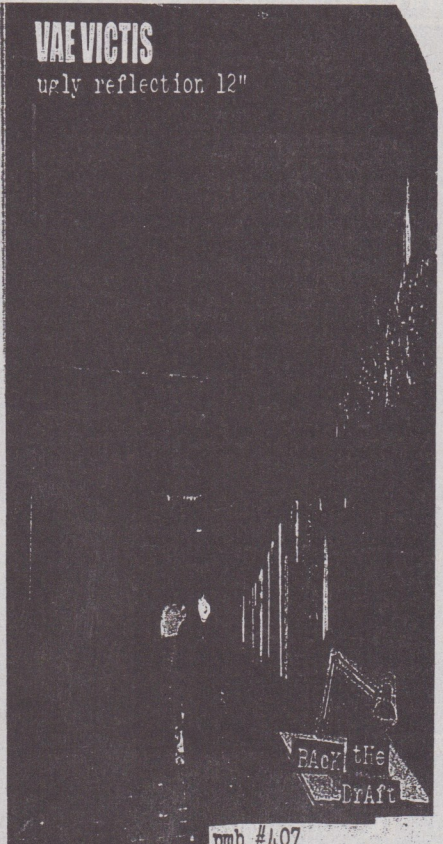

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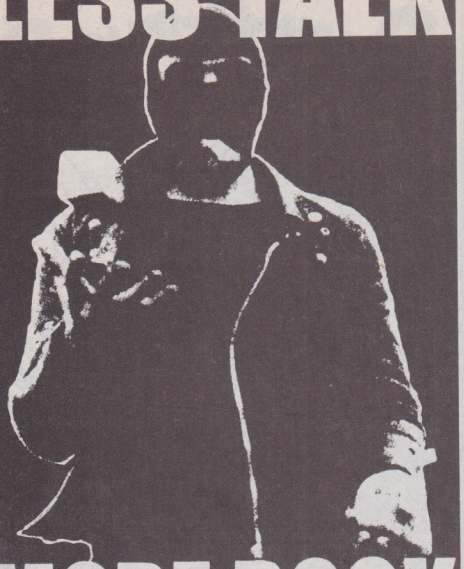

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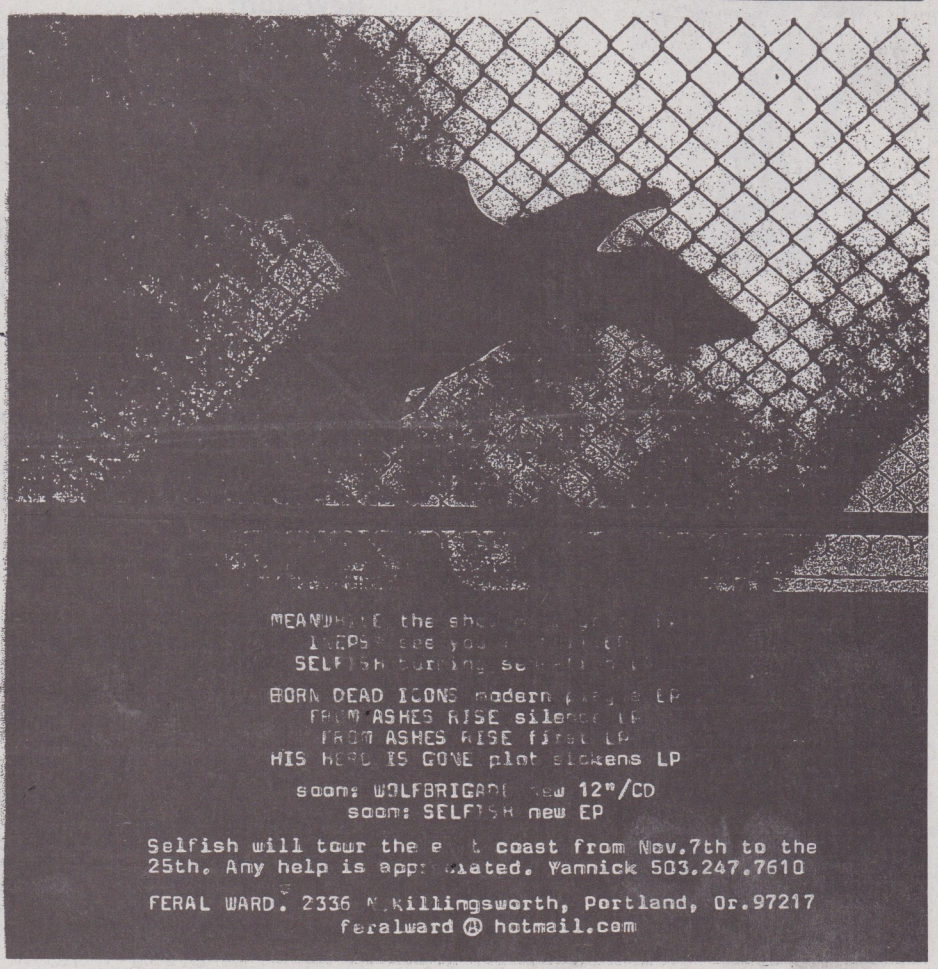

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PSYCHIC AND POLITICAL NUMBING IN PREPARATIONS FOR WAR

by Fran Shor
Published by CommonDreams.org

While the Bush Administration prepares for war on Iraq with full-scale weapons production and troop deployments, more insidious conditioning for the public acceptance of war continues. In the face of repeated statements by Bush and the hawkish members of his ruling clique of the need for "regime change" in Iraq, international opinion has been forthright in its condemnation of such proposed aggression. However, in the absence of the mobilized outrage of the American people, the Washington power elite will be emboldened to carry out their war plans. Why the American public, so far, has been lackadaisical in its response to this saber rattling may be reflective of the increase of psychic and political numbing opportunistically manipulated by the Bush Administration since 9/11.

Psychic numbing, according to the psychiatrist Robert Jay Lifton, builds on well-known defense mechanisms, such as repression, denial, and projection, to create an exclusion of feeling and disconnectedness. Aided by the surfeit of stimuli from televisual culture and media-manipulated images, people may tune out those realities and possibilities that threaten their own sense of connection to the world. In the case of 9/11, the Bush Administration quickly exploited the anger of the American people without allowing a grieving process to mature. Drowning out the voices of survivors and their families who opposed retaliation, war on Afghanistan was initiated. Begun as a campaign to seek and destroy Osama bin Laden and his al Qaeda network, a network created by the CIA in the 1980's, the intervention in Afghanistan quickly became an exercise in imperial politics and the lethal arrogance of power.

In manufacturing consent for the war in Afghanistan, the corporate media deliberately initially excluded scenes of civilian deaths. Now, however, with additional reporting and investigation by world-wide news agencies and the United Nations, the American public is being confronted with the extensive violence visited upon the innocent Afghans. Nonetheless, the desensitizing of the American public to the deaths of these differently constituted others (by ethnicity, class, and nationality) is a form of psychic numbing that may allow for the larger massacre of civilians in Iraq.

Of course, the American public has been bombarded with images and stories about the evil policies of Saddam Hussein. While highlighting his use of chemical weapons against Iraqi Kurds and Iranians, one rarely finds any mention of Washington's support for Saddam Hussein during the 1980's when these events happened. Moreover, while the Bush Administration has been busy undermining international treaties dealing with Chemical and Biological weapons, it has hypocritically insisted on unfettered inspections of Iraq's weapons of mass destruction, weapons which many experts and former inspectors, such as Scott Ritter, allege have been severely eroded. Nonetheless, the targeting of the truly despicable Saddam Hussein is a convenient propaganda device to exclude consideration of the death and destruction already suffered by innocent Iraqis. A war on Iraq will only further harm massive numbers of civilians without guaranteeing a democratic and stabile post-Saddam regime and region. Since the Bush Administration is more interested in seeking filial retribution and oil while sowing the seeds of further war-making possibilities, it refuses to recognize the catastrophic violent consequences of its intended intervention.

Part of the political numbing that the Bush Administration has visited on the American public is intimately connected to the fear and intimidation launched by the Ashcroft's jack-booted Department of Justice (sic). With overwhelming Congressional support, the USA Patriot Act was passed, establishing a wide variety of legal mechanisms to undermine the Bill of Rights. Although still used against those swarthy others, legislation is in place to deter real opposition to the policies of an increasingly authoritarian government. Added to this is the recent FBI reorganization, a reorganization that facilitates spying on the public without any court orders or even evidence of wrong-doing. Moreover, the Bush Administration has made clear its intent to deny constitutionally-mandated judicial oversight in its refusal to turn over documents to the judge overseeing one of the cases of a so-called "enemy combatant."

Perhaps it may be time to raise the whole matter of the "f" word. It certainly seems reasonable to call this erosion of liberties and rights creeping fascism, albeit a postmodern fascism that does not need to rely on mass mobilization for realizing a proto-fascist agenda. In one of the most brilliant analyses of everyday life in Nazi Germany, Detlev Peukert devoted a whole chapter to "The Atomization of Everyday Life" (Inside Nazi Germany, pp. 236-42). Combining a form of psychic numbing with political numbing, many Germans just retreated from any public political life and took refuge in their own isolation. Since there is much evidence to support the tendency towards atomization and privatization of everyday life in the United States, it may not require utilizing any reference to fascism, whether postmodern or not. On the other hand, when an administrative authority relies on the militarization of everyday life to pursue a repressive and aggressive agenda, it may be necessary to raise the specter of fascism.

Promising a war without end and hiding behind a jingoistic veil of war against terrorism, the Bush Administration is promoting its own narrow interests in oil and order. War-making was as essential to Italian and German fascism as it is to this illegal and illegitimate ruling clique in Washington, DC. If we are to avoid being dragged into further fascistic adventures, we need to throw off this psychic and political numbing and to mobilize at every level to oppose the policies and plans of a war-mad power elite.

Fran Shor teaches at Wayne State University in Detroit. He is an anti-war activist and member of several human rights and peace and justice organizations. E-mail:f.shor@wayne.edu

CAMPS FOR CITIZENS: ASHCROFT'S HELLISH VISION ATTORNEY GENERAL SHOWS HIMSELF AS A MENACE TO LIBERTY.

Published in the Los Angeles Times
by Jonathan Turley

Atty. Gen. John Ashcroft's announced desire for camps for US citizens he deems to be "enemy combatants" has moved him from merely being a political embarrassment to being a constitutional menace.

Ashcroft's plan, disclosed last week but little publicized, would allow him to order the indefinite incarceration of US citizens and summarily strip them of their constitutional rights and access to the courts by declaring them enemy combatants.

The proposed camp plan should trigger immediate congressional hearings and reconsideration of Ashcroft's fitness for this important office. Whereas Al Qaeda is a threat to the lives of our citizens, Ashcroft has become a clear and present threat to our liberties.

The camp plan was forged at an optimistic time for Ashcroft's small inner circle, which has been carefully watching two test cases to see whether this vision could become a reality. The cases of Jose Padilla and Yaser Esam Hamdi will determine whether US citizens can be held without charges and subject to the arbitrary and unchecked authority of the government.

Hamdi has been held without charge even though the facts of his case are virtually identical to those in the case of John Walker Lindh. Both Hamdi and Lindh were captured in Afghanistan as foot soldiers in Taliban units. Yet Lindh was given a lawyer and a trial, while Hamdi rots in a floating Navy brig in Norfolk, VA.

This week, the government refused to comply with a federal judge who ordered that he be given the underlying evidence justifying Hamdi's treatment. The Justice Department has insisted that the judge must simply accept its declaration and cannot interfere with the president's absolute authority in "a time of war."

In Padilla's case, Ashcroft initially claimed that the arrest stopped a plan to detonate a radioactive bomb in New York or Washington, D.C. The administration later issued an embarrassing correction that there was no evidence Padilla was on such a mission. What is clear is that Padilla is an American citizen and was arrested in the United States--two facts that should trigger the full application of constitutional rights.

Ashcroft hopes to use his self-made "enemy combatant" stamp for any citizen whom he deems to be part of a wider terrorist conspiracy.

Perhaps because of his discredited claims of preventing radiological terrorism, aides have indicated that a "high-level committee" will recommend which citizens are to be stripped of their constitutional rights and sent to Ashcroft's new camps.

Few would have imagined any attorney general seeking to reestablish such camps for citizens. Of course, Ashcroft is not considering camps on the order of the internment camps used to incarcerate Japanese American citizens in World War II. But he can be credited only with thinking smaller; we have learned from painful experience that unchecked authority, once tasted, easily becomes insatiable.

We are only now getting a full vision of Ashcroft's America. Some of his predecessors dreamed of creating a great society or a nation unfettered by racism. Ashcroft seems to dream of a country secured from itself, neatly contained and controlled by his judgment of loyalty.

For more than 200 years, security and liberty have been viewed as coexistent values. Ashcroft and his aides appear to view this relationship as lineal, where security must precede liberty.

Since the nation will never be entirely safe from terrorism, liberty has become a mere rhetorical justification for increased security.

Ashcroft is a catalyst for constitutional devolution, encouraging citizens to accept autocratic rule as their only way of avoiding massive terrorist attacks.

His greatest problem has been preserving a level of panic and fear that would induce a free people to surrender the rights so dearly won by their ancestors.

In "A Man for All Seasons," Sir Thomas More was confronted by a young lawyer, Will Roper, who sought his daughter's hand. Roper proclaimed that he would cut down every law in England to get after the devil.

More's response seems almost tailored for Ashcroft: "And when the last law was down and the devil turned round on you, where would you hide, Roper, the laws all being flat? ... This country's planted thick with laws from coast to coast ... and if you cut them down--and you are just the man to do it--do you really think you could stand upright in the winds that would blow then?"

Every generation has had Ropers and Ashcrofts who view our laws and traditions as mere obstructions rather than protections in times of peril. But before we allow Ashcroft to denude our own constitutional landscape, we must take a stand and have the courage to say, "Enough."

Every generation has its test of principle in which people of good faith can no longer remain silent in the face of authoritarian ambition. If we cannot join together to fight the abomination of American camps, we have already lost what we are defending.

Jonathan Turley is a professor of constitutional law at George Washington University.

PLAYING DEADLY POLITICS WITH FAMILY PLANNING

by Fred Sai
Published on Wednesday, August 14, 2002 in the Los Angeles Times

Even from my office in Ghana, it was clear that the recent US decision to cancel this year's contribution to the United Nations Population Fund had nothing to do with China's abortion policies and everything to do with politics.

But that didn't stop my blood from boiling. How could one man—albeit the US president—so easily wager human lives and human hopes for short-term political gain? This decision does nothing about China's population policies. It doesn't help the women of the world who need access to prenatal care, family planning, or other reproductive health services. This decision doesn't help those most vulnerable to HIV/AIDS. The only person helped by this decision is President Bush.

People say the decision was motivated by a desire to placate the Christian right and those who oppose family planning in the United States. How can a decision that will leave women and children to die be called "Christian?" This decision will undermine and erode established and new reproductive health-care programs in 140 countries, including some of the poorest in the world.

The only possible results are those the Bush administration claims it wants to prevent: unwanted pregnancies, unsafe abortions and increased dangers for mothers and infants. At a time when the world has finally begun to grasp the devastating scale and pervasiveness of the AIDS pandemic, this decision could not be more irresponsible.

Today, 40 million people are living with HIV/AIDS; some 14,000 more become infected each day. Ninety-five percent of these people live in the developing world, and it's precisely in these locations that the United Nations Population Fund seeks to expand its programs.

As an African living in Ghana, not a day goes by that I can forget about this disease, the toll it's taking on my people or how it is ravaging my continent. I am sad for the children of Africa—11 million of whom have been orphaned by AIDS. In high-prevalence countries in sub-Saharan Africa, at least one-third of all boys now age 15 will die of AIDS before their 35th birthday. The future of this continent is dying.

The population fund offers a beacon of hope in this otherwise gloomy picture. It has strong relationships with governments and local organizations; the agency is known, respected and trusted by the people it helps. Its programs are also cost-effective.

In less developed countries, a dollar or two is enough to buy some medicine, pay for a medical visit or supply contraceptives for three months or more. Sometimes it's enough to save a life. Of course, the $34 million being withheld by the United States may seem insignificant to a nation that spends $100 billion a year on fast food. Regrettably, the decision also marks another step backward for the US on international family planning overall.

Nearly a decade ago, I chaired the main committee at the International Conference on Population and Development in Cairo, where leaders of the world promised to help make universal access to family planning and other reproductive health services a reality for all people.

The international community is still little more than halfway toward the spending goals set for 2000 at that conference. Only four countries—the Netherlands, Denmark, Sweden and Norway—have met or achieved their "fair share" of the target funding. The United States trails by far.

There is word that the US Senate is working on language for next year's budget that will not only restore funding to the population fund but increase it to $50 million. This would be the right thing to do. I hope Congress and the American people will indeed restore funding and make clear to the president how unacceptable his decision is.

Fred Sai is advisor to the president of Ghana on reproductive health and HIV/AIDS and on the board of directors of Population Action International.

DAVIS' CHOICE: CALIFORNIA GOV. MUST DECIDE BETWEEN AGRIBUSINESS AND FARM WORKERS

by Bill Berkowitz

California Governor Gray Davis has a problem. He's involved in what could still turn out to be a tough reelection campaign against Republican challenger Bill Simon—despite the latter's uncanny ability to repeatedly shoot himself in the foot. The governor, whose campaign slogan could easily be "Show Me the Money," has an important decision to make. Will he side with the state's agribusiness interests or its farm workers?

In early August, both the California State Assembly and Senate passed the "Burton bill" (SB1736). It's named for San Francisco liberal John Burton and designed to "jump-start labor contracts that have been stalled for years between the United Farm Workers union and dozens of growers throughout the state," writes the *San Francisco Chronicle.*

Davis' problem? Should he veto the bill, as the state's $27 billion agriculture industry advises—an industry that has donated $1.5 million to his campaign—or should he sign it, thus finally giving the farmworkers union (which has consistently supported him over the years) an opportunity to sign contracts with growers who refuse to negotiate in good faith?

The Cesar Chavez-founded United Farm Workers (UFW) claims that of the 428 union groups that have organized since 1975, only 185 have signed contracts with growers. According to union sources, the bill is the only way to force the agriculture industry to take contract negotiations seriously.

The fundamental issue is that "tens of thousands of farm workers who at one time voted for the UFW have never enjoyed the life-changing benefits of union contracts," said UFW president Arturo Rodriguez. "What good is it to have the right to organize if you can't get union contracts?," UFW spokesman Marc Grossman told the *Chronicle.* A *Chronicle* editorial (August 9) said that "UFW['s] talks with D'Arrigo Brothers, one of the state's biggest vegetable growers, have been stalemated for 27 years."

The situation at the Pictsweet Mushroom Farm in Ventura epitomizes the union's plight. It won a contract at Pictsweet in 1975 in one of the first elections held under the Agricultural Labor Relations Act (ALRA). (After years of hard-fought bloody battles in the fields and effective UFW-organized boycotts in the cities, the ALRA, a state law giving farm workers the right to vote for representation for the first time, was signed into law in August 1975 by then Gov. Jerry Brown during his first year in office. At the time, Gray Davis was Brown's Chief of Staff.)

According to the *Los Angeles Times,* workers at Pictsweet "have been without a contract since 1987, and talks in recent years between the company and the United Farm Workers have failed to progress." The *Times* reports that the "union maintained contracts with a series of owners at the Ventura plant over the years, but that ended in 1987 when Tennessee-based United Foods Inc. bought the facility. Since then, UFW officials say they have tried a number of times to get a new contract but have made little headway in their demands for higher wages, dental and vision coverage, less-costly medical insurance and a pension plan."

The Burton bill, which passed the Senate by a 22-10 vote, allows either side to appeal to the Agricultural Labor Relations Board when growers and farmworkers are unable to reach an agreement on wages or benefits. "The board," reports the Chronicle, "would then require a month of contract mediation, and if talks failed, the board would appoint an arbitrator to work out a binding contract."

In mid June, the Western Growers Association characterized the bill as "tak[ing] away a grower's freedom to contract in labor disputes while placing the fate of all employment negotiations in the hands of inexperienced arbitrators."

On August 8, the California Farm Bureau Federation (CFBF) issued a press release urging Gov. Davis to veto the bill. Arguing that the bill gives farmworkers an unfair advantage over growers, CFBF president Bill Pauli said: "Through the legislative process, we argued for fairness and reasonableness and to uphold the framework of the Agricultural Labor Relations Act itself. This bill is anything but fair and imposes unique requirements that are unparalleled in the private sector. It is a job killer because it will force farmers out of business."

The latest newspaper accounts have Sen. Burton claiming that Gov. Davis, who has not taken a position on the bill, will veto the bill. Both agribusiness and the union are doing what they do best to convince the governor to support their side in the dispute: the agriculture industry no doubt has lobbyists strolling the state Capitol building with promises of greater financial support, while the Chronicle reports that the UFW began a vigil at the Capitol on Thursday, August 8.

Over the years, the California Agricultural Labor Relations Act has had a precarious roller coaster of a history. When Republicans ran the state, the ALRA tilted dramatically towards agribusiness interests. When Davis was elected governor nearly four years ago, it signaled the possibility of restoring some balance to the Act's enforcement. And the Burton Bill would help make up for years of grower unresponsiveness to union demands.

But Gov. Davis is first and foremost a politician who knows where the money is. Since his election, the governor has frequently gone out of his way to restrain the more liberal Democratic representatives in California's legislature—often defying Democratic majorities. A veto of this bill would not only once again frustrate Democrats, it would be a devastating blow to those who have worked long and hard for justice for farm workers.

The UFW is calling on supporters to E-mail Governor Davis, urging him to sign SB1736. (For more from the UFW, see http://www.ufw.org/politics.htm.)

For more please see the Bill Berkowitz archive.

Bill Berkowitz is a longtime observer of the conservative movement. His WorkingForChange column Conservative Watch documents the strategies, players, institutions, victories and defeats of the American Right.

EX-PRES. IGNORES MASSACRE QUESTIONS

MEXICO CITY (AP) - Former President Luis Echeverria Alvarez refused Tuesday to answer federal prosecutors' questions about his alleged role in the killing of 28 people during a 1968 student protest.

The 80-year-old former president had until Tuesday to answer 186 written questions about his administration's role in the massacre, which took place in the Tlatelolco Plaza in Mexico City as the country's capital prepared to host the 1968 Olympic Games (news - web sites).

But there was little lead prosecutor Ignacio Carrillo Prieto could do to make him honor the deadline.

Echeverria's lawyers said Tuesday that their client chose not to answer the questions because of constitutional amendments protecting the privacy of current and former Mexican presidents.

The lawyers did not rule out the possibility that Echeverria might answer at least some of the questions later.

Last month, Echeverria requested more time to prepare his answers because of his poor health, but was turned down. He was recently hospitalized with non-life-threatening respiratory ailments.

Raul Alvarez, the activist head of the 68 Committee, a group of friends and relatives of those killed in the massacre, said prosecutors could still ask a judge to force Echeverria to answer their questions.

Last month, Echeverria appeared before prosecutors to hear accusations that he was behind the killings of activists in 1968 and 1971. He later said publicly that while "errors" had been made, he didn't feel responsible for the brutal repression of student demonstrators during his 1970-76 administration.

AFGHANISTAN IS ON THE BRINK OF ANOTHER DISASTER

Published in the Independent/UK
by Robert Fisk

The garden was overgrown, the roses scrawny after a day of Kandahar heat, the dust in our eyes, noses, mouth, fingernails. But the message was straightforward. "This is a secret war," the Special Forces man told me. "And this is a dirty war. You don't know what is happening." And of course, we are not supposed to know. In a "war against terror," journalists are supposed to keep silent and rely on the good guys to sort out the bad guys without worrying too much about human rights.

How many human rights did the mass killers of 11 September allow their victims? You are either with us or against us. Whose side are you on? But the man in the garden was worried. He was not an American. He was one of the "coalition allies," as the Americans like to call the patsies who have trotted after them into the Afghan midden. "The Americans don't know what to do here now," he went on. "Their morale in Afghanistan is going downhill—though there's no problem with the generals running things in Tampa. They're still gung-ho. But here the soldiers know things haven't gone right, that things aren't working. Even their interrogations went wrong." Brutally so, it seems.

In the early weeks of this year, the Americans raided two Afghan villages, killed 10 policemen belonging to the US-supported government of Hamid Karzai and started mistreating the survivors. American reporters—in a rare show of mouse-like courage amid the self-censorship of their usual reporting—quoted the prisoners as saying they had been beaten by US troops. According to Western officials in Kandahar, the US troops "gave the prisoners a thrashing."

Things have since changed. The American forces in Afghanistan, it seems, now leave the beatings to their Afghan allies, especially members of the so-called Afghan Special Forces, a Washington-supported group of thugs who are based in the former Khad secret police torture center in Kabul. "It's the Afghan Special Forces who beat the Pashtun prisoners for information now—not the Americans," the Western military man told me. "But the CIA are there during the beatings, so the Americans are culpable, they let it happen."

This is just how the Americans began in Vietnam. They went in squeaky clean with advisers, there were some incidents of "termination with extreme prejudice," after which it was the Vietnamese intelligence boys who did the torture. The same with the Russians. When their soldiers poured across the border in 1979, they quickly left it to their Afghan allies in the Parcham and Khad secret police to carry out the "serious" interrogations. And if this is what the Americans are now up to in Afghanistan, what is happening to their prisoners at Guantanamo? Or, for that matter, at Bagram, the airbase north of Kabul to which all prisoners in Kandahar are now sent for investigation if local interrogators believe their captives have more to say.

Of course, it's possible to take a step back from this dark and sinister corner of America's Afghan adventure. In the aftermath of the Taliban's defeat humanitarian workers have achieved some little miracles. Unicef reports 486 female teachers at work in the five south-western provinces of the country with 16,674 girls now at school. Only in Uruzgan, where the Taliban were strongest, has not a single female teacher been employed. UN officials can boast that in these same, poverty-belt provinces, polio has now been almost eradicated.

The UN was fighting polio before the Taliban collapsed, and the drugs whose production the Taliban banned are now back on the market. The poppy fields are growing in Helmand province again, and in Uruzgan local warlords are trying to avoid government control in order to cultivate their own new poppy production centers. In Kabul, where two government ministers have been murdered in seven months, President Karzai is now protected—at his own request—by American bodyguards. And you don't have to be a political analyst to know what kind of message this sends to Afghans.

Kabul is alive with the kind of rumors that can never be substantiated but that stick in the mind, just as the dust of Kandahar stays in the throat and on the lips of all who go there. "The British forces were right to leave," a British humanitarian worker announced over dinner in Kabul one night. "They realized that the Americans had no real interest in returning this country to law and order. They knew that the Americans were going to fail. So they got out as soon as they could. The Americans say they want peace and stability. So why don't they let ISAF (the international force in Kabul) move into the other big cities of Afghanistan? Why do they let their friendly warlords persecute the rest of the country?"

Far more disturbing are persistent reports from northern Afghanistan of the massacre of thousands of Pashtuns after the slaughter at General Dostum's Qal-i-Jangi fort last November These mass murders, according to a humanitarian worker I have known for two decades—he played a brave role in preventing killings in Lebanon in 1982—went on into December with the full knowledge of the Americans. But the US did nothing about it, any more than they did about the 600 Pakistani prisoners at Shirbagan, some of whom are still dying of starvation and ill-treatment at the hands of their Northern Alliance captors.

"There are mass graves all across the north, and the Americans, who know about this, have said nothing," my old friend said. "The British intelligence people knew this, too. And the British have said nothing."

There are those in Kabul who suspect that the Americans are now in Afghanistan for secondary reasons: to operate in and out of Pakistan, rather than in Afghanistan itself. "They've had plenty of muck-ups in Afghanistan and they could not base thousands of their soldiers in Pakistan," a Western officer in Kabul said. "They're safer here, and now they can go in and out of Pakistan and keep the pressure on Musharraf from here—and on the Iranians too."

Last week, The Independent revealed that FBI officers have been seizing Arabs from their homes in Pakistan and bringing them across the border to Afghanistan for interrogation at Bagram.

It was the Special Forces man in the south who saw things a little more globally. "Perhaps the Americans can start withdrawing if there's another war—if they go to war in Iraq. But the US can't handle two wars at the same time. They would be overstretched." So to end America's "war against terror" in Afghanistan—a war that has left the drug-dealers of the Northern Alliance in disproportionate control of the Afghan government, many al-Qa'ida men on the loose and absolutely no peace in the country—we have to have another war in Iraq.

As if the Israeli-Palestine conflict is not enough. But when Donald Rumsfeld, the US Secretary of Defense, can identify only a "so-called" Israeli-occupied territory on the West Bank—the occupation troops there presumably being mistaken by the Pentagon as Swiss or Burmese soldiers—there's not much point in taking a reality check in Washington.

The truth is that Afghanistan is on the brink of another disaster. Pakistan is now slipping into the very anarchy of which its opposition warned. And the Palestinian-Israeli war is now out of control. So we really need a war in Iraq, don't we?

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U.S. HYPOCRISY IN INDONESIA

by Kenneth Roth
Published in the International Herald Tribune

NEW YORK - Following the spate of recent business scandals in the United States, President George W. Bush called for "a new ethic of personal responsibility in the business world." Yet the State Department has recommended dismissal of a lawsuit alleging corporate complicity in violent human rights abuse in Indonesia. Its actions suggest that the administration's concern with corporate responsibility ends at the US borders.

The lawsuit was filed in federal court in Washington by 11 residents of Aceh, the westernmost province of Indonesia and site of a vicious war between separatist guerrillas and the Indonesian military. In the suit, the plaintiffs charge that they were raped, tortured or kidnapped - or their relatives murdered - by Indonesian soldiers paid to protect a big Exxon Mobil natural gas plant in the province.

On a visit to Aceh a year ago for Human Rights Watch, I heard first-hand about atrocities by both sides. Often in reprisal for abusive guerrilla attacks, Indonesian troops shot and beat civilians and torched villages. The issue in the lawsuit is whether Exxon Mobil is complicit in these abuses through alleged "logistical and material" support given to Indonesian troops protecting operations it runs in north Aceh. Exxon Mobil denies the allegations.

The suit was brought under various US federal statutes including the Alien Tort Claims Act of 1789. This law has been interpreted to permit victims of serious human rights violations abroad to seek civil damages in US courts against their alleged abusers who are found in the United States. Despite its ancient vintage, the first human rights case was brought under the law only in 1979. Suits against corporations began in the 1990s, mostly against oil and mining companies operating in conflict-ridden countries. The Exxon Mobil suit could be an important test case clarifying the human rights rules governing efforts to maintain the security of such operations.

At Exxon Mobil's suggestion, the judge in the case sought the nonbinding opinion of the State Department as to whether the suit would adversely affect American interests. The response, by the department's legal adviser, William Taft 4th, said that US interests would be harmed and recommended the suit's dismissal.

The State Department justifies its position with a series of strained and contradictory arguments. On the one hand, it fears an Indonesia so powerful that it will retaliate against US companies and cease cooperating in the war on terrorism. On the other hand, it portrays an Indonesian economy so fragile that it could be devastated should the lawsuit discourage foreign investment.

Clearly, both can't be true, and probably neither is. Indonesia cannot afford to turn its back on the world's largest economy. And the investment it needs should not be of the sort, as the suit alleges, that underwrites the separatist and communal violence plaguing the country.

The State Department presumes that the Indonesian government will see the suit as "interference in its internal affairs." To back this up, it submits a letter from the Indonesian ambassador in Washington taking exception to US adjudication of "an allegation against an Indonesian government institution."

However, the suit is not brought against an Indonesian government institution but against Exxon Mobil for alleged complicity in serious human rights abuse. It is entirely appropriate for US courts to uphold basic standards of conduct for US-based corporations.

The administration's position speaks poorly for its vision of both corporate responsibility and the war on terrorism. Corporate responsibility is not simply a matter of transparent balance sheets. It is also a matter of how companies treat people.

Nor does it advance the war on terrorism for the US government to turn a blind eye toward alleged security force violence against civilians. It is hypocritical and ineffective to accept such violence in the name of one's own cause while trying to deny it to others in pursuit of theirs. The Bush administration should support legal scrutiny of any allegation of violent abuse, not make exceptions when US corporations are implicated.

The writer, executive director of Human Rights Watch in New York, contributed this comment to the *International Herald Tribune.*

CANADA AND US GO 'GREEN' AT WORLD'S EXPENSE

by Haider Rizvi
Published on Wednesday, August 14, 2002 by Inter Press Service

UNITED NATIONS—A new UN study urges the United States and Canada to take more responsibility for the damage they have done to the world's natural resources and climate in the past 30 years.

The neighbors' success in improving local environments—where their people live with clean water and air and enjoy green spaces—has come at the expense of global resources and climate, says "North America's Environment: A 30-Year State of the Environment and Policy Retrospective," released Tuesday.

The report points out that each Canadian and American consumes nine times more gasoline than any other person in the world. With only five per cent of the world's population, the countries generate more than 25 per cent of global emissions of heat-causing carbon dioxide.

The study was carried out by the United Nations Environment Program (UNEP) in collaboration with the World Resources Institute (WRI), a Washington-based environmental think-tank, the International Institute for Sustainable Development (IISD) and the Commission for Environmental Cooperation of the North American Agreement on Environmental Cooperation

"While Canada and the US have had notable success in resolving a lot of environmental problems, progress has been slowed down due to increasing consumption by their growing population," says Brennan Van Dyke, one of the authors of the report and UNEP regional director.

In the past 30 years, the two countries have not only succeeded in stabilizing desertification and reducing toxic wastes discharged into the Great Lakes—the world's largest freshwater system—but also made considerable efforts to protect their wetlands, the study says.

Both countries have also preserved more than 11 per cent of their land areas as national parks and other protected areas.

Noting that in the past two decades the US reduced its sulphur dioxide emissions by more than 30 per cent, the report says that both countries have nearly stopped using non-essential chlorofluorocarbon (CFC), which marks a significant shift towards protecting the ozone layer.

But the report notes that Canada and the US still face "serious challenges before North America is on a sustainable development path." For example, both countries continue to face soil degradation and wetlands losses.

The report urges the two countries to adopt policies that promote sustainable patterns of production and consumption, a theme of the upcoming World Summit on Sustainable Development (WSSD), which opens in Johannesburg, South Africa, later this month.

The report's authors also say both countries must make "substantial and concrete changes" in the way they use automobiles, relying on more fuel-efficient technologies. Urban development strategies need to be revamped to stem the overgrowth of cities, they add.

UNEP researchers estimate the US transportation sector accounts for more than one-third of the energy consumed by the entire world.

Effective reforms are possible with the right policies and the political will to implement them, the authors argue. "The US is a leader in environmental policy design and can support others in improving the environment and economy," says Paul Faeth, vice president of WSI.

"The US contribution to environmental problems is disproportionately large. We owe it the rest of the world to be leaders, not laggards in this critical arena."

VENEZUELA'S SUPREME COURT DISMISSES COUP TRIAL

By Patrick Markey

CARACAS, Venezuela (Reuters) - Venezuela's supreme court voted on Wednesday to dismiss a case against four military officers accused of rebellion in a coup against President Hugo Chavez, sparking street protests in parts of central Caracas.

Government officials appealed for calm as sporadic gunfire broke out and supporters of the populist president, angered by the ruling, set fire to tires and used buses to block several main streets near Miraflores presidential palace.

"We're calling for calm and we must respect the decision whether we like it or not," said Vice President Jose Vicente Rangel. "We must respect the rules of democracy."

National guard troops backed by armored vehicles fired a storm of tear gas and plastic pellets to disperse a few hundred Chavez supporters who were protesting at the ruling.

Most of Caracas remained peaceful. In the capital's wealthier eastern section, the heartland of Chavez opposition, residents set off firecrackers to celebrate the court decision. At least one soldier and a cameraman were slightly injured in the protests, officials said.

Violent demonstrations have rocked central Caracas over the last two weeks as police clashed with pro-Chavez protesters demanding a trial. At least nine people were wounded by gunfire last week during protests.

Last week's violence was the worst since the April 11-14 uprising as the court case inflamed political tensions between supporters and foes of Chavez, a former paratrooper who led a botched rebellion in 1992 before turning to the ballot box.

Supreme Court judges had already rejected two attempts to put the officers on trial, arguing that there was insufficient evidence to support the attorney general's rebellion case.

The supreme court president, Ivan Rincon, said the case had been dismissed because the crime of rebellion could not be applied to the actions of the officers.

"I can't believe they can say there was no coup here," said Nelly Figueroa, a Chavez supporter demonstrating after the decision. "Only God can help us now."

BLAME GAME, BITTER DIVISIONS

Earlier Chavez had urged calm ahead of the court decision and called for talks to ease the deep political rancor dividing his oil-rich nation four months after the coup.

"Four months on, we've left behind the possibility of killing ourselves. We're traveling the road to construction, not destruction, a road to peace, not to war," the president told government officials and diplomats at the inauguration of a national dialogue commission.

The four accused officers maintained they acted within the law when they stepped in to fill a power vacuum after the president resigned. They said they acted to avoid bloodshed when gunmen opened fire on an April 11 protest shortly before the coup.

Loyal troops and street protesters restored Chavez to power shortly after he was ousted in April. But reconciliation talks have since faltered and fears of more political upheaval keep Venezuela on edge. Supporters and foes of Chavez blame each other for more than 60 deaths during April's violence.

Government officials said the accused military officers were still under investigation, but they remained at liberty while awaiting a ruling on the rebellion allegations.

Chavez has blamed wealthy, political foes for the coup against him and for trying to manipulate the court decision in favor of dismissing the charges against the officers. Opposition leaders say the president threatened the supreme court judges.

(Additional reporting by Ana Isabel Martinez)

SOUTH KOREA'S KIM SAYS NORTH TALKS OKAY BUT ACTION NEEDED

SEOUL, Aug 15 (Reuters) - South Korean President Kim Dae-jung said on Thursday this week's high-level talks with North Korea had made some progress but the key would be translating promises into action.

The rivals agreed on Wednesday after three days of talks in Seoul to hold economic discussions and briefly reunite some families. But they failed to agree when to hold military talks to help build a railway across the world's most fortified frontier.

"Some meaningful agreements were reached," Kim said in a Liberation Day speech read on his behalf by Acting Prime Minister Chang Dae-whan. "What is important is carrying them out."

Kim, who is 77, has pneumonia and doctors advised him not to deliver the speech, a significant policy statement akin to a state of the nation address. August 15 is the anniversary of the end of Japanese colonial rule in 1945.

Kim vowed to pursue his "Sunshine Policy" of engaging North Korea but said Seoul had learned lessons from a North-South naval clash in disputed waters in June and had established "a more solid security posture."

REPUBLIC OF CONGO PRESIDENT SWORN IN

By Louis Okamba, Associated Press Writer

BRAZZAVILLE, Republic of Congo (AP) - President Denis Sassou-Nguesso promised to fight corruption as he was sworn in Wednesday after winning this central African nation's first elections since back-to-back civil wars.

"Too many men and women in public service in our country lack professional consciousness and patriotic consciousness," Sassou-Nguesso said.

"These failings, I plan to fight with all my energy, so that sound and transparent management of public affairs can be established once and for all."

International lending organizations have repeatedly complained about the level of corruption in the Republic of Congo, an oil-rich country that borders the much larger Congo.

A government investigation last year found that some 75 percent of annual customs earnings were embezzled by state agents and their accomplices. But no charges were filed against those responsible.

Republic of Congo was wracked by successive civil wars in the 1990s. Peace accords were signed at the end of 1999, but resurgent rebels from those wars have launched attacks in recent months in the southern Pool region.

Despite the violence, a series of elections to restore constitutional rule took place this year.

Sassou-Nguesso, who headed a one-party Marxist state from 1979 until 1992, seized power during fighting in 1997.

He won the March presidential poll, and his party also took a majority of seats in parliamentary and municipal elections.

Among those attending Wednesday's inauguration were the presidents of Gabon, Mali, Central African Republic, Sao Tome and Principe, Chad and Equatorial Guinea.

French Cooperation Minister Pierre-Andre Wiltzer was also present for the ceremony in the former French colony.

MEXICO LEADER RECONSIDERS U.S. TRIP

By Mark Stevenson, Associated Press Writer

MEXICO CITY (AP) - President Vicente Fox was reconsidering an upcoming trip to Texas after officials there executed convicted cop-killer Javier Suarez Medina.

Fox had announced an Aug. 26-28 trip to Texas including a visit with President Bush. But asked about the trip on Wednesday afternoon, he said: "We are going to wait and see ... how things go today."

Suarez was executed Wednesday evening after apologizing for the crime and asking forgiveness from the relatives of the slain police officer. Fox had no immediate comment, his office said.

Mexican lawmakers had issued a last-minute appeal for clemency, and the prisoner's relatives and friends prayed for his life in the Mexican border town of Piedras Negras.

Suarez, 33, admitted he killed anti-drug agent Lawrence Cadena during a drug bust in Dallas, Texas, in 1988, but said he didn't know his victim was a policeman.

Fox had issued several appeals for clemency, saying Suarez was a Mexican citizen and was denied his right to assistance from the Mexican consulate at the time of his arrest. Under the Vienna Convention of Consular Relations, detained foreign nationals must be told of their right to contact their consulates.

Texas officials said it is unclear on which side of the border Suarez was born. He spoke English fluently and lived in the United States most his life.

The execution came at a delicate moment for relations, with Mexican politics becoming increasingly radicalized and relations with the United States suffering from a series of spats.

Fox, the most pro-U.S. president in Mexico's recent history, is already widely seen as having been brushed off by the American government in his appeals for a broad immigration accord. For many, the scheduled execution emphasized his lack of influence north of the border. In Piedras Negras, across the border from Eagle Pass, Texas, Suarez's family and supporters had prayed that he would be spared.

BLOWING THE WHISTLE ON WEST NILE—SHADES OF 1950s AND DDT

by Lynn Landes

I'm reminded of the 1950s...TV newscasts showing clouds of DDT sprayed on a clueless public, compromising their health and contaminating the environment for decades to come, as Rachel Carson writes "Silent Spring." But the time is now, other toxic pesticides have joined the ranks in our wayward war against mosquitoes, and the Rachels of today are drowned out by a media rushing to sound the alarm, rather than report the news.

And the news is—pesticides pose a much greater health hazard than the West Nile virus.

DEET, Anvil, and other toxic pesticides are aggressively promoted to protect the public from a mosquito bite that appears to be, statistically, less dangerous than a dog bite or bee sting. And the CDC seems to agree. On its website it says, "Human illness from West Nile virus is rare, even in areas where the virus has been reported. The chance that any one person is going to become ill from a mosquito bite is low."

Since 1999 only a handful of deaths per year have been associated with West Nile, even though the virus has been found in 33 states.

The fact that this "health crisis" has been exaggerated, and that chemical spraying is usually the least effective yet most toxic way to control mosquitoes, has deterred some state officials, but not others. The New York State Health Department backed away from recommending wholesale spraying after finding that more people got sick from the pesticides than from the virus. However, Louisiana has just asked for $17 million in federal aid, and Mississippi is following suit. There's no word yet on how the money is to be allocated, but rest assured the pesticide companies stand to benefit.

Meanwhile, some citizen groups are taking matters into their own hands. The No Spray Coalition is suing New York City to stop pesticide spraying in their neighborhoods.

There's a good deal of information on government and other websites about the toxic effects of pesticides, but a comprehensive picture of the specific pesticides and issues involved in the West Nile campaign is well laid out in a report called "Overkill: Why Pesticide Spraying for West Nile Virus May Cause More Harm Than Good" by the Maine Environmental Policy Institute (MEPI) and the Toxics Action Center.

In short, they report that these pesticides offer a toxic legacy: short- and long-term respiratory problems, immune and nervous system disruption, cancer, and reproductive and learning disorders. That covers just about everything you'd never want to get.

The "Overkill" report also emphasizes the association between outdoor pesticide sprays and neurological damage, stating, "A report of pesticides and childhood brain cancers published in Environmenta Health Perspectives (a publication of the National Institutes of Health) revealed a strong relationship between brain cancers and pyrethroids used to kill fleas and ticks." Anvil, a pyrethroid, is a popular pesticide used by state agencies to control mosquitoes.

The use of DEET in mosquito repellents is extremely troubling. DEET has been associated with seizures and several cases of toxic encephalopathy (encephalitis) in children, including three deaths, according to the Extension Toxicology Network at Cornell University.

The battle against West Nile is supposed to prevent a virus that can cause encephalitis. It appears the cure can cause the disease. That would be ironic, if it weren't so tragic.

Dr. Mohamed Abou-Donia, a research scientist at Duke University Medical Center, whose studies have established a link between DEET and neurological damage in animals, warns parents in a recent Environmental News Service article, "Never use insect repellents on infants, and be wary of using them on children in general. Never combine insecticides with each other or use them with other medications. Even so simple a drug as an antihistamine could interact with DEET to cause toxic side effects. Don't spray your yard for bugs and then take medications. Until we have more data on potential interactions in humans, safe is better than sorry."

Meanwhile, state and federal agencies, including the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) and the Centers for Disease Control (CDC), are encouraging the public to use mosquito repellents containing DEET. Although the CDC warns parents to avoid applying repellent on children less than 2 years old, the EPA and other state agencies are not giving that caution. The EPA instead advises, "Do not allow children to handle the products, and do not apply to children's hands. When using on children, apply to your own hands and then put it on the child."

Have these people ever met a child? Children touch everything and everybody, including themselves. And then they put their pudgy little fingers directly into their mouths.

While the battle plan's objective is to target the mosquitoes that carry West Nile, the strikes won't be 'precision' and the collateral damage could be vast. Pesticides and larvicides can impact fish, insects, animals, and humans. And although the public has been told to lather up with DEET, spray pesticides, and eliminate standing water, little has been said about using select plants, birds, bugs, fish, and amphibians—gifts of nature that help control mosquitoes.

It seems we're traveling in a deadly circle. Spraying for West Nile, while we're gassing ourselves. Falling for a health scare, when the real scare is the alleged cure. And the real cure can be found in the natural world we're attacking.

Welcome to the 1950s. Rachel must be rolling in her grave.

Lynn Landes is a freelance journalist specializing in environmental issues. She is a weekly commentator on the BBC's Radio Five Live and reports environmental news for DUTV in Philadelphia, PA (EcoTalk.org).

Links: http://www.meepi.org/wnv/overkillma.htm http://pmep.cce.cornell.edu/profiles/extoxnet/carbaryl-dicrotophos/deet-ext.html www.NoSpray.org

SRI LANKA TO LIFT BAN ON TAMIL REBELS BEFORE TALKS

COLOMBO, Sri Lanka (Reuters) - Sri Lanka's government will lift a ban on separatist Tamil Tiger rebels 10 days before peace talks that will begin mid September aimed at ending one of Asia's most protracted ethnic wars. "It was always going to be at least 10 days before," Bradman Weerakoon, the prime minister's secretary told Reuters.

The Liberation Tigers of Tamil Eelam (LTTE), which signed a Norwegian-brokered cease-fire with the government in February, had said it would not continue the peace bid with a ban in place.

The Norwegian government said Wednesday that peace talks would begin in Thailand on a date between September 12 and September 17.

The government outlawed the guerrilla group, fighting since 1983 for an ethnic Tamil state in the north and east of the country, after it blew up a Buddhist temple in 1998.

About half a dozen countries including India, United States and Britain maintain a ban on the group.

The ethnic war between majority Sinhalese government and minority Tamil separatists has been waging since 1983 and killed about 64,000 people.

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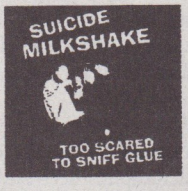

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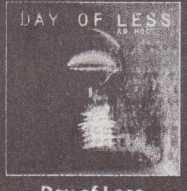

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All Ages Access to Music and Art Is a Necessity and an Asset

by Mike McKee

Everybody gets paid these days.

With professionalism as a increasingly bright star in the underground solar system, the opportunities, advantages and consequences of collusion with the rules and standards of the established music industry are more obscured than they have been for the past several years.

Perhaps for the established music industry, however, the lines are drawn a bit more clearly, as we, heretofore known as "the punks," are quite simply "the competition"—a converging market force to be neutralized.

Perhaps no clearer example of this can be found than in Philadelphia, where the City and private interests have entered into a campaign to systematically shut down all mid-size independent shows held at alternative venues.

At stake is the ability of people of all ages to organize or gather to enjoy live, independent music outside of the tired entertainment industry staples. The argument from the City has been peppered with talk of licensing and code violations.

We will continue, in the good graces or in spite of our City fathers to...

1) Gather and enjoy music in spaces in which we feel comfortable and respected

2) Maintain that age and alcohol consumption are not prerequisites to an appreciation of music and the arts.

3) Create alternatives to a City that offers insufficient creative resources and outlets to young people; alternatives to profit-driven businesses whose priorities do not match our own—in short, continue our attempt at creating and maintaining a viable, creative community as an alternative to the music industry model.

Operating outside the realms of licenses and City approval has served Philadelphia (and countless other scenes) for years. A direct and intentional attack on these sorts of events, however, calls for some clever thinking, widespread support from artists, patrons of punk events and the booking-and-labeled gentry if we are to keep the autonomy we've enjoyed thus far.

While this is the story of Philadelphia in the summer of 2002, it is certainly not an isolated situation...

Banned (but not) from the Pubs

On Friday, July 12, in the middle of a show with Boston's The Explosion, The Boils and The Curse (featuring Beau from Kill The Man Who Questions/Rambo, and Dave Hass from Paint it Black), four Philadelphia police officers arrived to serve "Cease Operations" orders to the First Unitarian Church in center city. The welcoming church, established in 1796, had opened its doors for community events off and on for over 200 years despite the rather secular interest of us hedonist punk rockers. Quite suddenly, the city decided the space was not legally allowed to hold entertainment events of any kind (including monthly Narcotics Anonymous sponsored socials and dances).

In addition to after school programs and faith-based social groups, the First Unitarian had also served for about eight years as a home to all-ages punk shows hosted by the Cabbage Collective, Mike McKee/Books Through Bars, The Bookmobile Project and, most frequently Sean Agnew's R5 Productions, the city's single largest provider of indie all-ages shows in alternative, non-commercial venues.

In the eight years of shows at the FUC, there has never been a single citation, misdemeanor, fine or warning issued to the church or any of the punk show promoters. Local businesses such as Gianna's Grille (a popular pizzeria offering a hefty vegan menu) have grown and prospered along with the shows heralded by the Philadelphia City Paper and The Philadelphia Weekly as some of the best in the city.

Rather than commending such a self-initiated positive achievement on the part of the region's young people, the City has opted to shut down the operations, as it has several other all-ages rooms and venues including the famous Stalag 13 warehouse, the Killtime warehouse and the 4040/Rotunda building opened with assistance from the University of Pennsylvania.

It's Only Alcohol (AKA Our Town)

In the state of Pennsylvania and the City of Philadelphia, antiquated liquor laws state it is illegal for anyone under the age of 21 to even enter an establishment serving alcohol. X'd up hands do nothing in the 215. Unfortunately, because of this law, club and venue owners in the city are uninterested in hosting all-ages shows, as they are unable to make a profit on the crowds. The end result is an absence of smaller to medium sized venues that will host a steady calendar of events for people under (and over) the age of 21 to attend.

As the nations' fifth largest city, this leaves those who are under the age of 21 in Philadelphia with little or nothing to do. Those who look to unlicensed raves/dancehalls or skateboarding for an alternative outlet will find the City just as accommodating.

A quick word on the economics of an all-ages show. Five to eight dollar admission for a space holding close to 100 to 300 people pays for a headliner or two from out of town (or a benefactor such as a legal defense or social justice group), the cost of a rented hall, a rented PA and/or someone to work the system, fliers/posters and promotion. Now depending on what sorts of bands you're working with, you're going to come up with varying numbers and various expenses—a What Happens Next show is going to look different on paper than a Rainer Maria show. However you work the math, a few (or ten or a dozen) thousand dollars left aside each month to pay rent for a

legal venue without alcohol sales is about as likely as the chances of any member of Chain of Strength still being 'edge. In Philly, the issue at hand is one more of survival than greed.

This is why for years, all ages shows have taken place in various "alternative" locations (Unitarian Church, Rotunda, Killtime, Stalag 13, etc.) in relative seclusion from the commercial age-restricted shows.

Maybe no one counted on just how popular a space would be if it wasn't smoky and stocked with overpriced drinks, staffed by grumpy bouncers, exhausted sound techs ("you with the band, baby?") and promoters/managers who just want to wrap up a day of work. In a few short years, Sean Agnew's R5 Productions has taken the DIY ethics laid down by Philly trailblazers like the Cabbage Collective and brought it into the realm of nationally recognized, semi-pro acts such as Alkaline Trio, Bis, and Bright Eyes. (Say what you will about some of the bands, the fact that Philly has an alternative to a large, impersonal club setting is an achievement to be celebrated and maintained.) While house shows and less-than-80-person shows are as yet unaffected by these events, in Philadelphia an attack on R5 cuts to the heart of 80% of the 100-to-600-person all-ages events.

The disadvantage of the all-ages alternative and its popularity has been that it's become more difficult for professional promoters to do legal (age-restricted) shows at commercial venues. And why shouldn't a longtime supporter of music such as the people at Philadelphia's Khyber Pass or the North Star Bar be able to make a living doing what they like to do—after all, one of the nice men even does Fugazi's taxes, so it's not as though the flipside is necessarily an evil corporate ogre.

But, a few words about that ogre....

Government and Industry: Clear Channel and City Politics in Synergy

Following the shut down of the Unitarian Church, many all-ages shows scheduled there were relocated to the Rotunda, a building owned by the University of Pennsylvania, the largest corporation in the city, virtually untouchable.

Minutes before the first relocated show was to begin, uniformed police and a handsomely dressed (read: cop) detective named Thomas (I shit you not) Rambo arrived on the scene asking the whereabouts of Agnew. The police promptly shut down the show, despite the fact a University student had now adopted the shows from Agnew's R5 Productions and had legally rented the room through his school. Citing internet printouts and punk fliers with the R5 name, the cops shut down the Rotunda, posting officers at each main entrance of the building late into the night. In discussions with show volunteers and university students, the police in clear language named R5's Sean Agnew, saying the Vice President of Philadelphia's Department of Licenses & Inspections had a distinct vendetta on Agnew and his popular all-ages shows.

The next day, the Rotunda building received a "Cease Operations" notice from L&I (as it is affectionately known around Philly) explaining that "Live Music" did not in fact fall under the Rotunda's license for "Arts and Theater."

The Department of Licenses & Inspections (bribery, misallocated funds and trips to strip clubs on the taxpayer's dime is our specialty) is the arm of the city executing these venue and show shut downs. L&I is a complaint-driven body, relying on tip-offs and complaints as much if not more than self-initiated research or investigation.

L&I also doesn't know too much about how underground punk shows work. They don't know where to look online to find tips about shows. They don't know what record stores in the city sell advanced tickets for grassroots, indie promoters. They often don't even know when or where shows will be happening.

Unless, of course, someone lets them know.

The head of the neighborhood association the Philadelphia police credit with having complained about noise and crowd complaints at the First Unitarian Church now maintains that most residents are either neutral or support the shows. One neighborhood association representative even went so far as to offer to pressure L&I in favor of the shows continuing.

The precinct police claim they received no complaint calls. The Unitarian Church also says it received no complaint calls. When the church asked L&I to see its building record (which would detail any complaints sent directly to L&I), the department refused.

A week after the closing of the First Unitarian Church, Philadelphia police, acting on behalf of L&I served papers to Spaceboy Music, a small indie record shop in center city where advanced tickets for R5 shows are sold. L&I threatened the store with action (the department has the power to close down businesses, rezone properties, etc.) for selling tickets without a license and for allowing an unlicensed business (the City's definition of Sean Agnew's R5 Productions) to receive mail at the store.

All this adds up to what Public Enemy's Flavor Flav might dub "a fucked up situation."

Not to point any fingers without due process, but now seems like as good a time as any to talk a little bit about the Clear Channel Corporation and its virtual stranglehold on music, entertainment and radio in Philadelphia.

Clear Channel owns over 1,200 radio stations and 37 television stations, with investments in 240 radio stations globally. Clear Channel Entertainment (aka SFX, one of their more well-known subsidiaries) owns and operates over 200 venues nationwide. They are in 248 of the top 250 radio markets, controlling 60% of all rock programming. They own the tours to bands like Janet Jackson, Aerosmith and Pearl Jam.

It might not seem at first glance such a large corporation as this would have much effect on any city's underground punk scene. However, as much as the personal might be political, it quickly becomes apparent how the global becomes local.

Take, for instance, Clear Channel's ownership of SFX, the largest and most powerful concert promoter in the country, along with their assets in radio. Such property positions CC to favor their own radio stations for promotional tickets, giveaways and advertising. Furthermore, universal opinion in the music industry suggests that if an artist refuses to play Clear Channel controlled venues or refuses to use CC in their concert promotion, Clear Channel will in turn withhold radio airplay and radio promotion for that artist.

Clint Sharpe, an online activist at ClearChannelsucks.org, writes, "The amount of influence that a corporation wields when it controls 60% of rock radio listenership and owns or has exclusive rights to promote and operate venues for approximately 70% of all major concerts in America is staggering. Clear Channel has the ability to make or break an artist, destroy existing artists who do not want to use them for their concert promotion services, and essentially set the price they want to receive to play a song."

Bringing it Home

In Philadelphia, Clear Channel owns all of the most popular commercial radio station, and more importantly owns The Theater of The Living Arts and the Electric Factory (think of where the Promise Ring or Piebald, Jimmy Eat World, Shai Halud, or Fugazi play in your city). Clear Channel employees, meanwhile, book many of the "smaller" shows or host Clear Channel sponsored shows at clubs such as the Khyber Pass and Irvine Theater, touching down "closer to home" with Guided by Voices, In Flames, Hey Mercedes (hitting a friend of a friend, yet?).

Since the mid-90s in Philadelphia, bands like the Dismemberment Plan, Hot Rod Circuit, Bright Eyes, Le Tigre and Girls Against Boys have enjoyed the option of playing alternative, non-commercial venues without age restrictions. So, this sort of corporate influence is felt especially keenly in Philadelphia where an open-door exists for bands of all genres and styles and approaches to play a community-oriented, non-commercial show in an alternative venue.

Not interested in watching freaky Travis shake his hips or

weepy Connor whine? Fair enough. But there's something to be said for the experiences created when people offer an alternative to the bar/club scene, most readers would probably be surprised to find how many lyrically apolitical, non-aggressive bands are interested in operating in less industry-minded circuits, if only it were a more consistent option.

Having a say in *how, where,* and *why* you come to experience music can have a large effect on how much you want to experience music.

Clear Channel isn't interested in stagnating in any one niche market and is happy to expand its business into any crevice its service is welcome (shudder)—this includes what you or I might think of as our underground music community.

As early as 9:00am, the morning after the closing of the last Unitarian Church show, the booking agent for Ben Kweller (the artist scheduled to headline the next show at the church just days later) received phone calls from two different promoters booking for Clear Channel venues with the news the church had been shut down, Sean Agnew was no longer booking shows (then, as now, completely untrue) and that now the show could be rescheduled at a legal, commercial venue affiliated with Clear Channel.

While there is no proof, and little substantiated reason to suggest either promoter was in any way associated with the intentional attacks towards R5's all-ages shows, such anecdotes paint a threatening landscape for the future of mid-sized, all-ages events in alternative, non-commercial venues.

"Very shady and jealous actions were taken by a few people because they were upset that they could not control the *entire* Philadelphia music scene and there was a small slice of pie that they could not get their hands on," says Agnew.

Why This is Important...

Like Agnew, I prefer *not* to construct conspiracy theories or spread rumors about who I think might be orchestrating such a well-organized and well-researched move to shut down R5 shows and alternative venues in Philadelphia. Whether or not this is the work of Clear Channel directly or people who derive some employment or sponsorship from the company isn't really the point.

What's worth underlining is the presence of these types of lumbering corporations who seem hell bent on gaining some control and influence in every facet of the music and entertainment industry. It's worth underlining that regardless of our personal politics, none of us, and none of the bands we look to occasionally for fun and fuel—exist in a vacuum. Our scene, our culture, our community are all tied inextricably on some level to the concept of accessible space, spaces we've had to eek out from the margins of the existing music industry.

The greed of the proverbial "they" has shown to be every bit as driven as the clever resourcefulness of our "us." After all, everybody gets paid these days.

So, this is Philadelphia in the summer of 2002. Back to the Basement?

Mike McKee
Philadelphia
Mike@Cheap-Art.com

—Check out what the Philadelphia Inquirer had to say about the early stages of all this…
http://www.philly.com/mld/philly/news/local/3717035.htm
—Check out ClearChannelSucks.org to learn more about the corporation that wants you front and center.
—Visit Salon.com and search for "Clear Channel" for more information and articles.
—Or contact Sean Agnew and R5 Productions to learn more about mid-to-large all-ages shows in Philadelphia. (www.r5productions.com)

Clear Channel isn't interested in stagnating in any one niche market and is happy to expand its business into any crevice its service is welcome (shudder)—this includes what you or I might think of as our underground music community.

Ex-Libris

Scholastic Deth

fig. 1 by Chloe Jensen

CHAPTER XVI
SCHOLASTIC DETH

§ 1. Achievements. § 2. Doubtful Cases. § 3. Facts, not Fancies. § 4. Hope § 5. Requirements. § 6. Blendings. § 7. Echo Words. § 8. Some Conjunctions. § 9. Object of Etymology. § 10. Reconstruction.

Interview by Jeff Mason

XVI.—§ 1. Achievements.

MRR: The first question I had is about money, paying for school. I know a lot of kids go to school (university) and they end up $10,000 in debt...

B: (pointing at himself) 20.

MRR: 20 grand? I wanted to ask what kind of debt you're carrying from going to school.

Josh: I had about $10,000 worth. I put it on my credit card because when I stopped being an engineering major, my dad was not stoked on paying for me to go to school anymore. I was like, fuck that, so I went and did it myself anyway. That's why it took me ten years. I paid it off because I got a job at a dot-com. The last two semesters of school I got about 4 grand in debt again, on credit cards, worse than loans.

Chris: I have none. I had some scholarship help, and old grandparents.

Max: When I applied to Berkeley, they make you do Fasfo, which is a federal aid thing. I was like, *man*, all this bureaucratic bullshit, I was trying to figure out how much my parents made and stuff, and the year that they did the credit check for my parents, my dad was out of work and my mom was a community college professor, so she was making jack. So the second year that I was there the federal government gave me $14,000 for every year to go to school, because of my grades. So I was like, maybe all that paperwork wasn't so bad. I wasn't even looking for it, and a notice came to me: "You qualify to get $14,000 in grants."

Josh: That's a fucking scam too, because my parents weren't supporting me, weren't paying for me to go to school, but the law in California is that you have to have been age 23 from the beginning of the time you applied for financial aid to be considered emancipated from your parents. So even though I was trying to go to school by myself, I had to claim my parents' income. They're not millionaires, but they make enough money so that the government isn't giving me shit. I had financial aid for exactly one semester.

MRR: Chris, I was reading that you have a mechanical engineering degree. I was thinking that that will pay for itself, eventually. But if you have a degree in philosophy, history, or English, it's really got no financial reward to it. Is it just because you're interested in this material? Is it worth it? Or are you getting something else out of it?

Chris: First off, mechanical engineering does not pay for itself, unless you do it, which you can't, because it's impossible.

MRR: I didn't understand that. You're not working in that field?

Chris: No. I do computer work.

Josh: I chose to do English, eventually, because I think I want to teach. So eventually it will pay for itself, because I'll end up in the career that I wanted. But more in general, critical thinking is what you learn in college. Being able to write a paper, where you can sit down, formulate an idea of something to write about, and write it, and get your idea across—that carries over into all kinds of work. When I dropped out of school to work—I had to pay rent and so on—I remember thinking that work was really easy compared to when I worked before I was in school. And when I went back to school, I was like, this is a lot like what it's like to have a job in an office. They translate pretty well, actually. I was kind of surprised because directly, you wouldn't think that it translates, but actually it's kind of the same basic thing that you do. If you're white collar, at least.

CHAPTER XVI
SCHOLASTIC DETH

B: It opens up the world to you in more ways than you would have had access to, maybe, if you hadn't spent four years reading books and writing papers. It gives you more angles from which to view things and more angles to interpret your life. It's not economically instrumental in your life, but it's vitally instrumental. It makes your existence that much more rich.

Josh: I totally went into school, applying in high school, doing all the college prep stuff, being like, I don't know what I want to do. My dad was always thought that it would be good to be an engineer, and it seemed like a nice, kind of stable career. Like you're saying, it would pay for itself. I went into Berkeley and it was a real frustrating sort of experience. And I did have that thing where I was in in school and I was like, this is fucking lame, these people are a joke, this whole thing sucks. Years later, with the benefit of hindsight, I was able to realize that a lot of it had to do with my attitude in not choosing something that I wanted to do, and taking time off until I made a decision as to what eventually I'd like to do in my life.

MRR: In one of the songs you say that the UC (University of California) system is invested in Bush's war. I know they're doing weapons research at Berkeley, which I assume is making money for the school, but what else do you know about UC?

Max: They manage Livermore Labs, which is instrumental...

fig. 2 by Matt Average

They were like, "Dude you should sing" and I was like, "I suck at singing."

Josh: It's the chief weapons research facility in the country.

B: They're talking about creating that new Department of Homeland Security. In the article I read, they were saying that almost all the employees of Livermore Laboratories were going to become employees of that Department.

Josh: I thought it was really interesting to how in general the UC system is affiliated with big business. UC Berkeley is on its own power grid. During all the threats of blackouts and brownouts, the whole Enron scandal that was going on... I was in school then and I heard a bunch of people grumbling, including some of my professors, saying it's really weird how the UC system brokered this deal with Enron, and the UC regents made money off the whole retirement scam that happened to everyone at UC Berkeley. UC Berkeley people's retirement was hurt, that's one of the things you were seeing in the newspaper, they're state employees. Not only that, that scam was going on...

MRR: The scam you mean is that all the state employees lost money from their pension fund when Enron tanked and all that stock went down?

Josh: Yeah. But the other thing is, they had a special deal, where if there were blackouts and brownouts across the state of California, the UC system would be exempt from those blackouts. It was this insider trading kind of deal where (the regents said) "we're gonna hook you up, we're gonna make you a lot of money, and we know our people are gonna take the fall, but as long you make it so that our power won't go out and our research won't be halted or won't be suffering from this, it's all good with us." I don't think that necessarily has to do with the song, but that's my opinion about the UC regents.

Max: The reason why I wrote the song was, we're talking about the pros of scholastics, but it really is this mega-institution. The institution definitely has some charitable things going on, like large amounts of literature available to students, huge libraries, but it's a money-making venture. They're under pressure to be. I wanted to talk about the negative aspects because I'm sure a bunch of people are like, "oh, that's great. You guys are pro-university." Think about all the people that were advancing any of the most fucked-up ideas, they're all think-tanks, coming from universities, like the Hoover Institute and shit. The people Bush appointed to his cabinet all came out of different university think-tanks.

B: So, we do not believe university education is unambiguously good. It has its dark side.

Josh: One other thing that frustrates me, I found out this a couple of years ago, it really shocked me. There's what you call a registration fee, it's what you pay at UC Berkeley. The reason why is because in the charter of the school, I think it's the same in all UC schools, it's mandated that education be free. So tuition costs nothing. This way the UC system managed to turn it into a money maker to admit tons of undergrad people. And it's only happened over the past twenty years. Up until the early 70s, the UC system was completely free. Now you pay a $2,000 "registration fee." How much does it cost them to process your registration? I can't imagine it being $2,000 per student. That's just the most blatant scam I've ever heard of. "We don't take money, our school is free, but you have to pay us $2,000 to get into the free school."

MRR: The band only played in California?

Josh: We just went to LA, Reno.

Max: LA, San Diego, stuff like that.

Chris: We pretty much had old-fart schedules, where we couldn't take off for three months.

MRR: How long was the band playing shows for?

Josh: Shows? Maybe two and a half years.

Max: A quick history—we figured out this last practice. The band's been around for four years, right? They played for a year, bouncing around from different rehearsal studios and then they moved into the Spazz space. At the Spazz space I was like, dude you guys gotta start playing shows, what's going on? And they were like, "We don't have a fucking singer."

MRR: The band played for a year and a half, just practicing without a singer?

B: About a year, yeah.

Max: They had ten songs that they played. By the time that we started talking, they were like, "Dude you should sing" and I was like, "I suck at singing." We started trying to hammer that out. There were already a shitload of songs that I had to sit down and try to write lyrics to. And the it was another year and half before we tried to figure out what our style was, or something. Then, our first

XV.—§ 8. Significative Sounds preserved.

show was here and we were super nervous. It's been really fun because it's been a really sincere and honest experiment as far as going out and playing live for the first time and not being, we're pros at this!

Josh: Plus, Chris and I had pretty much never been in a band before this. So it was learning how to play live, learning how to play, not in your bedroom listening to a cassette tape.

MRR: The song, "Mentally Fumigated" seems like it's about the anti-smoking media campaigns…

Max: A lot of people go around screaming about, "look at what they're trying to get us to do, look at how they're advertising things." It's like—use your fucking head. People bombard you all the time with shit. An advertisement is an argument they're trying to convince you with. Politics, PETA, anarchism, communism, all that stuff. It's all slogans, it's all made to persuade. Look at the American Cancer Society, or even the Partnership for a Drug-Free America. They had this fuckin' ad where it showed "brain waves of a normal kid" and it showed "brain waves of a kid on pot." It wasn't a kid on pot, it was kid sleeping. They got busted for it, so they had to take it off the air. It's all these things that are supposed to be altruistic. It's supposed to be for our health, this benevolence. It's advertising.

Descartes

Dog

Josh: What I think is ironic too, is that the little scene has managed to recreate the sloganeering that goes on outside in the world. Although it doesn't have as much to do with political stuff as it does with describing the musical style of the band or whatnot. Every band has to have their little tagline on flyers, I know we're guilty of doing that too. It's kind of the way the world works. It's interesting and sort of frustrating at the same time to think about that stuff. To describe a band in three words it's the same things saying, "like this band, they're this, this, and that."

Max: 625 (Max's label) is just the Nike "swoosh." [laughter]

Josh: Yeah, Max had focus groups in on his brand… Look for a new logo design out soon.

Max: They're like, "you should use numbers. It'll make it stand out." Tapping into the vein of the youth of America.

MRR: B., I heard you have a heart condition, is that true?

B.: That's a story we fabricated to hype up the fact that we hooked up a heart meter to my body one show that we played here at Mission Records. It is very physically strenuous on me to play these songs. It's a real workout, and my heart was beating really fast, at dangerously high levels. So, we started propagating this rumor.

Max: He pukes.

MRR: How about recommended reading and 80s metal records.

B.: First of all, I'd like to say that if you find yourself interested in something, you can find a good book about it, and extend and enrich the interest you're already developing in it. For instance, I've been interested in film, since I work as a projectionist. So I've been reading these cinema study, film theory books. And it's been really exciting because now every time I watch a movie I can apply directly something I've read a couple hours before. This is the sort of example that it's good to motivate people, to go out and experiment with books. I've been reading *What is Cinema* by a French theorist named Andre Bazin. Really good, not too technically cumbersome. Fictionwise, I'm still kind of hung up on the Argentinean author Borges. I think that everyone should read a couple Borges stories.

Josh: Damn straight.

B: Philosophically, there's tons of great stuff but it's kind of hard to just dive right in to a lot of philosophy without a little bit of introduction. But read Michel Foucault. Read Neitschze.

Chris: Mine's a little bit difficult because I'm into really nerdy stuff. I wouldn't suggest that anyone read what I read because it makes your veins pop out like mine, it gives you a thick head. I read kind of obscure engineering things, but to balance that out a bit I've been studying up my surf history. There's a lot of books that I've been reading, this nice magazine called *Surfer's Journal*. It's all about the history of surfing. I'm moving to San Diego and that's all I'm gonna do, surfing.

Max: (running in from working the door) Can I put in my books? *Homage to Catalonia*, really good, *A History of Warfare* by Keegan, which kind of sets up a theoretical way to read military history, and offers questions to think about while you're reading it. Right now I'm reading *Hirohito and the Making of Modern Japan* which is a really well-written book and I think anybody can jump into that without knowing anything about Japanese history and read that.

B.: 80s metal—check out Nasty Savage, Tampa, Florida.

Josh: I recommended books to people before who weren't English majors and they've been like, "Why did you recommend that book to me? It was weird and I didn't like it." I can probably do that right now, like *Paradise Lost* is an amazing thing written in the English language, so is *The Canterbury Tales*. I don't know that it would be exactly the sort of coffee-table reading that you would want to do, not putting it into context. Same thing with *Moby Dick*, it's like 900 pages long, it's one of the best books ever.

My 80s metal, there's a band called Onslaught, I think they were from England, somebody who knows more about metal than me would probably be able to correct me, they were licensed to Pusmort in America. Totally unknown, underrated metal band from the 80s.

MRR: Thanks so much. Anyone got a last word you wanna throw in?

Josh: Read.

B was in Florida at the time the email portion of this interview was disseminated, and the other members of Scholastic Deth wish to express their regret about the absence of his wit, his erudition ,and his objectivity in the following responses…

1) Who were the best bands Scholastic Deth played with, what was your favorite venue, and where was the best crowd?

Max: The best bands… shit. I could go on for days, because we have been really lucky to play with some great bands, both touring and local. It goes without saying that playing with bands like JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS, LIE, DOWN IN FLAMES, ARTIMUS PYLE, ESPERANZA, etc are awesome, but the bands that made an impression on us the most were the bands that were new—bands like SHARP KNIFE, REAGAN SS, HIT ME BACK, APATHETIC YOUTH, LAB RATS, DYSTROPHY, THIS IS MY FIST, etc… There is a huge upsurge of new bands out here, and we were lucky enough to start playing out when others were as well. We made a lot of great friends and I for one consider us lucky as hell to be playing when we did.

The best city to play has always been Los Angeles… We only played down there three times, but in the context of our short lifespan, the LA shows were always good. The first time we went down we played with LIE, REAGAN SS, THE FIRST STEP, and

CHAMPION... that was at Koo's... The next two times we went down we played at The Smell which ruled. First time with DOWN IN FLAMES, the second time was our last show in SoCal, with ARTIMUS PYLE... The kids go fucking nuts down there, and for us, it was completely unexpected. We would just be standing there in amazement when the crowd is busying jumping off our shit and throwing me into the crowd. We never thought that we would experience anything like that. For the Bay Area, Chloe's house or Mission Records is the place to play... both rule.

fig. 3 by Chloe Jensen

B: I think that everyone should read a couple Borges stories.

Josh: Damn straight.

Chris: LA was definitely great the few times we went down there. Our last show at Mission Records in SF was pretty amazing, it was like being on a slip-n-slide at your friend's backyard summer party, it was so hot and wet and nasty and slippery and slimy feeling.

Josh: Best bands... shit, Max already said 'em all. A couple more I want to add to the long list... IRON LUNG, LIFE'S HALT, NERD ALERT, HATEMAIL KILLERS, KALMEX & THE RIFF MERCHANTS... plus we never got to play with VOETSEK, which is one of the few regrets I can think of.

My favorite venue has to be Gilman, despite the fact that it's totally nerve-wracking to play the stage, and we could never fit enough people into the store... I just feel pretty comfortable there, which is a rare thing for me, even at punk shows.

LA kids win best crowd hands down, although we only really played in five cities, so it's not much of a cross-section. Also, wanted to give San Diego an honorable mention *despite* the wholesale moshers (ask B), due to the fact that my parents and Chris' parents made it to the show... haha! First and last punk show for the parents!

2) The band played short sets, even by hardcore standards. Would you enjoy shows more if more bands adopted this style?

Max: This music is for kids with ADS...I mean our songs are like, :45 long, why inundate the crowd (especially if we're opening the show) with 20 minutes of it? I think some bands most definitely need to adopt the 10 minute set (especially local bands) just so people will still feel inclined to sit there and watch when they open the show. When we first started, we played the 5 minute set which is my ideal length. I don't know how many times I thought to myself "man, they rip, but they play way too long...."

Josh: I have mixed feelings about the whole thing: As a show-goer, I have to say that even the best band has trouble holding my attention (and keeping me on my sore feet on a hard concrete floor, inside a hot, sweaty, smelly smoke-filled room full of unwashed people intent to spill their beer on me) for longer than half an hour. It's happened, but I'd say I prefer a band to rock for about 15 minutes than to rock me to sleep for 45. Conversely, it sucks to miss a band completely due to the fact that they only play 10 minutes. Which we've been guilty of quite a few times. Not to mention the irony of the set-up-to-talking-to-noise ratio (which increases logarithmically if you factor in the excruciating drive-times!) .,. I mean, if you take 10 minutes to set up to play for 5... just ask PALATKA about that one.

3) What other zines have interviewed Scholastic Deth?

Chris: We've been interviewed by this little zine called *Jaundice*, another one called *Paranoid & Dysfunctional*, etc... Just some small zines like that. I put up some of the interviews on our website if anyone is interested.

4) What behaviors have tipped you off that a band you've met is (to steal and mangle a phrase) DIY 'cause they have to be, not 'cause they want to be? Would you agree that "one-sheets" and promotional packages (with glossy photo, favorable reviews and hype) are anathema to DIY punk/hardcore?

Max: Well, my concerns are not necessarily with the means in which a band "promotes" themselves, but the individuals in the bands, or the actions of bands that say they are DIY but are a bunch of egotistical assholes.This has been something that has been really annoying me since the first days of me playing in bands. You love a band's records, they utilize the support of the DIY scene, they do everything right (screen print their own shirts, sing the right lyrics, blah blah blah) but when you finally meet them, they are a bunch of whining, complaining assholes. I can't stand it when the touring bands shun the local bands ("they suck, lets go drink until we rock") or they complain about how their tour has sucked or something, when all they have encountered is hard working kids, putting on shows, making fliers and busting their ass to make a good show for them. So for me, its not even *if* a band is really DIY (a question of if a band is doing something that would be more of a major-label band, or bar rock band) but that DIY is one thing, being a dickheaded DIY rock star is another.

Chris: I am always just thinking up new Slayer riffs (haha), so stuff like this doesn't usually matter to me a ton. I haven't seen too many "one sheets" or promo packages, but man that would have been funny if we had one...

Josh: Here's how I define DIY... In 1979, when bands like DEAD KENNEDYS and BLACK FLAG were breaking into the spotlight, I take it to have meant (obviously this is open to interpretation since I was five at the time...) putting together a management/production/distribution system unaffiliated with the majors, that could compete with them, at least on a "niche"-type level. Why? So as not to get ripped off by the fucked up business practices being perpetrated on the bands of the day. So DIY was about control, up to a point. But other than that, it's modeled *exactly* after the major labels. Down to the one-sheets and promo packs that bigger indy labels (or those with aspirations toward monetary reward) still follow that model. Or formula.

And, like my gripes about *MRR*-clone zines (like *SFL*, one could easily venture), people learn and follow those formulas. It has worked really well. Kent at Ebullition, as well as Jenny Toomey of Simple Machines/Ida fame, both have widely publicized the formula which they used to create and maintain their DIY businesses, so 10-15 years later, instead of copying the majors successfully, like AT, SST, Revelation, etc. did so successfully in the 80s, Ebullition and Simple Machines provided a new model of DIY to copy. Two choices... but still old, established formulas, and they both work, but toward different goals.

Plus, now you have tons of "DIY" labels doing the same thing as labels like Crass did, which is licensing all the production and distribution, basically being an individual DIY label in name alone, while some bigger, more established company does all the work and makes most of the money. Is that DIY?

Of course this is totally oversimplified, but I guess my point is, since when did DIY have a shiny, clean spotless reputation? In my mind, not since I started to learn how it all worked. I guess I could've made this answer a lot shorter by saying "I disagree with the question" but I guess I do think it's interesting what the power of just saying DIY has in the little world of the scene... And, of course, the same goes for bands. From beginning to end, it's all gray areas... I have a level of tolerance for certain things which might make other people want to throw up, or kick the band's ass, and other people might have even more tolerance than I do, and they might have bios and presskits and the full NOFX work-up for their band. And that would probably make me a bit sick if I thought too much about it. But then I have tons of major label artists' records that I love and will continue to buy more of the same, and so do most people... so who am I to judge?

5) Please list a discography, including compilation tracks. Are there any plans for Scholastic Deth to release your music on CD?

Max: Um, lets see.... practice demo (we play like poop on it) *Shackle Me Not* EP, *Element Skate Comp* EP (2 songs—its been 6 months and no copies yet) *Mountain Comp* LP (not out yet—2 songs), *Shackle Me Not* tape on Risk (EP plus 4 comp songs), *Revenge of the Nerds* EP, *Possessed to Skate* Vol II 10" LP (not out yet), *Killed By School* EP, *Hysteria* Vol II Comp LP (coming up), *Barbaric Bay Area* EP Comp (coming up). And that's it...there are plans on getting everything on one format..since there are so many comp tracks floating around.

6) I heard the French mathematician/philosopher, René Descartes, kicked a pregnant dog to demonstrate his love for humanity and disdain for other creatures. Do you know anything about this? Would you let a dog-kicking asshole like René into a show you were putting on? And what can be done about the dog-abusing jerks too-frequently sighted at shows?

Max: In the past (not with Scholastic—since I don't think a dog has been at our show) I have just stopped playing and said, we don't play until you take the dog outside. I think the ALF should go firebomb the asses of all the crusties who abuse their dogs by taking them around like un-neutered show-dogs at shows and subject them to way *too* loud noise and cigarette smoke and shit. The hypocrisy is so glaring sometimes that I think we tend to forget about it...

Josh: This is a quote from *Ishmael*, by Daniel Quinn: "The people of your culture cling with fanatical tenacity to the specialness of man. They want desperately to perceive a vast gulf between man and the rest of creation. This mythology of human superiority justifies their doing whatever they please with the world, just the way Hitler's mythology of Aryan superiority justified his doing whatever he pleased with Europe. But in the end this mythology is not deeply satisfying. (Westerners) are a profoundly lonely people. The world for them is enemy territory, and they live in it everywhere like an army of occupation, alienated and isolated by their extraordinary specialness."

I don't necessarily agree to taking action to stop people from doing what they want to do. Disallowing dogs in one's venue is something I wholeheartedly support (as is requiring ear plugs for small children, or forbidding them as well) but I'm not necessarily going to require myself or anyone else to make that happen. I remember once at Gilman there was a skinhead guy at a hardcore show, his only provocation being a rebel-flag tattoo worn in plain view. The guy got his ass kicked, and was forced to leave the show. I'm not saying I was buddies with the guy, or even necessarily that I minded him getting beat down, but fuck, what are we, punks or cops? That was some reactionary bullshit over a guy who didn't actually *do* anything except get the kids at the show to stoop to his level. Not that it's even the same thing as telling someone to take their dog outside, but I think it's easy to get carried away with thinking it's necessary (or even acceptable) to enforce your own beliefs on other people's lives.

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This is our last interview ever, we're done. It was a lot of fun. Thanks to anyone who ever helped us. It's been nice to put energy into something like this and have it all work out.

fig. 4 by Matt Average

I happen to think the RunnAmucks are one of the best kept secrets in hardcore today. The band reminds me quite a bit of early D.R.I, the Neos, Gang Green and Void. Yet, they never fall into "retro" trappings. Their music sounds fresh, original, and spontaneous. And their live show is non-stop energy (except when a string breaks). These three weirdos from Orlando have been playing together for close to six years, to little fanfare. This interview was conducted June 28, 2002 in Brandon, FL after the first show of their second U.S. tour. Hopefully the tour and this interview will give these guys some of the recognition they deserve.
Photos and interview by Bob Suren.

MRR: All right, why don't you guys tell us what your names are, what you play and how old you are?
Josh Dobbs: I'm Josh. I'm 21. I play guitar and sing.
Mike Quinnan: Mike, 22, bass.
Matt Graeven: Matt, I play the drums and I'm 21.
MRR: How long ago did you start The RunnAmucks?
Josh: I was 15. That was back in '96.
MRR: And what have you done in that time? Have you released anything? You have a 7" that came out a long time ago, right?
Josh: Yeah, we have a 7" that came out a long time ago. We recorded in 1998, it came out in 1999. There was supposed to be another 7" that would have come out before that one. That was better than the first one, the one that we released, but it didn't get put out. But then we released an album just this year.
MRR: That's the *On The Brink* CD?
Josh: Yeah, *On The Brink*.
MRR: And did you say that you have another CD that just came out?
Josh: Yeah, it's a compilation of all of our old stuff from like 1996 to 2000, I think.
MRR: Has it always been the three of you in the band?
Mike: Yeah, we used to have another member, too, named Eric.
MRR: What happened to him?
Matt: He just quit.
MRR: What did he play?
Mike: Second guitar.
Josh: He wasn't in the band originally, he joined the band after we were around for almost a year, but he was only in it for about six months.
MRR: How did you guys get interested in punk rock and how did you start playing your instruments?
Josh: I was always into music and then I got into Nirvana and stuff like that in middle school. I read that one of their biggest influences was Black Flag and I just went from there. Whenever I was reading along with their lyrics at Blockbuster Music or some shit like that, I just thought that it was the most perfect thing.
MRR: Black Flag?
Josh: Yeah, just like all the lyrics for *Damaged*. I just totally realized that there are other people out there that think like I do.
MRR: I think a lot of people feel like that about Black Flag. So, Nirvana led you to Black Flag. How old were you about that time?
Josh: I was 14.
MRR: When did you start playing your instruments?
Mike: I don't know, probably about 15 or something like that.
Matt: I started playing in '96, about that same time.
MRR: So, where did Black Flag lead you? What other bands did it lead you to? How did you develop your sound? What were you listening to that makes you play the music that you play?
Mike: We were listening to The Queers, Screeching Weasel and stuff like that. (laughs) We started playing music like that because we didn't know how to play.
MRR: But the music you play doesn't sound anything like those bands.
Mike: We used to write kind of catchy-sounding songs, too. But we didn't really know how to play and Matt had never played the drums before, so we just played really fucking fast to try to cover up that we couldn't play. That's basically how we started.
MRR: At what point did you start hearing bands like Jerry's Kids and The Neos, I know you guys like those bands. That's what you sound like to me.
Josh: That was after we released our demo tape in early 1997. I made a friend Jason who was in a really awesome thrash band from Orlando named Chapter 13. And he was like, "Wow, you guys totally sound like '82 Jerry's Kids, The Neos and Gang Green."
MRR: So you sounded like that before you heard those bands?
Josh: (laughs) Yeah, exactly. We thought we'd come up with something kind of original and then we heard that the shit had been done like 15 years before. That was kind of a let down.
MRR: That's kind of cool that you came to your style of music on your own. I've often wondered if there were bands in isolated parts of the world that had never heard Black Flag, would they start playing music like Black Flag eventually on their own? I've often wondered if a group of people living in a cultural vacuum just started playing their own music, what would develop out of it? Would it be similar to something that already existed? I guess the answer is yes.
Josh: I always have wanted to play shit that was hard and fast.
MRR: So your first 7" is a little bit different that what you are playing

RunnAmucks

now. You guys told me that at that time you were influenced a lot by the British political bands, like Crass and The Subhumans.
Josh: Yeah. Lyrically, more, I guess, but not the music.
MRR: Yeah, I didn't hear it in the music. But I heard it in the lyrics, and even in some of the layouts it seems like that was an influence, those UK anarcho bands. But you have deviated from that.
Josh: Yeah, we gave up on that bullshit. (laughs))
MRR: So, you are not a political band?
Josh: No. Definitely not.
MRR: Well, what are your songs about?
Josh: Our songs are just about being fuck ups, pretty much. I don't know, having fun, bullshit we've been through. Just about being a kid and having a blast.
MRR: Well, that's what all of your heroes sang about, too The Neos, Gang Green, Jerry's Kids, Black Flag. Those bands weren't political either and they still played some of the greatest hardcore ever. I don't think you necessarily have to be political to be a punk band. There are a lot of political punk bands that I do like, but a lot of times I just like good blasts of young angst. It seems like that's what you guys are all about.
Josh: Yeah. That's definitely what it's all about for us.
MRR: Getting out the emotions without being an emo band.
Josh: (laughs) Yeah.
MRR: Tell me about Orlando. What is Orlando like?
Matt: It's not too good.
MRR: I heard you can't play anywhere in Orlando.
Josh: (laughs) Yeah.
Mike: There's nowhere to play, nothing to do.
MRR: Is there nowhere to play, or nowhere that will let you play?
Mike: Well, there are a couple of places to play, but they won't let us play there because we get a little… (laughs)
MRR: One time when I had you guys playing a show here at Sound Idea, a girl called me up a couple of days before the show and said, "Are you sure you want The RunnAmucks to play there?"
All: (laughs)
MRR: And I said, "Sure, why not?"
Mike: (laughs) Oh no.
MRR: And she said, "They played this show in Orlando and they smeared themselves with cat shit and were knocking into all the people in the audience. They got cat shit all over the walls and in the carpet and everything."
Mike: (laughs) Yes, that's true!
Josh: True story. True story.
MRR: Why did you do that?
Josh: Oh, because we always used to play Food Not Bombs benefits and all that kind of shit. At one time, every show we played in Orlando was a benefit. Then there was going to be this fest and these people didn't want to let us play because the owner of this local record store was donating $200 to the event, but he wouldn't give them the $200 if they let us play. So, they all had one of their stupid, little meetings to determine if we could play or not, somehow we did end up playing, we were basically backstabbed by all these people. So we showed up at the show and we tried to offend every single person in the crowd.
MRR: You got to play?
Josh: We only got through two thirty-second songs, to the displeasure of a lot of people. So, I started this rant about how we were into animal rights. Our drummer worked at an animal hospital, so he had this big bag of dog and cat shit. We pulled it out and started smearing it everywhere. People ran out screaming. Somebody puked on another person's shoes. People hated us and they still do.
MRR: What kind of venue was that? Was it a club?
Josh: It was actually at a Unitarian Church. (laughs)
MRR: Well, that's good. At least it was a church. So, nobody will let you play in Orlando. How about house shows?
Mike: Sometimes we can get shows like that, but not too often.
MRR: Well, what sort of music is popular in Orlando? I know there are a lot of bands up there. I think there was just some huge fest, a couple of weeks ago, the Orlando Magic Fest?
Josh: That's some kind of tough guy hardcore bullshit, I think.
MRR: Are there a lot of bands like that in Orlando?
Josh: That kind of band, I don't think so. I really don't know.
Mike: There are a lot of pop punk bands.
MRR: OK, there's another story that some guy from Orlando told me, that one of you guys stole a guitar from some other band.
Josh: Oh, that's total fucking bullshit.
MRR: This guy was in my store one time, and he saw that I had The RunnAmucks playing, and he said, "I hate those guys, they stole my friend's guitar."
Josh: That's a fucking crock. That makes me laugh. But as a joke I was thinking of buying an exact replica of that kid's guitar and playing it in front of him.
MRR: So, you know the story. You know what you're accused of.
Josh: Yeah, I know what I'm accused of. The kid came up and threatened me in a Kinko's one night.
MRR: But you didn't do it?
Josh: No, I didn't do it.
MRR: I wouldn't steal from a person. I might steal from Kmart or something, but I wouldn't take another kid's guitar.
Josh: Yeah, neither would I. I don't steal anymore. I used to steal. We have songs about stealing.
MRR: Stealing from where?
Josh: Mike and I stole from a Wherehouse Music. We ran out with arm loads of CDs. We did it somewhere before and we got away with it, so we figured we could get away with it in Orlando. But we got fucking busted and had to spend the night in jail.
MRR: What happened to you? Was that it, just the night in jail?
Josh: Nine months of probation. I actually still stole after that, my dumb ass. But then I came to the realization that I wouldn't want to be stolen from.
Matt: I could see maybe if you're hungry or something.
MRR: So, this is your second tour. Where did you play before and where did you enjoy playing on your first tour?
Matt: Bristol, Tennessee.
Josh: Yeah, we toured the whole east coast.
MRR: Bristol, Tennessee was good? What made that place good?
Josh: There are cool kids there that we could hang out with, stuff like that.
MRR: I never heard of Bristol.
Josh: Yeah, not many people have.
Matt: It's right on the border of Virginia.
Josh: We played in Richmond with Municipal Waste. Those guys are fucking thrashers. We played Boston with Fat Day and they were fucking amazing. We made it as far north as Canada. We played a radio show there. Then we made it as far west as Minneapolis. We heard Minneapolis is the capital of thrash, and fucking five people showed up at our show.
MRR: Do you have more fun playing small towns or big cities?
Josh: Small towns!
MRR: That's what I think too. The few times that I got to tour with bands, the best shows were in small towns, little cities in the South that you never heard of before like Florence, South Carolina and Gulfport, Mississippi. I think small town kids are more appreciative than big city people. A lot of times you play in a big city like Chicago or New York and people stand outside or they don't even bother showing up. Didn't you just play CBGB's on the last tour?
Josh: Yeah, we played CBGB's for two people.
MRR: New York City, CBGB's, two people. Then you played in a small town in Tennessee and how many people showed up?
Josh: There was like a hundred people there.

MRR: See, small town scenes are better. So we should bomb all of the big cities like New York, Minneapolis, Boston, San Francisco and L.A. They should all be bombed and we should have punk shows in small, rural towns. (laughs)

Josh: (laughs)

MRR: Where is this present tour taking you?

Josh: Out to California, up to Washington, and back down. We weren't going to do all the dates on this tour but we hooked up with this band, The Lumps, and they were going all of the places we wanted to go to, so they just got us on their shows.

MRR: How did you book most of the tour? On the internet?

Josh: Yeah, I used mostly Book Your Own Fuckin' Life, the web version.

MRR: You booked your tour by email? I guess that's the good thing about email. You can book a tour a lot more efficiently and cheaper than the old telephone method.

Josh: Yeah, I used to be so anti-computer, but I couldn't have booked the tour without it.

MRR: The last time I booked a tour on the telephone, I think I spent about $600 in long distance. So maybe that's something good about email. The last time you guys played down in Brandon, you said something about maybe doing a record on a label from France called Sludge Records. What happened with that?

Josh: (laughs) I got a test pressing and then I never heard from the guy again. I wrote him a little while ago, and he said he doesn't have any money. We sent the guy a CD, he was going to press a record for us, and then I heard from all of these other people, like everybody else in the world knew that this guy was some kind of con artist, except us. So, he's probably going to make this record and then we're never going to see any copies.

MRR: I think that's his usual m.o.

Josh: I'd like to fly to France and fucking choke him.

MRR: Didn't you tell me that he wanted you to change the name of the band to Siege for this record?

Josh: He did ask us to do a record as Siege and I asked him if he was joking. I said, "Are you fucking serious?" and he said, "Oh I was just joking," but I don't think he was.

MRR: It sounds like he was planning to release it as an unreleased Siege record and sell thousands and thousands of them. That would be pretty stupid. I think he'd get caught for that because you guys don't sound like Siege.

Josh: Yeah, I know. He's a fuckin' retard. I heard he changes his name, address, and stuff like that all of the time, changes his label name.

MRR: What do your parents think about your music, driving around the country in a van and putting out records?

Josh: Oh, they listen to us every day. (laughs)

MRR: How, at your practices?

Mike: Yeah, then. They probably don't like it too much. They probably think we're all a bunch of screw-ups.

Josh: They don't really seem to mind it.

Matt: My parents don't really give me problems about it, but I don't know. They probably want me to get a job.

MRR: My parents were never that supportive of my interest in music. When I started playing in bands, my father would say things like, "Are you ever going to grow out of this?" or "Aren't you getting a little old for this?" or probably the best one was, "What do you hope to accomplish?" (laughs) Do you ever get that?

Josh: (laughs) Not that.

Mike: I've been getting a lot of "Get a job" recently.

Josh: They know it's what I really like to do so they leave me alone about it. They just want me to go to school and stuff like that, make something of myself.

MRR: Well, is there something that you hope to accomplish with your band?

Josh: I just want to get kids to cut loose, stop being so uptight. Have a good time. I just want people to be able to go to a show and go wild, because that's what I love to do the most.

Mike: Make enough money to buy a personal jet.

Josh: (laughs) Yeah! That, too!

MRR: Do you have goals for the band? Is there stuff that you want to accomplish? Do you want to put out more records or tour certain countries?

Josh: Well, I want to do it all. I wish this could be the job. This would be the coolest job.

MRR: There aren't a lot of bands that get to live off of their band. I think the only ones who are living off their bands at this point are...

Josh: The ones that suck!

MRR: (laughs) Well yeah, the ones that have to take the more accessible Warped Tour route. It would be awesome if you guys played the Warped Tour. I think that I wrote in a local zine, while doing a review for *On The Brink*, that if the RunnAmucks played the Warped Tour, probably most of the audience would hate you. But maybe one or two people in the audience would be converted because they would be confronted with something that they could not deny. If you guys played between Me First And The Gimme Gimmes and Lagwagon on the Warped Tour, it would just make both of those bands look ridiculous. (laughs).

Josh: (laughs) Yeah.

MRR: So, maybe you guys should shoot for the Warped Tour. (laughs)

Josh: I'd play the Warped Tour!

MRR: Seriously, maybe the Warped Tour is a good starting point for kids. You said you got into punk rock through Nirvana. Maybe some kid will go to the Warped Tour and maybe somebody will give him an Infest 7". It could happen. I don't know. I've never been to a Warped Tour. I don't relish the idea of paying a lot of money to see 35 bands that suck and a bunch of jocks.

Josh: Yeah, I snuck into two Warped Tours. I saw the Descendents and 7 Seconds. The Descendents were good.

MRR: Is there anything that you guys would like to close with?

Josh: Um, no?

MRR: Well, that's a pretty lame way to end an interview, but I guess that's it.

Josh: Wait. I want to say, buy our record, fuckers.

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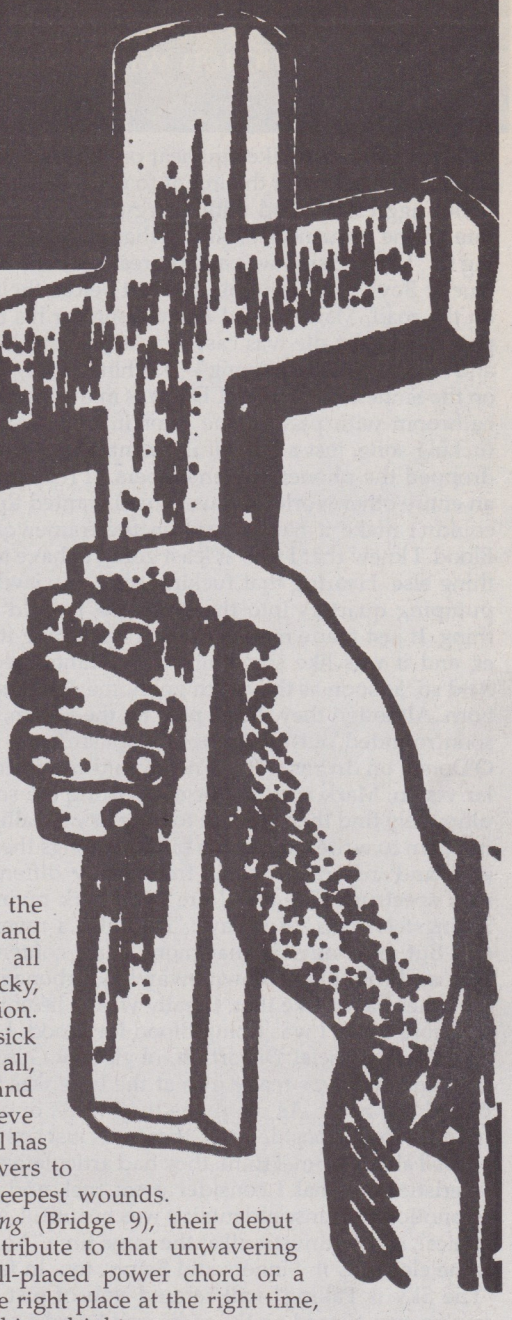
You're not the only one that's gonna see the light:

Sinners and Saints

Interview by: Sleazegrinder



How we rock

There isn't a band out there with a more fitting name than Sinners and Saints. Their music is a soaring, fist pumping rush of pure American rock and roll, as loud and bracing as it is sweetly melodic and tinged with melancholy. It's the sound of world-weary storytellers with arena-ready hooks and shout-along choruses that you'll take with you wherever you go. With nods to everyone from Social Distortion and the Backyard Babies to Guns N' Roses and Bruce Springsteen, it's modern day classic rock in the literal sense of the term. But it all comes from a much darker place, a place of busted skulls and rampant rabble-rousing and the hardest of the hard. Sinners and Saints front men (and brothers in blood, as well as rock) Mark and Rob Lind are both battle-scarred vets of the punk rock trenches with an impeccable pedigree to boast. Mark was a founding member of Boston street punks the Ducky Boys, who's working class anthems and chugging rock and roll were the foundation of Sinners and Saints' sound, and Rob was the main man in berserk, ultra-hardcore legends Blood For Blood, a band known as much for the mayhem their live shows would cause as they were for their bludgeoning war music. After the simultaneous demise of both of their bands, the brothers decided to reach back into their roots, and create the kind of rock and roll they grew up with, before the mad flurry of moshpits and mohawks. Not just an easy musical comparison, Sinners and Saints are a *literal* Soul Asylum, a place of solace and a refuge for all the ragged tattooed warriors and the hopelessly disillusioned and the sad, silent crazy people left lonely and exhausted from a life rife with pain, poverty, or punk rock. And although the sound has been sweetened, angry flames tempered with age and experience, anyone writing off Sinners and Saints as glossy, mainstream rock are either too young to know any better, or entirely missing the point. The brothers Lind have *already* been tougher than leather and hard as nails, and it's time for them to move on to calmer waters. Mark and Rob both know that there's something beyond rage and frustration, beyond flying the flag of anarchy and chaos. Beyond all that, if you're lucky, is redemption. Music sets the sick ones free, after all, and Sinners and Saints truly believe that rock and roll has the magical powers to heal even the deepest wounds. *The Sky is Falling* (Bridge 9), their debut album, is their tribute to that unwavering faith that a well-placed power chord or a stray lyric, in the right place at the right time, can make everything alright.

Something's wrong with my radio

"Anyway, our bands both went tits up at the same time." I'm sitting in the booth of a noisy neighborhood bar in Somerville, Ma. with Mark and Rob in late July, listening to the Sinners and Saints story. Rob takes center stage, drawing pictures in the air with his cigarette, choosing his words carefully, like a man that's used to explaining where the blood on his shirt came from. "Blood For Blood and the Ducky Boys both toured and broke up right after. We were both touring the country at the same time, we were criss-crossing. They had been at some town two days before, and vice versa. We were touring with the Dropkick Murphys, and they were touring with some bands that didn't really make any headway. I saw the writing on the wall. The bands were having problems, and I just decided, "Fuck it, when I get home I'm starting up a rock and roll band". I wanted to take a crack at all these songs I was writing. In my last two years of Blood for Blood I was not, in my free time or with passion, writing hardcore songs. I was writing

"...Everybody that I grew up with is either dead, in jail, or a stark raving addict that can't function without shooting up, without exception. There was never anything for us to aspire to beyond that."

rock and roll songs, like you hear on the Sinners and Saints CD. So, I came back with the intent to do something like that. You know, aggressive, and with energy, but not afraid to incorporate all the influences of things that he and I were both listening to." His decision was aided greatly by the direction that the Ducky Boys had been going in just before their demise. While on the road, Mark played a new song for his brother over the phone, and the die was cast. "I was just checking in with him, and he played me one song—"Nothing at All," which ended up on the Sinners and Saints CD. I was in this backwoods shit-hole bathroom with piss on the floor in Canada, listening to this fucking song, just a beautiful, haunting song, and I practically dropped the phone," he remembers. "I realized that there was an entire other world of music that I wanted to be part of and I couldn't make it happen within the framework of Blood For Blood. I knew that I was at least going to have to attempt something else. Hearing that fucking song, my jaw dropped, I was pumping quarters into the phone so I could hear the whole thing. It just made me realize that he's doing it, he's my brother, and it was like something I had fantasized about doing." And so, as soon as they both got home, Sinners and Saints was born. Although they didn't play on the album, the line-up was soon rounded out by Anthony Papalardo on bass, and Jason O'Donell on drums. With a newfound commitment to a singular vision, Mark and Rob began writing the songs that would ultimately find their way on to "The Sky is Falling". With all the freedom to write exactly the kinds of songs they wanted, influence and inspiration came from many different sides of the rock spectrum. "He and I are both stark raving fanatic Bruce Springsteen fans," Rob says. "He's also a ravenous Tom Petty fan. But even outside that more 'adult contemporary' end of rock and roll, I was blown away by Turbonegro, and some of the other bands like that. I really wasn't listening to metal and hardcore when I was doing Blood for Blood, I was listening to Turbonegro, Social Distortion, obviously Guns N' Roses, and the band that was really into at the time was Oasis. They just pulled my heart. As poppy as they were, or at least what my friends would consider pop, there was just something pure *rock and roll* about them. I think they had articulately definable characteristics of what I consider great rock and roll. They were hypnotic and transcendental; it was beautiful, and it was jaded, cynical, and optimistic all at the same time." You can hear those same elements in Sinners and Saints, too. In fact, the songs on "The Sky is Falling" will remind you of just about any time you've ever turned on the radio and heard a song that you just knew was your new, possibly all-time favorite. This, Rob tells me, is all by design. "We just wanted to play music that we grew up with, music that we wanted to hear. We wanted to write songs that we wished were on the radio, but nobody else is delivering."

Story of my life

"We know the measure of each other," Rob tells me, when I ask him what it's like to finally be in a band with his brother. "He'll probably tell you that he hates my guts if I get up to take a piss, though." The former Ducky Boy laughs. He's obviously the quieter of the two. Sitting in the shadows throughout the interview, Mark listens intently to Rob's words, adding just what he needs to. It's probably been like this forever. "Well, at least I know he won't quit," Mark jokes. "Other guys might come and go, but he's here to stay." Rob agrees. "We know each other implicitly and fundamentally. We're closer than friends. It doesn't hurt that we're brothers, it definitely helps." Sitting here with the two of them, it's hard to imagine that these low-key, friendly rockers with authentic Boston accents spent so much time in the eye of the punk rock hurricane, both beacons to a legion of angry, working class youth. Rob has an explanation, though. "I've got to be specific about this, because I've been asked about it a lot," he says. You know, 'You guys have a very working class element, it's very honest, it's very gutter, and it's very unflinching', but to be specific, I don't think that I, and consequently my brother and the neighborhood we grew up in, could be qualified as 'working class'. We grew up in the projects, which I think would qualify as one step lower, like lower class, or poverty class. Food stamps, all that. And everybody," his hand sweeps across the table, signifying all the people he and Mark grew up with, "came from broken homes, with violence, domestic and otherwise, and addiction was just a casual thing. Everybody that I grew up with is either dead, in jail, or a stark raving addict that can't function without shooting up, without exception. There was never anything for us to aspire to beyond that."

We must begin in blood, so we may end in blood.

This lifestyle of poverty and frustration was not forgotten when Rob and Mark eventually formed their respective bands, and for Rob at least, this lifetime of struggle culminated in Blood for Blood's startling legacy of brutality. The Ducky Boys were no stranger to the odd dust-up, either. "We didn't really have that much violence," Mark says of the DB's. "Yeah," Rob agrees, "With his band, there'd be a bar brawl here and there, but the violence was almost...friendly." Blood for Blood, on the other hand, was like *Lord of the Flies* on a nightly basis. Rob has his theories for this blood soaked phenomenon. "Well, that's difficult to elaborate on in a short amount of time," he says, "but I have some specific assessments of why that went on, and I've spent a lot of my free time, assessing, in a sociological capacity, the reasons for some of the violence. With Blood for Blood, it got to the point were it was horrifying and disgusting. Some of the things I've personally witnessed are going to keep me from getting into heaven, just for looking at them. There had been times when I wanted to wash my eyes, from some of the things that I've seen when I was playing, or just around the phenomenon that was Blood For Blood." I suggest that for some, the mayhem might have been more of a draw then the music, that some people might have gone to BFB shows just to fight. "Well, they wouldn't walk away from a fight, that's for sure," Mark jokes. "Some did," Rob admits, "Some paid their money at the door to go in there and get in some shit. I started to view it like this—there's a lot of aggressive music out there, angry music, anti-social and anti-societal music, and I certainly think that Blood for Blood would qualify as all of the above. People that are attracted to aggressive, anti-social music have usually had a certain level of trauma in their upbringing; some have seen more traumas than others. Sometimes people act on that trauma, they respond to society the way society's responded to them. So you have one of these kids who's a true sociopath, a true thug. So if you've got a show with 500 people, 5 of them are going to be truly violent, and if they go along enough, they're going to find the other people like them." Rob sips his beer, a thousand fist-fights flashing through his brain. "My personal experience is 99% of the violent people that I've met—I don't mean the functionally violent, like guys that like to throw punches once in awhile, but people that cannot function in a normal society without doing something truly evil—they, more often than not, grew up with lives that the average American couldn't really understand. I'm talking about things like child abuse, be it sexual or otherwise. Almost to the person, that's the case. So if they come across music like this, of course they're going to relate to it. So you have people that aren't wrapped too

tight in the first place, and you add booze, and this aggressive music, and of course something's going to happen." As for his role in all of BFB's madness, Rob doesn't deny it, but he's quick to point out that it's all behind him. "As far as the violence goes, when I was younger, I loved it," he states, in all honesty. "When I saw violence at the shows, I reveled in it. I was so inarticulately angry, for a variety of reasons, and I hated the world so much, that people would be stabbing each other, and I'd know it, because I'm up on stage, and we'd keep playing." He lights another cigarette, and shakes his head. "We wouldn't stop and try to break it up, or even try to settle it down. As I've gotten older, I've started to ask why I hate, and I've had to come to terms with why I am the way I am, and why I view the world the way that I do. I don't want to contribute to that kind of mindless violence anymore."

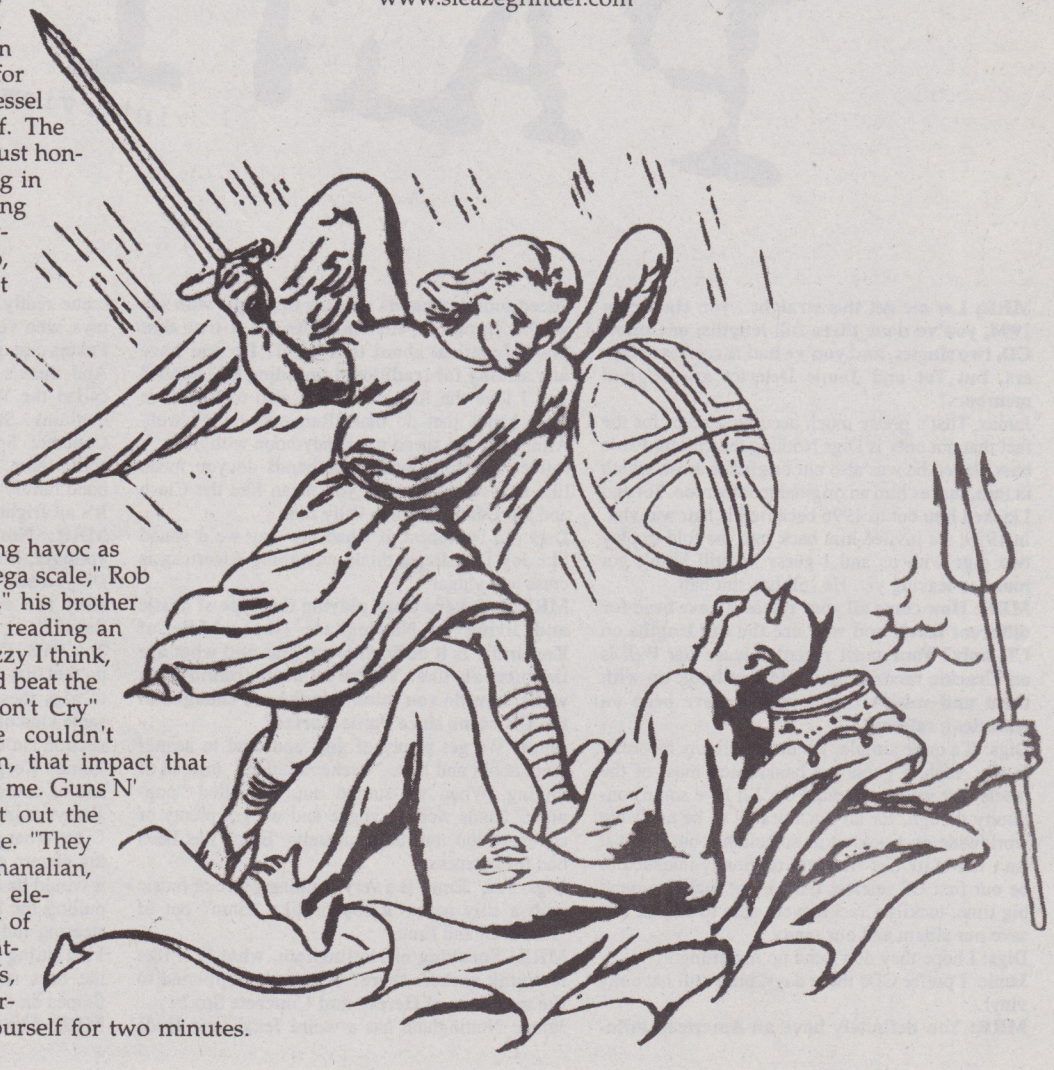
Don't Look back in Anger

In Sinners and Saints, it seems, his point of view seems to be just the opposite. Although Sinners and Saints' lyrics are full of hard luck stories, they're laced with a quiet dignity, and the songs on "The Sky is Falling" are more about closing the door on a life of agony than they are about embracing the maelstrom. "My perspective hasn't changed," Rob shrugs. "The best way I can respond is to say that these are the songs that I've been writing in the past couple of years. Whatever world I was in, whatever state I was in, whoever I was dealing with at the time, whatever I was exposing myself to, these songs I wrote in complete honesty. They're the songs that got me out of bed at 5 in the morning when I'm sweating and the walls are closing in on me and I feel like I've got something that I've got to get out. These songs are me, they're very much who I am. There's a subtle difference in these songs, because I'm not holding back, but I'm not trying to preach in Sinners and Saints. In Blood for Blood, I used the songs as a vessel to tell the world to fuck off. The Sinners and Saints songs are just honest songs that I'd been writing in my spare time. I'm not using them as a platform for anything. If I ever feel the need to, I will. If I ever have songs that lean more to the autobiographical, or social commentary, I will, but that's not the driving force of Sinners and Saints."

Axl is a punk rocker

I mention Guns N' Roses to Rob and Mark. After all, they were just as capable of creating havoc as Blood for Blood. "Oh, on a mega scale," Rob says. "Like the Montreal riot," his brother adds. "Oh, yeah. I remember reading an interview with one of them, Izzy I think, and he said that people would beat the shit of each other during "Don't Cry" and fuckin' "Patience". He couldn't understand that phenomenon, that impact that they had on people," Rob tells me. Guns N' Roses, just like BFB, brought out the rock and roll beast in people. "They had that huge Roman, Bacchanalian, aggressive, transcendental element. When you listen to any of their CDs, and this isn't relegated exclusively to Guns N Roses, but great rock and roll in general allows you to transcend yourself for two minutes. No matter how miserable or faceless you are, while you're listening to that music, you're soaring. You're a little bit more than yourself. Peter Steele, when he was in Carnivore, one of my favorite bands when I was growing up, said that "Music is great therapy." I disagree with him subtly. I believe that music, that great rock and roll, is not therapy, but it offers you the *promise* of therapy. It offers you some kind of relief, finding some kind of truth within yourself. It may never deliver, but there's always that promise, that yearning for being something better than you are." Which neatly brings us back to Sinners and Saints, a band that also has that rare power to transcend, uplift, and ultimately, to heal. "When I hear of somebody talking about our band—not necessarily likening us to Guns n Roses or bands like that, but seeing us as having that same sense of freedom that Guns brought to people—if I can do that for even three people, than I think it would all be worthwhile," Rob says. "It's this intangible, religious thing that good rock and roll provides, the sense of being high without getting high. It is a drug, a religion, life, death, rebirth. You know, I don't flatter ourselves and think that that's what were doing, but if I could do that...well, I'd give my life to do that." If their masterful debut is any indication, I don't think he'll have to go to such extreme measures, as Sinners and Saints are headed straight for the same pantheon as their heroes. "Well, regardless of what happens, We're just going to keep doing it, trust me." And I do. "I'm not going anywhere, and neither is my brother. We'll keep doing Sinners and Saints until we go down in flames."

For more info...www.sinnersandsaints.net
www.sleazegrinder.com



PANIC

interview by Tim Brooks

MRR: Let me get this straight...you started in 1994, you've done three full lengths, one mini-CD, two singles, and you've had three bass players, but Tot and Jamie Delerict are original members?

Jamie: That's pretty much accurate except for the fact that not only is Digs Nothing the current Panic bass player, he was also our original bassist, which in turn, makes him an original member too. Tot and I kicked him out in 1996 because his hair was shit. In 1999, we invited him back into the fold to play two gigs with us and I guess he still hasn't got round to leaving yet. He still has shit hair.

MRR: How come all your releases have been for different labels and why are the full lengths on CD only? Your most recent release *Get Well* is on Crackle records, how did you hook up with them and wasn't this supposed have been an American release?

Digs: It's quite simple. We don't sell *any* records!

Jamie: Yeah, I guess we bankrupted most of the labels that we've appeared on. I'd love some continuity though, for all our releases to be available worldwide on Lookout or something, but life just isn't fair is it? *Get Well* was originally intended to be our first US release, but we got fucked around big time, luckily Crackle were able to step in and save our album and our sanity.

Digs: I hope they don't end up regretting it.

Jamie: I prefer CDs these days, but I still have my vinyl.

MRR: You definitely have an American influenced sound, what do you say to people who say you've ripped off the Ramones? Is it true that Tot is fanatical about that band? Do you have any affinity for traditional sounding UK bands?

Tot: I love the Ramones and I also tend to love most bands that do that "Ramones thing" well. After all, I did spend my honeymoon with them.

Jamie: By "traditional" UK bands do you mean like Brass bands, or do you mean like the Clash and the Damned? I like Billy Idol.

Digs: To be honest, if I had my way we'd sound like Joy Division. I think everything American is crass and vulgar.

MRR: Is it hard work playing this type of music and living in Nottingham (the middle of England)? Is it difficult to get gigs and what are the turnouts like? You've all been around for a while, how do you think things have changed in the UK scene since Panic started?

Jamie: We get plenty of gigs and tend to scatter them about and have "weekend laughs" instead of touring. When we started out, so called "pop-punk" bands were in vogue and we got plenty of coverage too, but unfortunately "Emo" has been bad for business.

Digs: Yes, "Emo" is a very draining genre of music with a silly name. It sounds like "Emu" out of "Rod Hull and Emu."

MRR: Speaking of Nottingham, what is it like for punk rockers there? Whatever happened to the members of Heresy and Concrete Sox?

Jamie: Nottingham has a weird Jekyll and Hyde scene really. We've got the Varukers and the X-rays, who've both been around for some time. The Pokers are good and they're nearly from Notts. And there's the Bob Tilton lot, who do a band called the Wolves of Greece now, who actually contains Steve, the drummer from Heresy. Concrete Sox are probably still kicking about somewhere. If someone did a Nottingham punk band family tree, we'd actually have a link to Sox. It's all frightfully incestuous.

MRR: None of you folks are getting any younger, how do you keep up the enthusiasm? Do you still feel like you can make a connection with the younger kids coming to gigs these days?

Tot: Well, I'm certainly not getting any younger. I do feel that we can still connect to the kids coming to gigs these days because we still listen to the same kind of music as them, that's at least one connection isn't it?

Jamie: Keeping enthusiastic is sometimes hard, and of course, we all have our off days, but there always tends to be something around the corner.

Digs: What enthusiasm? I see this band as a repeating pattern of hate. If I were to visualize the band, it would be as a large pantechnicon lorry. Jamie is pulling the lorry by a chain with his teeth. Tot is steering and listening to the Ramones on the stereo. I am sitting in the back, eating my fingers away on the bass strings. The truck is black and it has flames on it.

MRR: I know both Tot and Digs have kids, how

does this affect being in a band? Do you think punk rock influences how you are as a parent?

Digs: It doesn't affect me as a parent. People who adopt a punk attitude to raising their children have been known to spray-paint their offspring green and spit on them. However, I do think that it's good to teach your kids a musical instrument.

Tot: I don't know if punk rock affects the way that I bring my children up. My attitude and way of thinking about things is what I try to show them. Punk may have influenced some of that, but that's just how it is.

MRR: A couple of years back you toured the USA? How did that tour go? What were the most memorable moments and do you think you will return? Do you have any other touring plans?

Jamie: Yeah, we toured the US in the summer of 2000. The Fireside Bowl in Chicago with Dillinger Four and the Independence Day gig at CBGB's were two of my personal favorites. I loved the weather, the swimming pools, the girls, Taco Bell, Misfits dolls, *fucking everything*! We'll be back.

Digs: America was mint.

TOT: D4 were mint.

MRR: The lyrics on the latest release seem more serious and thought out than on previous releases. Are you becoming more reflective in your old age? Do you think that your song writing as a band is progressing? Aren't there only a limited number of ways to say, "I've been fucked again?"

Jamie: Well actually Tim, they've all been well thought out, *even the dumb ones!* The thing about being "fucked over" as you put it is simple though. Any songwriter will tell you that out of great pain comes great creativity, my son. Half the fun is trying to find a new way to present it. I don't know man, I'll write some deep, heartfelt lyrics using a thesaurus and stuff one day, and then the next thing I know, I'm writing about vampires and some monsters with weird heads, it's just life isn't it? Everyone loves to have a laugh, but there are times when you've got to be serious too. It's never a conscious move to balance the silly and the serious; it's simply whatever grabs us at the time.

MRR: Joey Ramone is back from the dead and has asked you to be his backing band, you have ten minutes to get your shit, what five records do you take with you on the road?

Digs: In that instance, as we're on the road, I would take driving records and pretend that the vinyl was the steering wheel and the four tires. 1: 10CC - "I'm not in love," 2: Chris Rea – "The road to hell," 3. AC/DC – "Highway to hell," 4: Roxette – "Joyride," and 5: The Cars – "Who's gonna drive you home?"

Tot: I wouldn't go. I'd be too scared. I'd stay at home and listen to A Radio With Guts, an amazing band, to take my mind off the fact that Joey Ramone was apparently a zombie, roaming the Earth, touring with my mates out of Panic.

Jamie: I'd grab The Germs - *(GI)*, Swingin' Utters - *Five Lessons Learned*, Descendents - *Milo Goes to College*, Pegboy – *Strong Reaction*, and the Misfits coffin box-set. Hopefully, I'd also have time to get a pot of hummus and some bread buns too.

MRR: Do you think politics or at least some kind of social awareness is important in the punk scene? Traditionally, the pop-punk or more Ramones/Screeching Weasel type bands have little to do with politics of any sort, but some of your lyrics are moving more towards the hardships of being an average Joe. Is this intentional to move away from the traditional "girl doesn't love me" type lyrics?

Jamie: Again, there's certainly no conscious intention. We've never written a love song. There are songs about love, but usually they're stories, or at least something with a sting in its tail. Songs about being in love bore me as much as political songs do. A balance is important. Personally, I think that Johnny Peebucks and Darius Koski from the Swingin' Utters are the most gifted punk songwriters that we have in our "movement." Social awareness, love, life, stories; it's almost poetic without the fantastic music added. Bands that preach to their already converted masses however, are not accomplishing what they are apparently setting out to do. I don't like being told what to think or how to act and I certainly don't want to hear slogans being set to music, not on record and especially not in a live setting. I have friends that are into political thrash or whatever and there will always be clash of opinions between them and us bands that only sing about beer, girls and skateboarding!

Digs: I don't think that politics has anything to do with music. I agree with Jamie 100%.

Tot: I'll leave that stuff to Propagandhi, who do it well.

MRR: You say that punk rock should not be political, but surely as an alternative subculture with some intelligence, there should be at least some aspects of political thought discussed, at least in terms of breaking down social stereotypes and norms within "normal" society? I learned a lot of what I base my values on through punk rock and think I'm a better person for it without that element, what sets punk rock apart from all the other musical sub-genres?

Jamie: I think that human beings should play to their strengths. We, as a band, know what's wrong and know what's right, we have morals and we have hods of integrity, but we do not have a political agenda or political views that we choose to air on one of our records. As Tot said, we'll leave that stuff to the bands that do it well. We bring something else to the table. I'm not sure what it is, but we definitely have something to offer you, the public.

MRR: I'm sure that playing in a two bit punk band doesn't pay the bills or keep the kids in toys and nappies, what do you folks do to keep the wolf from the door. And do your day jobs interfere with being a punk rock band, being that you gig a lot? What comes first, Panic or your day job?

Tot: I throw bricks at the Wolves of Greece to keep them from my door! Day job? Haven't had one for over eight years, mate. Don't intend to get another one for as long as humanly possible. At the moment I'm doing a computing degree, borrowing shitloads of money (that I never intend to pay back) and have a couple of benefit scams going. That just about keeps me in food, drink, and punk rock. As long as I can look after my kids too, that's all I need. Panic comes before the day job because I don't have a day job! Plus, a massive amount of the money I scam from the ways mentioned above is always being spent on Panic stuff from the cost of recording, rehearsing, to mundane shit like just buying drum sticks!

Digs: I'm not serious about this band. It's a fun punk hobby.

Jamie: I run the rehearsal rooms where we practice, and yes, Panic is my mistress and my life. Just ask my ex-girlfriends.

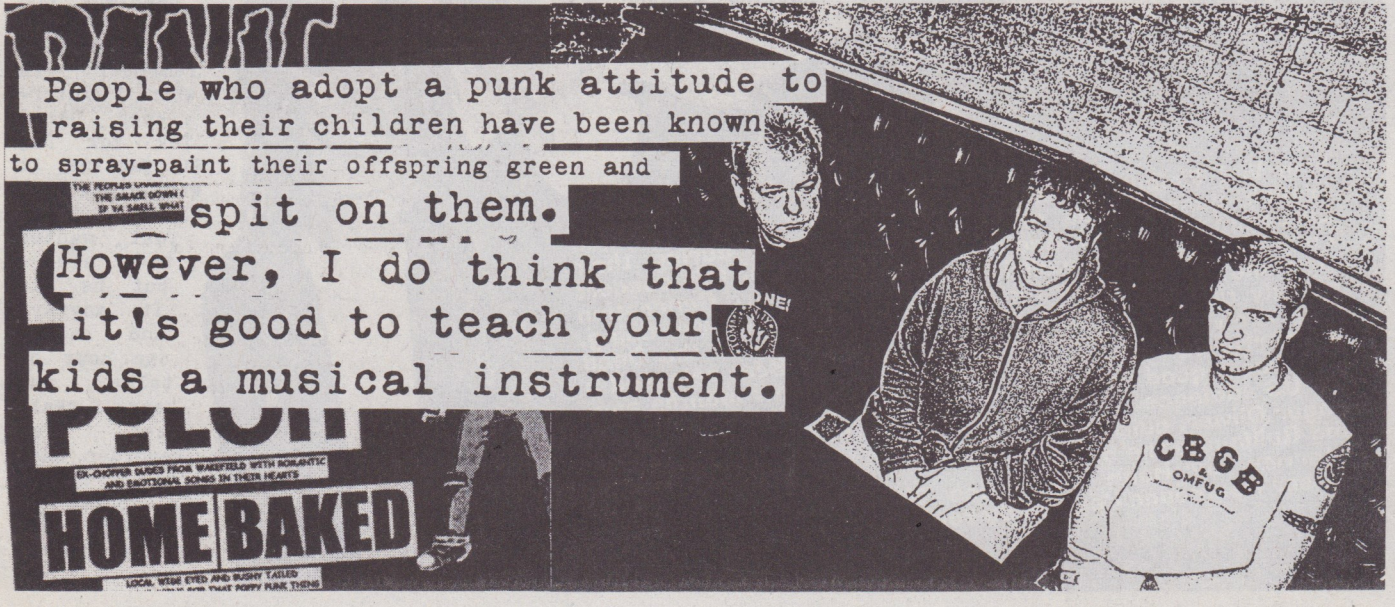
MRR: What's next for the Panic machine, how much longer have you got left in you? Are we going to see you plugging away in 20 years? Where can the kids get a hold of your gear and you, if they feel the need?

Digs: At some point, we will put out a weird album with pianos on it and other musical instruments that look like guitars but aren't. They're bent and only have one string. It will be called "Panic's Picnic" and the Mexican version will be called "Panic Hispanic."

Tot: Absolutely not. 20 years from now, I'll be dead.

Digs: We may as well, because in 20 years time, me and Tot will have turned into eggs and Jamie will look like Jimmy Saville.

Jamie: I'd prefer Ric Flair, but anyway, by the time that this sees print we should have our next release out. The *When Monsters Move* CDEP will be out late 2002, I think. For information on how to get hold of our stuff and much, much more, go to www.panicnthat.co.uk. Cheers and that, MRR.



The Gasolheads

MRR: I think that nobody knows you in the United States. OK, the Gasolheads put out two full-lengths, a couple or more 7"s, and some songs on various compilations. The band comes from the Marseilles area, near the French Riviera. How does the punk rock underground work there?

Pascal: Fuck you Holm! Who told you nobody knows us in the USA? Haha! The first thing I'd like to say is that Marseille has absolutely nothing to do with the French Riviera-it's a working-class city, a Mediterranean sea-port. There is no way you can see Dutch tourists wearing Bermudas and Birkenstocks passing by Marseille. We are the borders of their holidays, like: "oh Jesus! It's too dirty here, let's go back to the Riviera and have a cocktail!" Punk rock needs bands, punk rock needs clubs, punk rock needs a city, punk rock needs Marseille!

Olivier: That's right. Le punk rock works fine here, thank you. Good bands, 2-3 cool places to play, people at shows, good labels. We feel so badly alright!

MRR: During the last years we heard more and more positive news from the French punk rock scene in Germany. Where did you get the virus?

Pascal: Le punk rock has always been alive in France, don't you remember bands like Dogs, Metal Urbain, Starshooter, Asphalt Jungle, Guilty Razors? The virus was inoculated by such bands and later on came what you can call the second generation, it was in the early 90s. TV Killers, No Talents, Splash Four, Guzzlers. So I think there were always good and interesting bands in France.

Olivier: Yeah.

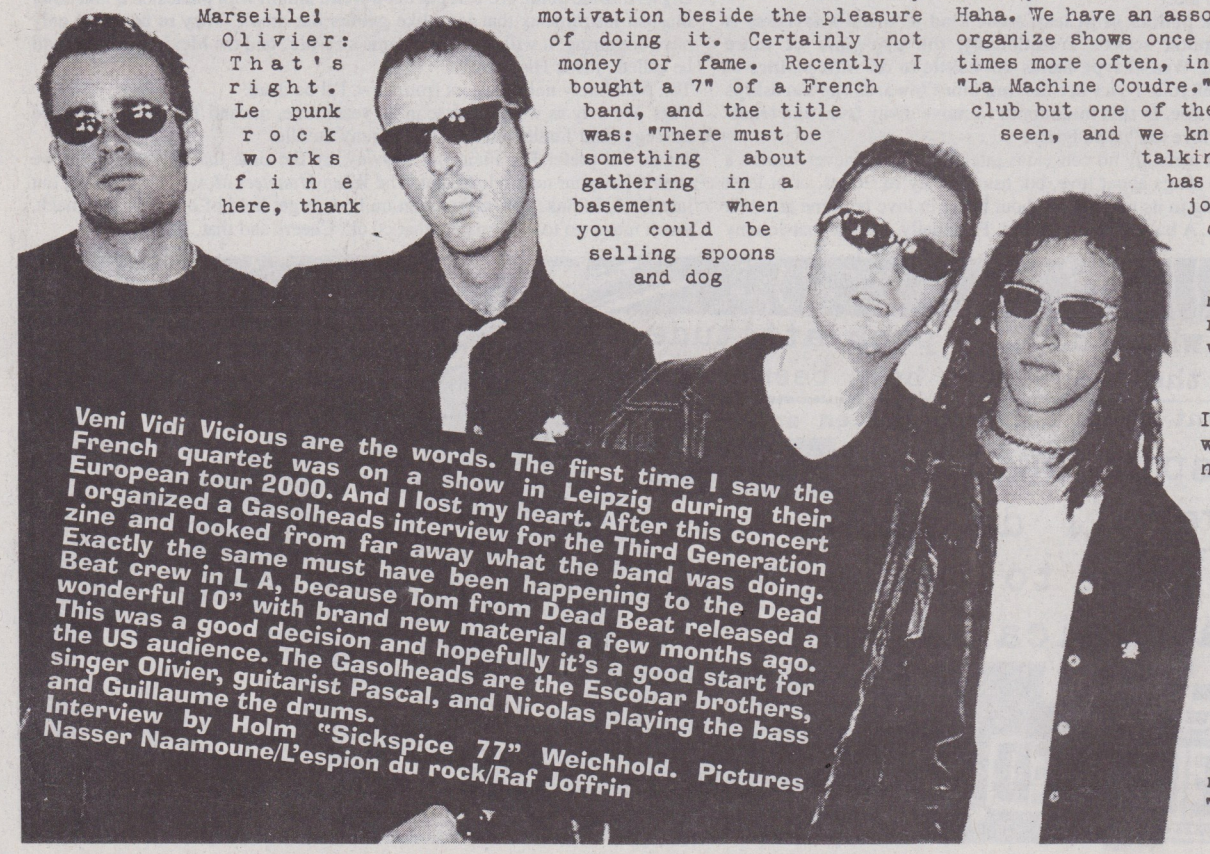
MRR: This must be a strong disease, because you do shows, practice sessions, put out records-what are your motivations for being in a band?

Pascal: It's hard to find any motivation beside the pleasure of doing it. Certainly not money or fame. Recently I bought a 7" of a French band, and the title was: "There must be something about gathering in a basement when you could be selling spoons and dog food in a supermarket." The only good reason for me is that I can travel across Europe and see places like Croatia or Slovenia that I would never have visited if I were not in the Gasolheads. And I remember the night we played in this squat in Leipzig. Sometimes when we tour I tell myself, OK, I'm 200 kilometers away from home, in a punk squat, trying to speak German with a girl I've met only ten minutes ago and that's cool. That's punk rock. Haha.

Olivier: Yeah. The pleasure of meeting cool people. And the cool drugs.

MRR: Now we know the facts about your roots and that the band is the main thing you do, but of course you have normal jobs. It looks like a big engagement beside the band activities. Please tell us about this work in "the scene."

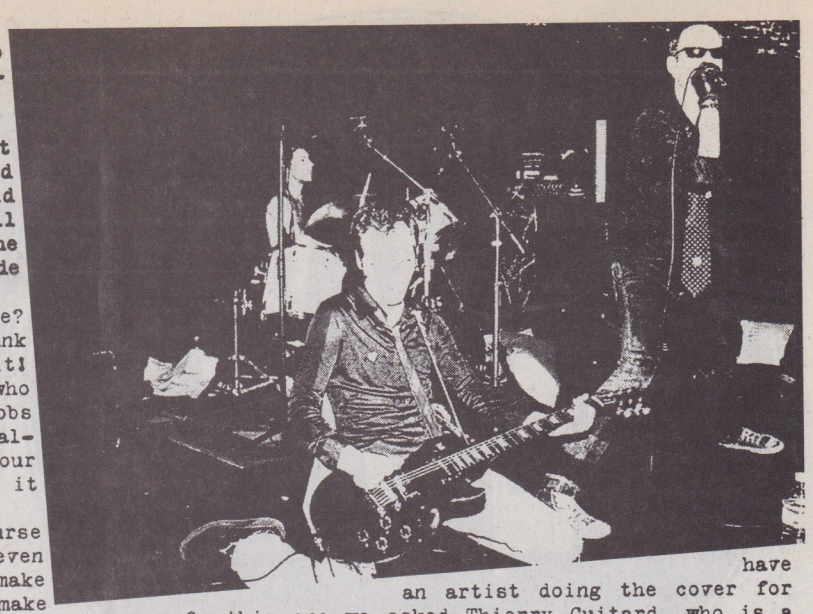
Pascal: As the Dead Kennedy's said, the question is: "don't ask what the scene can do for you, but what you can do for the scene." Haha. We have an association and we organize shows once a month, sometimes more often, in a small club, "La Machine Coudre." It's a small club but one of the best we have seen, and we know what we're talking about. It has never been a job, we are just doing it for passion. One of the funniest moment I remember is when I interviewed Deniz Tek for Dig It! fanzine. It was late at night and he just wanted to sleep, but he did it anyway, and after one hour of talks and beers I realized my recorder what out of order. He looked at me and said "Don't worry



Veni Vidi Vicious are the words. The first time I saw the French quartet was on a show in Leipzig during their European tour 2000. And I lost my heart. After this concert I organized a Gasolheads interview for the Third Generation zine and looked from far away what the band was doing. Exactly the same must have been happening to the Dead Beat crew in L A, because Tom from Dead Beat released a wonderful 10" with brand new material a few months ago. This was a good decision and hopefully it's a good start for the US audience. The Gasolheads are the Escobar brothers, singer Olivier, guitarist Pascal, and Nicolas playing the bass and Guillaume the drums.

Interview by Holm "Sickspice 77" Weichhold. Pictures Nasser Naamoune/L'espion du rock/Raf Joffrin

son, the concert was cool," and he went to sleep on the floor, in my little crappy apartment. Haha. Cool guy.
Olivier: Yeah. Cooler than you. Sucker.
MRR: Right now you are planning the next European tour and you will record the third Gasolheads full-length. Some time ago you told me that you name your style garage punk 'n roll because you must play fast and don't have the money to have a cleaner sound. Is this attitude still alive?
Olivier: Who cares about the name or the style? Sure it's garage punk and roll, it's garage punk rock and roll, hum, punk rock garage! shit! garage shit! We still have no money, but who cares? And it's just punk rock. And we have jobs now! Studio times are boring times, I mean really boring. It's hot, it stinks, and we go on our mutual nerves in a small and dark room, and it costs money, so the faster, the better.
Pascal: I just call my music punk rock. Of course this kind of attitude is still alive. And even if we had the money, we think it's better to make the best of a little equipment than try to make a big studio sound raw and dirty. We are going to record the third full-length at the studio where our sound engineers works. Actually it's a very good studio, for "avant-garde" artists and contemporary music. During the summer nobody's there. We are going to bring our backline, pills, alcohol, turn the amp to 11 and 1-2-3-4, let's go! I hope we'll leave the place clean enough so he doesn't get fired in September. Haha.
Olivier: Yeah. Very funny.
MRR: Are your influences more punk rock, garage stuff, or rock and roll? Do you have French influences too?
Pascal: Every decade has influenced us. Except the 80s of course. We have a serious obsession with the '77 period. Dogs (the French band) were an influence too, but they tried so hard to sound Anglo-Saxon, can I really call them a French influence? I don't want to sound like a revival band or whatever. Every kind of music has something interesting to offer if you try to dig a little bit. I'm not the kind of guy that will scream everywhere: "punk rock is the only music! Fuck the rest." But, I'm so much into '77 stuff, this music drives me totally crazy, but who gives a hell about genres when we are talking about punk rock or rock n roll? It's the beginning of it all: fanzines, independent labels, DIY ethic.
Olivier: Please don't give me any hard rock or heavy metal shit. Every punk "and roll" band claims they love AC/DC, Alice Cooper, Kiss, or Black Sabbath. I hate that shit. Every American band we see here comes with AC/DC stickers or Kiss patches, merde! Do I annoy people with the French musical shit I enjoyed when I was a 13-year-old kid? It's just pathetic nostalgia.
MRR: Dead Beat Records is releasing your current record. Why this record company? Safety Pins, Gee Strings, TV Killers-is it a good home base for punk rock made in the European community?
Pascal: Because it's funny to see how things are going with a man that wears a moustache. Haha.
Olivier: Yes, America needs European punk rock bands. Why? I don't know why! In fact I don't care.
MRR: There are some interesting things I found out-first the name of the record, Red Wine and White Russians. You have a problem without alcohol.
Olivier: Is that a question? Are you sure you formulated it correctly? Heu, my god-no problem without alcohol, but it's often better to have some. Weird question. Not so much people noticed the political approach of this title, so I'll mention it now. Red-white Russians, OK?
MRR: The second is the cover. Who drew the nice picture and what's the story behind it?
Olivier: Almost on every record we did we tried to have an artist doing the cover for us. On this one we asked Thierry Guitard, who is a quite well-known artist, and he accepted immediately. We are very happy about the result. For the next one we asked Thomas Ott, a great Swiss artist.



MRR: And least: the piano on "Hate's Better Than RNR." Do you think the piano is a sound option for the future?
Olivier: It's not really a piano, it's a cheap synthesizer, really cheap, there was a "rock piano" setting. We chose it and made the one-note-with-one-finger thing. It sound like a cell phone bell, we love it! Really it's not "new wave" or something, it's just funny: TEET! TEET! TEET! TEET! TEET! Perfect! But we already used this kind of thing on a Johnny Moped cover on the preceding record. Yes, we'll use this for forthcoming records, if we have the time to try it during the recording sessions.
MRR: You are involved into the local punk rock scene and you must build up a lot of impressions during your shows across Europe. Did you notice any differences between concerts in former "Iron Curtain" countries and a west European countries? Or do you not see differences anymore?
Pascal: I'm sorry, but I see no difference between a show in Ljubljana and a show in Paris. It's always the occidental zone. Maybe Africa would be different. A punk rock show in Dakar? Let's go!
Olivier: It's the same everywhere, except in the Netherlands. People are like quiet cows there, nothing to do to bring excitement in their eyes. I suppose it's the result of too much grass-smoking. You got like a morbid hippie atmosphere there, that sucks. Shitty hashish.
MRR: One question before we end: almost every American band that tours Europe says that they love the circumstances and conditions here (short distances, sleeping rooms, dinner, drinks, people). What are the expectations for a French band touring the United States? What are your expectations?
Pascal: I have absolutely no expectations. It would be funny and I hope one day we will have the opportunity. The TV Killers toured there and they told us that when they came off the stage people were like: "oh it's incredible, you have heard about punk rock in France!?" Haha! What kind of expectations do you have after that? Haha.
Olivier: Yeah. Very funny.
MRR: A last word to the readers?
Pascal: A punk rock song longer than 2 minutes 30 seconds is an experimental punk rock song. And it sucks. Adios!
Olivier: Yah yah yah!
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the JEWWS

C'mon everybody and climb inside my GTO. We're gonna blow this town and head for another show. We're going to Space City so you better get ready to go! The members of Houston's garage punk band the Jewws, Rebecca (bass), Omari (guitar,vox), Matt (drums), and long time behind-the-scenes mystery man Brandon mingle via satellite video conferencing with Mr. Andy Wright and Mrs. Stephanie Paige Friedman about heavy metal and making it big.

MRR: Alright, is this your first band?
Rebecca: Yeah.
Omari: Well no, not really.
Matt: Nope...but it's the best band I've been in!
Rebecca: It's the first one we started.
Omari: For Rebecca, it's her first band.
MRR: Well what other band you been in, Omari?
Omari: I played drums in The Wild Possum Jug Band.
MRR: How did you two meet?
Rebecca: On the bus, in high school.
Omari: Yeah, we went to the same high school.
MRR: Why'd you start playing bass? How'd you learn, or what made you wanna learn?
Rebecca: 'Cause Omari was already playing the guitar, so I had to pick something else.
Omari: No, bass was easier.
Rebecca: Uh, whatever! Edit that out.
Omari: (jokingly) She was a little slow on the guitar.
MRR: What happened to Guy (the Jewws drummer)—why did he leave the band?
Rebecca: For his acting career. (all laugh)
MRR: OK, well how did Matt change the sound of the Jewws, or did he even change the sound?
Rebecca: He made it more peppy (laughs).
Omari: Um...he plays louder.
MRR: What's Brandon's role as the fourth Jeww?
Omari: To carry heavy stuff.
Rebecca: It's a mystery.
Brandon: Loitering mostly.
Omari: He's got a better computer than I do.
Matt: I've recently started to use him as my "Drum Sound Tech." He's also a nice little insurance policy for my smart ass mouth. Let's just say Brandon knows how to handle certain situations.
MRR: What was the first live band you ever saw? Live band—(long silence) do you remember?
Rebecca: Uh, like one that wasn't on a TV show?
MRR: What was the first record you ever bought using your own money?
Brandon: Same...Slayer.
Matt: KISS *Alive*....man, It sounds like I'm some sorta KISS freak! I'm not.
Omari: Y'know someone asked me that same question before for an interview and I told them it was NWA *Straight Outta Compton* and they edited it out.
MRR: They didn't believe you—"you're frontin'!"
Omari: Well he was like "no, rock & roll record." and I don't know, I didn't really even buy rock & roll records when I first started buying music.
MRR: You have any hobbies?
Rebecca: No.
Matt: Surfing, sidewalk surfing, records...
Omari: I just started skating again.
MRR: Alright, skateboarding.
Rebecca: I like to do my hair.
MRR: What kind of music would you play if punk rock didn't exist?
Matt: I'd be in some sorta Rolling Stones type band. I love that stuff.
Omari: If punk rock didn't exist? ...I don't know.
MRR: ...or would you even be playing music?
Omari: Yeah see, I don't know if I would even actually be playing but...
MRR: Why not?
Omari: Because punk rock is really simple… Well I could do any kind of... I like lots of different kinds of music so I plan on, before I die, being in every type of band that could possibly be.
MRR: Fusion?
Omari: No, fusion is crap.
MRR: What about you, Rebecca?
Rebecca: I might go for uh, probably metal.
Omari: Yeah Rebecca would've been in a heavy metal band for sure.
Rebecca: We would've kicked ass man!
MRR: What do you think about the mainstream success of garage music lately? Do you have any thoughts about that? Do you like it or does it kinda bum you out?
Omari: Ehhh...I don't really...y'know, there's always gotta be something.
Rebecca: I'm happy for them.
Omari: Our favorite band's made it...the Hives made it...I guess kinda.
Matt: I'm stoked for the Hives because they are a pretty great band...but I'm not convinced the trend will last. It will turn out to be like surf music in the 90s. It will pass and then all the people and bands that were into it before will be left and things will get back to normal (i.e. no one really caring and bands living in oblivion).
MRR: You guy's hope to make it big?
Omari: Not really.
Matt: Not at all. I have a life. Punk is a giant part of it...I just think making it big would involve more compromise than this band is willing to take.
MRR: Why do you think the Hives made it and other garage bands haven't? What are they doing differently?
Omari: They came along at the right time.
MRR:What do you mean?
Omari: Well I mean, c'mon, there's not gonna be a band of old guys—Sugar Shack ain't gonna make it big nowadays.

MRR: What!? (all laugh) You guys have been around for a while, there's been tons of garage bands around forever...
Omari: It's gonna be a young band that maybe kinda has a gimmick and has a good record and...people need rock & roll.
MRR: What do you guys do to get ready for a show?
Matt: We all get in a circle and Omari leads us in a prayer then we all snort a line of coke the size of your arm, put our hands in a circle and shout "1, 2, 3 jeeeeeEEEEEwwwwwwws!!!." Actually, I usually like to have a couple of beers.
Rebecca: "I put on my make-up, say a little prayer…"
Omari: (sings the tune) "say a little prayer for you…"
Rebecca: "for me."
MRR: Any music you listen to to get hyped up?
Rebecca: I listen to Donny Denim.
MRR: What do you guys do after the show usually?
Rebecca: Make out. (all laugh)
MRR: …and if it's in Dallas you make out. When was the last time you puked?
Matt: Food poisoning a few years back. I'm like a horse...if I puke, I'm most likely gonna die.
MRR: What's the best show you've ever played? The most fun you've ever had?
Rebecca: With the Australians and us.
Omari: The Onyas?
Rebecca: Yeah.
Omari: Really!?
Rebecca: …'cause Andy got hurt!
MRR: That was the Crusaders, yeah that was fun. That was the not-most-fun show I've ever played.
Omari: It's fun watching Andy get hurt!
Rebecca: Well there was drama.
Matt: I'd have to say one of the Austin shows. Maybe the one during Garage Shock. We've played some pretty fun small town Texas shows like Victoria, Beaumont, and Galveston.
Omari: ... We tend to make fun for ourselves.
MRR: So all your shows are fun.
Rebecca: Pretty much.
MRR: What's the worst show you've ever played, the one that just sucked the most?
Omari: Probably something at Fitzgerald's.
Rebecca: Oh, that one with that crappy sound guy that used to work at Fitzgerald's.
Brandon: Oh, Instant Karma.
Rebecca: Insant Karma!
Omari: That was bad.
MRR: What made it so bad?
Brandon: Death metal sound guy.
Rebecca: The sound guy was *rude* and he like...
Omari: That's probably one of our things, it's like...we really hate really bad sound guys.
Matt: The sound guy at the Continental Club in Houston can hug a nut as far as I'm concerned. I really don't care about sound very much...this guy was just a dick and made some pretty rude remarks about having "a chick" in the band. Sexist hippie....go figure.
MRR: You are sound snobs.
Omari: Especially me and I think Rebecca learned it from me.
MRR: Do you think it effects your performance if the sound's bad? Do you rock out or do you complain before every song?
Omari: Well it doesn't affect the performance. I think it affects the audience's reaction but it doesn't affect us.
MRR:What's your favorite metal band?
Matt: I'm a big fan of 80s crossover. I love DRI, Corrosion Of Conformity, Sacrilige BC, Crumbsuckers...as for modern bands I like High On Fire and Blood Duster.
Rebecca: Motorhead or Slayer.
Omari: Yeah, or Black Sabbath.
MRR: How did you guys find out about cool music? You came out of the suburbs, your influences seem a lot cooler than your average suburban kid.
Omari: Y'know the radio used to be a lot cooler than it is now.
Matt: I think I bought a Reagan Youth reacord for no other reason than curiosity. I was immediately hooked. A friend of mine at school named Jody began getting into stuff to and we would always trade records and hip each other to cool stuff. I should also mention The Funhouse Show with Chuck Roast and Austin Caustic back before Pacifica Radio became *total* yuppie fodder. Rad Rich did the calender. I still have tapes of that show that I made in my bedroom before I could even drive.
Omari:I remember my brother listening to that show.
MRR: Yeah but you guys weren't hearing the Makers and Thee Headcoats.
Omari: A long time ago you could get your punk rock from college radio and your good old garage rock from the oldies radio which they don't play anymore.
MRR: Why do you have more fans in Austin and Dallas than in your own home town?
Matt: I'm not really sure, but I feel it's better to be popular in *other* towns other than your own. Being popular in your hometown is a curse.
MRR: So what do you think about the Crack Pipes being on MTV?
Rebecca: They were on MTV?
Omari: It's pretty awesome, to Andy you're the only one who's seen it!
MRR:Yeah I saw it, I thought it was pretty cool.
Rebecca: What did they do.
MRR: They have a video.
Rebecca: Sweet, I think it's great.
Omari: They'll probably never show it again.
MRR: Do you get jealous of other bands' success?
Omari: No.
Rebecca: If they *really* suck.
MRR: Do you ever think "that should be us?"
Omari: Rebecca says, "that should be me." There's no us.
MRR: Do you guys agree that skate rock is going to be the next biggest thing?
Rebecca: What is that?
Omari: Who skates *and* rocks? Where'd you get that from?
Matt: The next big thing will be late 90s retro! I'm fully expecting a *huge* rap-metal resurgence at any time.
MRR: What annoys you the most about your band mates?
Matt: The "I have them but only use them when I want to" interpersonal skills. We can also all be pretty stubborn at times. What are you trying to do? Break up the band?
MRR: Do you plan on sticking around until everyone is sick of you or do you plan on breaking up while you're on top?
Rebecca: When we get on top we'll let you know.
Omari: I don't know if this band's always gonna be around but yeah we'll be around for a while I'm sure.
MRR: Till everyone hates your guts.
Omari: Until we are no longer cool...
Rebecca: Well that's already happened.
Omari: Yeah, that was last year .
MRR: Recently you guys opened for the Butthole Surfers, how did that happen?
Omari: Apparently King Coffee heard our first record and they demanded that we play.
MRR: At the expense of other locals bands I hear.
Omari: Yeah..well no. What happened is (and this is all second hand info) they booked the show and he said okay well we want The Jewws and as far as I know Fitzgerald's went ahead and booked someone else and never contacted us. We kinda heard through the grapevine that we were supposed to play and we contacted (the club) and apparently The Butthole Surfers just really wanted us to play. It was wierd because we never met them before or anything; and one day I went to go practice with another band I'm in and one of the guys says to me, "I heard The Butthole Surfers asked The Jewws to open for them at their next show." I was just like, "What!? Somebody made that up. We don't even know anyone in The Butthole Surfers."
MRR: So King Coffee is a fan of yours, any other famous people that are fans of the Jewws that you know of?
Omari: Is he famous?
MRR: Yeah he's famous.
Brandon: He was on the Gary Shandling show.
Rebecca: Johnny Depp's a fan.
MRR: (surprised) Johnny Depp's a fan? cool.
Rebecca: Yep, he sure is!
Brandon: He knows the Buttholes. (all laugh)
MRR: You think if you guys were from Detroit right now people would like you better? If you're from Detroit that's just the ticket right now.
Omari: Yeah Detroit's sorta the hotspot. Y'know we were actually going to record the new album with Jim Diamond but it was too far for us to drive.
MRR: So you could of been on that bandwagon right now.
Omari: Well I don't know.
Brandon: It woulda sounded good.
Rebecca: Detroit's just as crappy as Houston.
MRR: Well I was talkin to the Detroit Cobras and they said that you go to shows now and nobody's there because everyone's all off on tour being famous. So you go to the shows and the usual people aren't there because they're all off...
Omari: Well I guess I wouldn't have a problem with that if that was the case here because at least somebody's doing something.
Brandon: But y'know, they have more than just a few good bands.
MRR: if you could have any slogan on your t-shirt what would it be?
Matt: I'm With Dummy.
Omari: Young People Unite!
MRR: So what do you want to be when you grow up?
Rebecca: I don't want to look old.
Omari: She wants to be young and pretty when she grows up.
MRR: I didn't say what do you not want to be when you grow up!
Rebecca: I want to be a doctor or the president. I really want to be the president.
Matt: I wanna be Mick "Shakey" Wallace.
Omari: I'm still doing my independent studies in audio engineering.
MRR: OK, so you'd like to record bands and produce records and all the stuff, own a recording studio.
Omari: Yeah, I'd rather do that than try to play in a band for a living.

www.hometown.aol.com/thejewws

The Futures are one of the most dynamic and original sounding bands in hardcore today. Their records are great and their live performances are amazing. I was lucky enough to catch up with Ikeda (guitar) and Yoji (vox) before a show at the legendary Bears live house in Osaka. Interview and translation by Kevin Hunt.

MRR: OK, first things first. Names, instruments and favorite beverages!
Ikeda: Well, there's me (guitar) and I like beer. Yoji (vocals), Nana (bass) and Maki (drums). We all love beer!
MRR: When did the Futures form?
Ikeda: Can you remember?
Yoji: I can't remember, probably January of 1996.
MRR: What have you released so far?
Ikeda: Two 7" EPs of our own and one split with Dios Hastios (Peru), five or six compilation appearances and most recently released is our album on MCR soon to be put out on vinyl by 625.
MRR: Give us the skinny on Jerk Off records.
Ikeda: Well, it's my label and we released the second 7" on it ourselves. I also put out a comp of Japanese punk/HC recently.
MRR: How did the split with Dios Hastios come about?
Ikeda: There's a really good record store in Nagoya called Answer Records. They also run a label and they get tons of demos from all over the world. Nakamura-san from Answer offered us a split with Dios Hastios after he got their tape.
MRR: You have many interesting and unique elements to your music. Now the question all bands hate to have to answer! How do you think you sound?
Ikeda: Oh, jeez!
Yoji: That's a tough question!
MRR: Sorry!
Yoji: Psychedelic, rock 'n roll that's hardcore at the same time.
Ikeda: Oh, man! Well, the songs aren't exactly straightforward. They're kinda quirky. I'm that way myself too. When we play it's like a collision between that and hardcore so we're definitely not like your average "alt-rock" band. Our hardcore spirit comes across in the music.
MRR: Yoji, give us a little bit of insight into the subject matter of your lyrics.
Yoji: Well, rather than singing about others I tend to vocalize about my own problems within myself. Most of my songs are along the same lines lyrically. Basically the deal with the ridiculousness of the human condition and the shit we pull, how I understand it and how I think it could be rectified.
MRR: How many shows have you played so far?
Ikeda: We have played well over ten shows per year for the last seven years so over seventy I guess. Don't ask me stuff like that-I don't know for sure!
MRR: How many times a month do you play shows?
Ikeda: Once or twice. Everyone works, you know, except me. I quit my job! (raucous laughter!)
Yoji: You quit? (note these two are brothers)
Ikeda: I already told you!
MRR: What has been the most memorable Futures show so far?
Ikeda: Aaaaah. Well, good events. For example it was very emotional for me to play with Gauze. Hmmm, what does make a good show?
Yoji: No one particular show really.
Ikeda: Since we changed bass players all of the shows have been good.
MRR: Tell us the best and worst things about playing shows in Japan.
Ikeda: I know this from playing overseas. The sound here is always very very good. There is always a proper and functioning PA and someone who knows how to get a good sound out of it. And everything always starts and finishes on time here. You can have a drink and a cigarette in any venue.
MRR: What about noruma (expensive venue rental 'pay to play' fee all Japanese bands and foreign bands who have toured Japan know about)?
Ikeda: On the other hand, it's expensive to play for sure. Especially when compared to the US. Well equipped live houses cost money to maintain, staff need to be paid too. It's a different environment altogether.
Yoji: What he said! I've only ever played in Japan.
MRR: What do you think about the current state of punk and hardcore in Japan today?
Ikeda: I don't know too much about the scene *(He damn well does!-Kevin)* but there are many bands I like that can't really be pigeon-holed into one particular scene who are still very good.
MRR: When did you first start going to shows?
Ikeda: Quite recently really. Only started going to punk shows when I was twenty. Eight years or so.
MRR: How is the scene different now to back then?
Ikeda: Well, when I first started going to shows in Osaka it was very violent. OK, perhaps it was only the kind of shows that I'd go to, but even then there was still that aggressive vibe left over from the late 80s.
MRR: So shows could be quite intimidating back then?
Ikeda: Yeah, but now it's fine. No problems.
MRR: Why do you think things were the way they were?
Ikeda: Better to ask those who were at the center of it all! I'd rather not say! (laughter)
MRR: Do any of you play in other bands?
Ikeda: Nana plays in six or seven bands. He has also toured the US with Grind Orchestra, one of his many projects. Maki plays in another band but I don't know much about it.

MRR:
Who are some current Japanese bands who you would like to recommend to foreign hardcore freaks?
Ikeda: Wag Platy (Tokyo). Also Family Man (Saitama)-a Japanese Black Flag sounding band who are very cool.
Yoji: Wag Platy rule!
Ikeda: Everyone reading *MRR* probably knows most of the bigger bands like Forward, Paintbox, and Crude. Smaller bands worth checking out are One River, Constricted, and Earwig (all from Kyoto).
MRR: The Kyoto scene is getting better with bands like Uniq, Mortalized, Jaag, and Engrave. All great people. The mighty Warhead are still going strong! Tell us a little about the new album on MCR. Who recorded it and where?
Ikeda: It was recorded at Free People in Osaka. The same place where the Gloom 12", Framtid 7" and Razor's Edge stuff were recorded. I think foreign punks probably know these bands and their records.
MRR: So the guy that engineered all that stuff also twisted the knobs for your album?
Ikeda: Yeah, the same guy. Hara-san was the engineer.
MRR: How does the music on the new album compare to the older material off the 7"s?
Yoji: Vocalwise, I'm spittin' out more than I did before. Pushing myself a little harder.
Ikeda: I guess that during the time between the early 7"s and the album we have been influenced by the energy of the many bands we have played with or seen live.
MRR: And the vinyl format on 625…?
Ikeda: It's coming out with a different sleeve.
MRR: Yoji, tell us about the artwork you do for the sleeves, fliers, shirts etc… The style is perfectly suited to the Futures.
Yoji: Well, I draw when I want to draw. I kind of jot down like a rough sketch so I remember it and then sit down later and draw it properly. I think of a particular theme and just go for it!
MRR: Have you done artwork for projects other than the Futures?
Yoji: Yeah, Swarrrm's (Kobe City Grindcore trio) split with Atomic Fireball's inner sleeve and the sleeve for Swarrrm's recent split with Blood Bacteria. And Fandango's (live venue in Osaka) walls.
MRR: You are touring the US in November. When, where, and with who?
Ikeda: We are just organizing the finer points with Max 625 at present. Probably San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego perhaps and hopefully some other places. Just got an email from Max today.
MRR: You toured the US once before right, Ikeda-san?
Ikeda: Right, with Jellyroll Rockheads we toured the West Coast. It was great. People were very open and kind. It was a lot of fun.
MRR: How do you feel about getting on a plane, Yoji?
Yoji: I'm OK with planes.
MRR: Did you know that beer on international flights is free?
Yoji: No way? Really! I didn't know that.
MRR: All you can drink.
Ikeda: They made us (Jellyroll Rockheads) stop. They wouldn't serve us!
MRR: And why do you think that was?
Ikeda: I've got no idea!
MRR: On the subject of amber liquid, who drinks the most before playing?
Ikeda: It depends on the time and the place. The bass player, guitarist, and vocalist all drink pretty hard. I'm terrible sometimes. When I'm bad, I'm bad!
Yoji: If I get too drunk…
Ikeda: When Nana overdoes it…! (laughter)
MRR: Any wild drunk stories to share?
Ikeda: Not really.
Yoji: What about that time I fell over and cut my head open on the foldback speakers and bled everywhere!
MRR: How many times have you lost Yoji?
Ikeda: He hasn't vanished but he's passed out many times.
MRR: Lastly, who do you site as the best HC bands ever?
Yoji: Oddball (Kyoto), Nightmare (Osaka), Warhead (Kyoto).
Ikeda: Me too. SST stuff like Sachrinne Trust, Minutemen.
Yoji: Circle Jerks, Touch and Go stuff.
Ikeda: Gang Green. We like Italian stuff too. Indigesti, Peggio Punx, Negazione.
Yoji: Brazil, Osmocos, Fun People.
Ikeda: South American bands. I heard a K K Core record at Konton (Crust bar in Osaka). If anyone has a spare LP of this band, please send it to me!
Contact: c/o Jerk Off Records, 205 Mezon-Noe, 2-10-8 Noe, Jyoto-Ku, Osaka 536-0006, Japan

MICHAEL LANDON'S COMMANDOS

This short interview was conducted with Mike and Vic from The Michael Landon's Commando's at the local eatery on a boring Friday night (as are most around here) in downtown Billings. Since there isnt much of a scene up here, I figured an interview with our local heros might just get MONTANA on the map. -interview by M.

MRR: Lets start this off with the obvious, when did you guys get started?
Mike: Well, Ive been wanting to do this band for what seems like forever, but its hard finding people into hardcore around here. I mean, they dont call it the eMpTy scene for nothing...

MRR: I hear that man!

Vic: Yeah, seriously hard. I mean the two of us wanted to do the band for a while but it finally all came together this spring. (This would be Spring, 2001) We started banging out the songs and just kept going from there!

MRR: So you guys have been going about six months then, right?
Mike and Vic: Yeah!
Vic: Actually, we just got the demo out a few weeks ago.

MRR: And whats been the reaction?
Vic: I dont think they get it. Were in Montana, after all...
Mike: Ah, well see what happens over time. We havent really gotten a lot of demos to people yet, but hopefully this interview will help a little bit.

MRR: Are you happy with the way it came out?

Mike: Hell yeah! I mean, its real short and the sound quality isnt that great, but I like it.
Vic: Yeah, it cost us practically nothing to record, so we cant even complain about the sound. It gets our name out there.

MRR: Which songs did you put on there, I know you guys have a lot of em! Is Ride The Pine on there?
Mike: Yeah, I think we kick off the demo with that one.

MRR: Care to shed some light on what its about?
Mike: It's basically about Darryl Strawberry and all these other guys who come up from nowhere. Dont even have much of an education or anything, and all the sudden they are a sports hero making millions of dollars. Then you hear about all these stories about them being on drugs or beating their wives, and its like...
Vic: Dude, youve made it! You can make something of your life, why are you going to piss it all away?

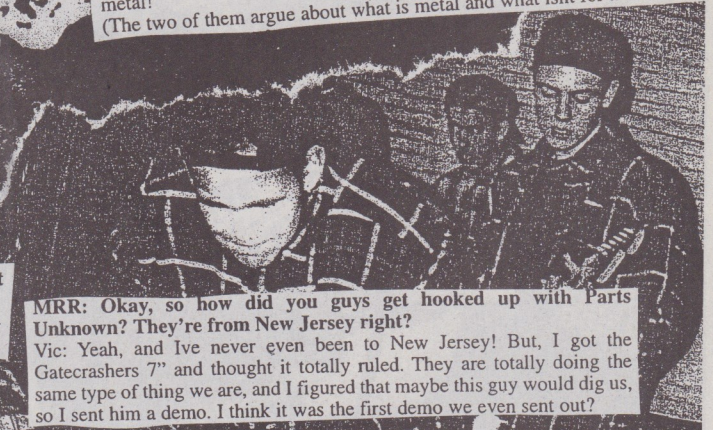
MRR: Thats not the typical lyrical content in hardcore though.
Mike: None of our songs are about typical things. Weve got another song about people who always complain about everything called NIMBY. The idea comes from a George Carlin skit. Why sing about the same old stuff?

MRR: You have a good point, but sometimes this scene can be tough on those who break the mold.
Mike: I guess well see what happens...
Vic: Only time will tell.

MRR: Next question, do a lot of people assume you guys are religious?
Mike: I'm sure they do. If they cant tell its a joke, they're pretty dense though, wouldn't you say?

MRR: Well I would, but then again I know you guys. When some average hardcore kid gets the demo, he might just see the cover and everything and just assume...
Vic: Let them assume. You know what they say about people who assume, right?
Mike: If you're into making assumptions, you definitely wont like us!!! (laughter)

MRR: Influences?
Mike and Vic: DRI!!!!!!!
Vic: Early DRI, not really the later stuff. Oh, and the first COC and SOD LPs too!
Mike: Dude, people are going to think were metalheads!
Vic: Not if they've ever heard those records! Early DRI and COC are not metal!
(The two of them argue about what is metal and what isnt for a while...)



MRR: Okay, so how did you guys get hooked up with Parts Unknown? They're from New Jersey right?
Vic: Yeah, and Ive never even been to New Jersey! But, I got the Gatecrashers 7" and thought it totally ruled. They are totally doing the same type of thing we are, and I figured that maybe this guy would dig us, so I sent him a demo. I think it was the first demo we even sent out?
Mike: It totally was! We've only sent out a few demos man...
Vic: Yeah, well I sent it out and almost immediately I got an email back from Jay (does Parts Unknown) asking if we wanted to do a 7" and I said "Sure!" before I even okayed it with everyone else, haha..
Mike: Its going to be cool. Weve got a bunch of new songs to put on it. I doubt well reuse anything from the demo.
Vic: Yeah, make it all new stuff. I always hate records that just have a bunch of songs from the last record or the demo on them. Anyway, I think Jay is going to do like 500 of them as a first press, and I guess well see where it goes from there. I mean we have no plans of touring or anything, so hopefully hell be able to sell them all???

MRR: I'm sure he will, 500 isnt that much these days. Theyll go fast.
Vic: Hopefully. I mean I;d hate to see Jay lose money on helping us out like he has...

MRR: Any last words?
Mike: Last words? That sounds like you are going to kill us or something?!?!?
Vic: Yeah, we'll be the ones doing the killing, thank you very much..
Mike: Yeah, just like that Jerrys Kids record!
Mike and Vic: *Kill, Kill, Kill*!!!
(laughter)

MRR: Okay, okay, I should rephrase it, anything else to add? Closing comments?
Mike and Vic: THE MLC WILL KILL YOU!!!

The MLC are:Mike - Bass and Vocals
Vic - Drums
JC - Guitar

For more MLC info email: TheMLC@hotmail.com
For records, T-shirts, demos, etc. write to:

Parts Unknown Records
PO Box 4835
Toms River, NJ 08754

Parts Unknown Records email:itrunsdeep@hotmail.com

Storm the Tower

This interview was conducted in Dallas, Texas, on June 15, 2002, after a house show with Storm The Tower/Bread and Water. Unfortunately almost the entire first pressing of their EP was lost in a fire... hopefully a second pressing will happen soon! Interview by Chris Bland.

MRR: Who's in the band and what do you play?
Jason: I'm Jason and I play bass.
Mark: Mark, vocals.
Brett: Brett, drums.
Chris: Chris, guitar.
Mark: and you do vocals.
Chris: Ah... and nobody calls him Jason, it's Jug.
Jason: Yeah, Jug. J-U-G.
MRR: Singular, not plural? They don't call you Jugs? (yeah yeah, lots of laughs)
Jason: Either. People call me Jugs. So you can do either.
Chris: Or Chugs on tour. (more laughs)
MRR: How did you get the name Storm The Tower and what does it mean?
Brett: Um, actually we had this stupid name before it and "Storm The Tower" was a line in one of our lyrics. I said, "Hell, that'd be a better name than the other one."
MRR: What was the old name?
Brett: The Short Term Effect.
MRR: Huh.
Mark: Which Chris came up with.
Chris: That was a Cure song.
Brett: So I said, "Hell, that would be a better name than the other one", but I was half joking. But then it became the name.
Chris: And we like it.
Brett: I hate it.
Mark: Brett hasn't liked it since.
Chris: It's from the "Song for FM".
Mark: Yeah.
Chris: You wanna say what it means?

Hardcore is not just for fifteen year-old kids.

Mark: It's about, um, in "Song for FM", it's like...
MRR: Oh, we'll actually get to that later.
Mark: Oh, okay. Okay, well, it's from "Song for FM".
MRR: See later question. (laughs) I would say that your music sounds similar to mid 90's bands like Mohinder and Econochrist. How did you guys come about playing this style of music?
Mark: I'd say it's all Chris. Chris' guitar playing.
Brett: (Objecting in the background) I don't think it sounds like that.
Chris: I don't know, I guess we have to take it back to how we got started, which is basically... I've been playing drums for a long time, and personally I wanted to, well, I always messed around with guitar, but I never took it seriously cause I was like, "I play drums", but you know you can't really write songs on the drums. I started messing around with the guitar, and I thought maybe I'd like to try a project, you know, and me and Mark had talked about it, and Brett had moved to Austin, and he'd only played drums in a couple of projects before, so we were all kind of getting started, and it just came together really well. As far as the style, I don't know, I really like driving hardcore, but I really like catchy songs and melody, something that sticks with you, so it's just a combination of all that. Influenced by the bands that you mentioned, and lot of the 80's bands too, like the Instigators, the Freeze, just fucking good melodic hardcore bands. Upright Citizens. Just because it has melody in it doesn't make it fucking emo or whatever.
Mark: Chris is a big fan of very passionate hardcore.
MRR: That works. Okay, who writes the lyrics?
Mark: Chris and I.

Chris: Yeah, depending on the song.
Mark: We've collaborated lyrically on one or two of the songs.
Chris: Yeah, and Jug wrote one too.
Brett: And I spell check.
MRR: The lyrics all seem very political in nature. Where do you get your motivation and your ideas?
Mark: A lot of it, at least personally, is from things that are going on in my immediate community. Things like the infoshop, or the radio station in Austin. More on a global scope as well, but a lot of inspiration initially comes from the things that are going on around me that I'm involved with.
Chris: Yeah, for me it's just a matter of taking account, you know, something will just pop into my head that I have an issue with, pretty obvious stuff. Like "Gods of War" is basically the situation from September 11th, and in the middle east. Something gets into my mind I just start writing about it, and that can turn into a song or lyrics. I try to put as much as I can into it, cause it's great that we have free radio and an infoshop in Austin, but between work and other musical projects I hardly have time to do anything so I try to put any kind of political energy I have into my music, and I try to let that be a form of activism.
MRR: You have a song about pirate radio, and I know Austin had a station for a long time. How was that? What involvement did each of you have in it, and why/how did it get shut down?
Mark: I did a show on Free Radio for a good five months, I did the show with my roommate at the time, and I was just really inspired. At first it was just a music show, punk and different types of stuff, but then as it went on I started to realize how overtly political Free Radio was, whether I was saying anything political on the show or not, and I tried to work in politics on the show, like reading stuff from books I'd read, or talking about things that were going on in our community or in our world during the show. It lasted about a year and two or three months, and eventually the FCC came in and shut everything down.
Brett: It was when that thing was going on...
Chris: The low frequency crackdown, or whatever.
Brett: Yeah, cause the Fortune 500 was coming to Austin.
Chris: This was like '99 or 2000, and the Fortune 500's top rich people in America came through Austin, so they had a sudden interest in subversive activity and tried to crack down a little bit. Free Radio was a victim of that. There was a pretty big protest at the hotel, and there was Critical Mass...
Mark: The station had gone on with just a warning letter up until that point, but then when these rich people were coming to town, just as when the Olympics went to Atlanta and they cleared out all of the homeless people, it's the same thing.
Chris: And when the World Cup came to Dallas in the early 90's. I remember that they cleaned out all of the homeless people from under the bridges around Main Street and further West from there. Those people had been living there for a long time and it was never a problem, and suddenly the world had its eye on this city and they wanted to erase the problem. It usually ends up backfiring cause they end up looking stupid pushing people around like that. I remember another thing about Free Radio, about the time that it got shut down—a person played a tape for me, it was somebody from Clear Channel Communications or one of the big conglomerates of corporate radio commenting about Free Radio and another small unlicensed radio station. He was lamenting about how it was taking away their business and how it wasn't fair that we got to do this for free, and it was taking away from their other six stations that are completely funded by advertising. It's bullshit.
Mark: You have to realize that the people that are listening to Free Radio are not going to be listening to fucking 101 ROCK. Bullshit.
Chris: But anyway, that was a couple years ago. There was another small upstart station that didn't last too long called Rabble Radio, and there's one going on now called KAOS Radio, which is pretty cool. It's mainly based around music, not very political, but there's still some good political shows, good music. There's occasionally some objectionable, questionable drunk people on there saying shit, though.
Mark: And like I said earlier, just doing that is inherently political, whether the shows are political or not. It's reclaiming that resource.
Chris: We're getting another one started soon that's more or all political in nature, maybe indirectly related to the info shop, but I'm not positive about that.
Brett: I do an underground metal show on the college radio station... (laughing) but that doesn't count.
MRR: You've got a song about the health care system. What is your suggestion to fix the health care system? Is it possible with the "democratic" government that we have?
Mark and Chris: Socialized medicine.
Chris: You mean the capitalist government.
MRR: Yeah.
Mark: Yeah, exactly. It's crazy to think that, for them to save your life, whether you want them to or not, they're still going to ask you for a whole lot of money.
Brett: People complain about socialized medicine, saying "That's what commies have" and stuff like that, but no one complains about socialized roads, or socialized police force.
Mark: Exactly.
Chris: It's ridiculous, people don't realize what they're against. We played with a band from Denmark the other night, and they're talking about their rights being taken away. They have complete free social healthcare, ten years free university education, and it's just stupid, they wonder why people in America are getting less intelligent and more desperate. There's no options. If you're young and poor, you can't even afford to take care of yourself, much less if you have older relatives that are poor, you've got to worry about them... there's just not a lot of options. If you want to try to get an education to make more money to try to take care of people, there's only so many places you can go for help—grants, a lot of loans which are just a fucking

scam themselves which you have to pay back. Nothing's free here and it's ridiculous. You have to pay to be human.

MRR: And then everybody says America is the freest country in the world, but we're obviously not.

Chris: I think a lot of people here think that, I don't think people think that everywhere else.

MRR: What about Mexico? A lot of immigrants believe it.

Chris: I've spent time in Mexico, people think it's all right there. They have free university, and based on proposals from NAFTA and GAT they came up with proposals to try to get out of the U.S.'s debt, and one of them was to start charging for UNAM, which is the autonomous university in Mexico. They had protests that shut the university down for a year, for one complete year, because they would not pay, and they would not use that to pay back the U.S. for bullshit loans. So I don't know, I don't think it's that much greater over here.

MRR: Yeah, that was the point, but it doesn't change what people believe.

Chris: And a lot of the military actions, people cracking down on the Zapatistas, there are a lot of American hands in all of that.

MRR: During your set, I heard you talk about a song about the hardcore movement. What is that song about and why is it important to you?

Mark: The particular song that you're talking about is just about having fun doing this years after you first found out about punk rock, not turning into someone who's like, "Ah, fuck that punk shit" just cause you're getting older. It's about having fun and still meeting people, and seeing bands that inspire you years later.

Jason: Another thing that relates to that song is the fact that we're all sort of aging—we're all in our twenties, and Mark and I have graduated from school and actually have nine to five jobs. If I were to try to relay to people at my work exactly what I'm doing going on a three-week tour, sleeping on people's floors, not making any money, being dirty and shit like that... it's a sort of self-serving thing to actually have fun and go do stuff like that, and at the same time you find comfort in the fact that there are people, even though they may be few and far between, who are in the same mindset as you, who are in the same age group. Hardcore is not just for fifteen year-old kids.

Chris: I wrote part of the lyrics for that song with Mark, and for me it was kind of a fuck you to the jaded attitude that a lot of people get. Austin is real saturated city, there's a million bands, and you get your seventeen year old and nineteen year old jaded indie rockers, and it's just funny to me. People are so anal about their musical tastes, and even socially, they put other people down. It's just so childish, based on music. It's my idea that music is a cooperative thing, it should bring people together, not a competitive thing where you should feel superior and want to put people down. So fuck it, play hardcore, play the most intricate jazz indie rock metal or whatever, as long as you're doing it to bond and to share something, not to show off or to alienate people.

Mark: That was part of it too. I remember at some point shortly after Storm The Tower had formed I was at a party and I mentioned that I had a band to this indie rock girl, and she was like, "What kind of band is it?", and I was like, "It's a hardcore band", and she was like, "Oh, that's cute", like I should have grown out of that. Fuck that.

Chris: We're not fucking ironic punk or anything, this is really what we like to do.

MRR: This is your last day of tour. How was it and what were some of the highlights?

Mark: It was intense.

Brett: Strikes and gutters. (laughter)

Mark: Definitely, definitely. Highlights... playing with the few bands that make you so inspired, that you get so stoked about.

Chris: I think just seeing our friends and making new friends, that's what it's always about. And being surprised about the places that people are down on. We had fun in Fort Worth. We had fun everywhere, but I was surprised, Nashville was really great. I had heard mixed things about Nashville from people from there and from other places, but it was great. Everyone was getting along, having such a good time. Philadelphia was amazing. We bounced back and forth between Philly and New York and ended up spending three or four days there and we felt right at home just cause the people are so fucking cool. Tony Pointless, Greg Daly, Chris from Anti-Product, everyone at their house, they were just so cool to hang out with, they made us feel at home. So, those kinds of things where you just feel comfortable and have a good time.

Mark: And people feeding you and taking you to these awesome swimming spots. One thing that I've realized from this tour, this being my first tour with my own band, if I ever have a band stay at my house again I'm feeding them. I never really thought about how awesome that is.

Chris: Yeah, feed bands.

Mark: Well, I do a lot of times, but sometimes I'm like, "Fuck, I'm tired."

MRR: You mean like when you walk through the door and someone has a pot-luck sitting there ready for you, like it was in Dallas?

Mark: Exactly. That's amazing.

MRR: God, that's awesome (the dry humor here is that I put together the pot luck).

Brett: We stayed in one guy's house and he had more role playing game books than I have. (lots of laughter)

MRR: Oh yeah? Did he have more Warhammer armies than I do?

Brett: I doubt it. Wow. (much more laughing)

Chris: Brett will get into that with you.

MRR: What were some of the good bands you played with?

Everybody: ...Of Death, Akkolyte, Scarlet Letter, Amdi Petersen's Arme, ETA, Sink The Fucker, Snakeskin Machine Gun, Lack from Denmark, BG and Butt Fuck from Fort Smith, Bread and Water. It was cool to play with the Rise... (laughter based on an inside secret involving Brett and the Rise)

MRR: So what's up with this fucking 7" coming out?

Brett: They sent Lance the plates the other day instead of the 7"s, so we have no idea.

MRR: Who's putting out the 7"?

Chris: Lance Hahn, Honey Bear Records.

Mark: That guy is amazing. He's been so cool to us.

Chris: He's lived in Austin for about a year now. He works at Sound Exchange, and we played there. He's a friend of a friend, and he got the tape and he just approached us about it—it was awesome cause we were in a position where we wanted to put out a record but we didn't have a label. I really support the DIY ethic, but as far as labels go, I really think that if you're going to put out a record you should continue to put out music and keep it going, and we're not in a position to do that. We talked with other friends with labels, and they didn't have the resources right away. Lance just kind of came out of nowhere, which is really great. We talked about it, and it seemed like everything was on schedule to have them for the trip and it was going really well, but basically I guess the pressing plant just had a summer rush, and we had to leave and we thought that we'd get them a couple of days into tour. We were on the phone with Lance every couple of days, but he never got them. Hopefully they'll be waiting for us when we get home.

Jason: We're doing another one too.

Chris: Basically we have an eight song recording, four of which will be on the first 7", and four which will be on the next 7". It should probably be out later this summer, and they'll be kind of thematic, same recording session, they'll have similar layout. I think after that he is probably gonna do a CD with both of those and some of the demo songs on it. As far as songs from the demo, each 7" is gonna have two songs from the demo.

Mark: Another thing we were talking about doing was, our friend from Monterrey, Mexico was talking about doing a split record with us and a band from Spain.

MRR: And you're gonna put a song on the comp that's gonna be on Lengua Armada?

Chris: All I know is that Jenny Sbitch and Liz talked to me about doing an awareness-raising 7" for the Maquiladora workers in Juarez, Mexico, which is basically across from El Paso. It's a really poor area and people flock from a lot of places in Mexico to these factories that are right along the border because it's a good promise of work, but it's really hard work with long hours and low pay, the kind of exploitative thing that you'd expect. What's worse is that a lot of people have to walk a long way to get to work, like ten miles or more through dusty fields, and through the years a lot of women have disappeared and have been murdered and abused. There's no protection, and all they're trying to do is make a living. So anyway, my friend Liz and some other people are talking about talking to Martin from Lengua Armada Records about doing a 7" to raise awareness about that. I think it was going to be us, Sbitch, Bread and Water, and one other band, I'm not sure.

Mark: That's something that I would definitely like to do considering the political nature of what we're doing. I would definitely like to get involved with at least one political compilation.

Chris: And then we also talked to Jonathan Lee in Memphis who's trying to put together a series of split LP's of international bands—Seein' Red, Born Dead Icons, Yaphet Kotto, I don't remember who else—to benefit the Memphis School District, which is really poor. Jonathan knows a lot about it, so we're looking at getting on that also. We'll see what comes up. We still have to write songs, it's all down the line, but the 7"s are the main thing and they should be coming out this summer.

Contact: 1012 Brodie St. Austin, TX 78704 or pantsx@another.com

AGAINST ME!

photo by: Matt Bidwell

Against Me! are from Gainesville, Florida…they rock the party. Imagine Billy Bragg, early New Model Army and a smidge of Zounds-totally quality stuff here. This is one man's attempt at making sense of these Floridians. Interview by Mike Thorn. Photos by Joshua Peach and Matt Bidwell.

MRR: Let's start off the cliche way where everyone goes around and says their names, so that way I know who's who when I transcribe this thing.

Tom: I sing and play guitar.

James: I play the guitar and I sing.

Dustin: I play the bass.

Jordan: I'm the roadie.

MRR: Where's the drummer?

Tom: He's out shopping at Amoeba. (laughter)

MRR: He doesn't matter, he's just the drummer. How long have you been together? How did you get started? Also, I know that now you're playing electric but you used be totally acoustic, right? Why that transition?

Tom: Against Me! started basically as a demo tape I recorded on a four track, just me and my acoustic guitar, and it sort of progressed from there, Kevin started playing drums with me and then James started eventually. We've been playing together as under the namé Against Me! for about five years now, but it's been as little as one person and as many as four people playing instruments. As far as the whole switch from playing acoustic to electric, it really gets to be a problem with the schematics of playing live-in that acoustic instruments have problems with reverb and you get a lot of feedback from the amps competing with the drum set.

Dustin: When I would play with my acoustic bass, it would just feedback constantly with all the reverberations and it would be just like, wooooooooo, if I wasn't actively strumming.

MRR: I think that what you're doing is fairly unique. Why incorporate the acoustic instruments? Is there a reason why you sound like you do?

Tom: I think that obviously the original intention of it is to go out and not sound like anything else, to try to honestly create something new and original and not cop anyone else's style. Being that I write the songs on the acoustic guitar-it's based off that and there is only so much that you can do on an acoustic guitar. If you're approaching writing a song as grindcore band or as a full band with full amplification and full instrumentation songs get formed a certain way. Coming from sitting there with an acoustic guitar, it's just the way the songs are coming out.

MRR: So your album is called *Reinventing Axl Rose*. What the hell is that all about? Axl Rose is a weird icon to "reinvent," so please tell me about it.

Tom: The basic idea behind it is to to deconstruct the rock star, keeping the music on the level of a person to person basis and not having any sort of elevated levels. In the sense of taking Axl Rose in particular, I listened to Guns & Roses when I was younger and I recognize that Axl is a bigot and a racist and sucks all around as a person that has com-

pletely lost himself mentally.
Jordan: It's just trying to show that you don't have to be a rock star to play rock, and that anybody can do it.
Dustin: Axl is just sort of like a symbol of everything that is bad about rocknroll.
Tom: But at the same time they had really good music. (laughter)
MRR: The song talks about how music should be free. How important is that to you, the whole DIY punk idea? I think that there are things that are very inspiring about it, but at the same time people do find it very limiting. You have these songs that are about these important issues or whatnot, but you're potentially limited in your audience.
Tom: In what aspect?
MRR: I don't want to say that you're just "preaching to the converted," but like yesterday at the BART show where you have all these punk kids and also people from the community out there-that doesn't happen very often. Normally it's just these punx that have probably heard the same thing over and over before. How important is the underground community to you and do you think that that is enough, working within that community-or do you feel the need to look outside of that too?
Tom: I feel that punk underground is important to me in a lot of ways. I grew up in it.
James: It's where we all came from.
Tom: So how can it not be important, coming from that aspect? I'd like to think that any ideas or lyrics are not just wasted on the underground community. But then why can't anyone from any genre of music expect certain ideals from a band. Regardless from any certain style or class or genre of music, I think that music should be done a certain way.
James: I don't think that the song just applies to punk rock, but to anything.
Tom: In regards to that specific song, I wrote the lyrics way before I named it.
Dustin: Yeah, it wasn't like c'mon, let's write a song for Axl. (laughter)
James: I wish it was, though.
MRR: It's kinda been the debate for years you know? Whether focusing on the punk rock scene is limiting. I just wanted to get y'all's take on that.
Tom: I realize that in the punk scene there are a million bands that sing about the same thing as us, and it can be a frustrating in a way. That doesn't mean you shouldn't reiterate them if you honestly believe in them.
MRR: Why do you think liberals are so spineless? (laughter)
Jordan: That song is very tongue in cheek.
Tom: In reference to that particular song, I wrote it with two other friends who aren't in the band, and it was written for a band that never happened. it was written right after everything happened in Seattle. It was supposed to be a metaphor for the relationship anarchist movements have had with liberal movements, in that liberal movements have certain goals and agendas and they are willing to use the anarchist movement to reach those goals, but once they reach that agenda they are totally willing to abandon the anarchists they used to get to that point.
Jordan: I think that the anarchist movement has been stabbed in the back countless times.
Tom: That's sort of what the song is in reference to, and it was tongue in cheek the way the lyrical phrasing worked.
MRR: See, now, *I* think liberals are spineless... (laughter) **...I was just wondering why *you* thought they were spineless.**
Tom: Granted, I agree.
MRR: Well there are a lot of references to "revolution" in your songs-why do feel the need to sing about it in your songs. I'm asking you this as some-

Photo by: Joshua Peach

Photo by: Joshua Peach

one who is fairly cynical about such stuff.
Tom: I don't really think we do.
MRR: I can get the lyric sheet and prove it to you.
(laughter)
Tom: Well I guess, it's sort of more along the lines of revolutionary ideas. I like to think that I write lyrics that effect everyday life.
Jordan: Not hypothetical.
Tom: Yeah, so I guess it's just more along a personal level that people can relate to.
MRR: I keep on referencing lyrics, and you two (James and Dustin) keep on not talking and you're ruining the way I do interviews.
Jordan: Tom writes all the lyrics.
MRR: I've always felt that if you're in a band and someone is singing lyrics you should support and/or agree with them.
Dustin: Definitely.
MRR: So the next question, Tom's not allowed to speak.
James: Oh shit.
MRR: In the song "Jordan's First Choice," there is that line, "am I just fucked up 'cause I can't remember the last time any of this made any sense." Can you explain what you mean by that, for $50?
James: Can I see the $50?
Dustin: Can we go back and talk about the last question?
(laughter)
Dustin: If I'm not mistaken that song is about friendships and relationships and things just sort of going wrong. Right, Tom?
Tom: I can't say anything.
Dustin: I know, but I need your help.
(laughter)
MRR: Alright, Tom can speak a little bit.
Tom: No, no, no.
(laughter)
James: That's definitely what I got out of it too. I know the song is written about someone. I like the way the lyrics come off just knowing how the relationship came off, but you know, I didn't write the song and can't really tell you definitely what the lyrics mean and don't want to assume anything 'cause I don't know the exact meaning behind everything.
MRR: You know, I can look at the lyrics and get something totally different out of it, 'cause you know my whole take on that song was that it didn't have anything to do with a personal relationship at all, but had something to do with the frustration you feel when you have these ideas that are so embedded in you that after a while, you don't even remember why they got there in the first place. I mean you guys come off lyrically as this band that has all these ideas and notions and you think about stuff. (laughter) **But how often do you feel that frustration?**
Dustin: I think it's really important to, because if you're completely convinced all the time that everything you think is right, then you're wrong.
Jordan: I think it's definitely important to question things in life as you get older. That's how you learn and how you progress.
Tom: Especially as you get older, sometimes you make moral decisions when you're young and as you get older you wonder if they still pertain to you anymore.
Dustin: It's also frustrating being there working on projects and seeing things not working not helping not progressing. You start wondering if things are even worth the time.
MRR: So is it a requirement that all bands in Gainesville have at least one member who has a beard?
(mumbled discussion about who doesn't have beard.)
James: Hot Water Music all shaved their beards.
Jordan: No one in Army Of Ponch has beard.
Dustin: No one in Gunmoll has a beard.
Jordan: Although Jon tried.
Dustin: It was a sorta splotchy Civil War-esque beard.
James: Warren doesn't have a Gainesville beard, it's more of a hippie beard.
MRR: Yeah and what's up with his flip-flops? (laughter)
James: I ask myself the same question every day.
Tom: It's actually his only pair of shoes. He brought another pair of shoes on tour but they gave him blis-

ters so he's been wearing the flip-flops ever since.
MRR: That's sad.
James: Yes it is. (laughter)
MRR: One thing I've heard about is that you've had a lot of people following you around on tour, does that sort of make you feel like you have more in common with the Grateful Dead than Black Flag?
(laughter)
MRR: Stumped the band!
(laughter)
Tom: I think it's totally awesome, we've totally made a lot of friends. Just people who really like the band-and you're on tour and you start to see familiar faces three or four shows in a row and you start to make new friends that way, and it's just one of the amazing things about going on tour.
James: How can you not appreciate that?
MRR: How many tours have you done?
Tom: This would be the sixth.
MRR: Six tours, and how many times have you done the full US?
James: This isn't a full US, just a West Coast tour.
Tom: We've only done one full US tour where we went out and looped around the whole country. Other than that it's always been broken up into like sections.
MRR: How's it been this time? Have you noticed a trend where gradually each tour has gotten better and better or has it been this tour was really good and the next tour sucked and...
James: I think we've been really lucky and it hasn't gone from one tour being really amazing and the next one being complete shit. It's been like complete shit to a little better to a little better-just gradually increasing every time. The last on we did was like just the east of the Mississippi/East Coast and that went really well and this one has been the West and it has been equally as good if not better. It's real exciting to see the progression of things.
Tom: On a van note too, this past summer is the first time we've come back with the vehicle we left in, which is really nice. A lot of the time the shows are really good, but the financial and vehicle aspects are really disastrous.
MRR: What in your life keeps you going? What inspires you?
Dustin: There's a lot of things-I mean it's just really awesome to me to be able to play with these folx, and play music that I like and travel and meet folx.
Jordan: In general it's really awesome to just be able travel around and see things and have all these experiences.
James: It's just exciting to do what I'm doing-it's always been a dream of mine to just travel and play music with my best friends to as many or few people-it doesn't matter. I think we're really lucky to be doing as well as we are.
MRR: You're returning home with your van, that's something.
(laughter)
James: I just feel lucky to be doing this, I know a lot of people wish they could be doing this and just one way or another it doesn't work out for them. That's motivation enough for me to keep doing it.
Tom: Everything I've ever done with this band has always worked out, I've known everyone here for such a long time and it's just great to be doing this with my best friends.
MRR: Closing comments?
Tom: We'd like to give a shout out to Army Of Ponch and would like to say how upset we are to hear about their breakup and we hope that they can find it in their hearts to forgive Leo for breaking a bottle over Jack's head.
James: Please forgive Leo, he's a good man. He means well.
Jordan: They're a good band and it's sad to see them go.
Contact: c/o Sabot, PO Box 28, Gainesville, FL 32602

photo by: Matt Bidwell

BALANCE OF TERROR

Lots of these questions were written by Dave Hyde, who originally tried to interview Balance of Terror in New York City. For various reasons, that interview never happened. I met up with Dave on the road, while we were both touring with bands (myself with Balance of Terror). After talking and laughing about the interview that never was, we decided that I'd do it for him somewhere on the way back to New York, since they were stuck with me for two more weeks. After many failed attempts at getting a tape recorder and everyone in one spot ready to talk, this interview finally took place in a hot Brooklyn apartment at the end of their US tour. Balance of Terror are: Jeff (drums, vocals), Stan (guitar, vocals), Bryan (bass), and Chris (guitar). Interview and photos by Lisa C.

MRR: First of all, talk about the history of Balance of Terror. When did you form? Did you know each other before you started playing together?

Jeff: Well, it all started back in 1999 sometime when I put out a flyer in record stores. Chris was the only person that called me back. I was going to college outside of New York City at the time. We got together and started jamming and playing 7 Seconds covers and stuff. Then, I moved to the city the next year to go to NYU and that's when we started flyering. Eventually, we located everyone else. It took a good year before we had a solid lineup and that's when Ned was singing.

Stan: Yeah basically, when I moved here I put up a flyer and didn't get any responses. I saw theirs and called.

Jeff: It was my second year of college before I met anyone that actually knew what hardcore was. I got a lot of very strange people calling, wanting to just come and play electronic music. I was like, "well, that's not what it said on the flyer…"

Bryan: I answered the flyer that Jeff and Chris had put out, maybe spring of 2000. They were already playing as a three piece.

MRR: What about the name "Balance of Terror"? How and why did you decide on that name?

Bryan: Well, we were looking for a name for like 5 months before we actually decided on anything.

Jeff: We had this long list of really horrible band names.

MRR: Do you care to share any of those?

Stan: No… (laughter).

Jeff: Well, we can't really take credit for the best ones (laughter).

Stan: It does come from the DRI song, not the Wrecking Crew album. The term itself comes from the 80's and its about nuclear arms, obviously balance of terror, mutually assured destruction.

MRR: Being a New York City band with the word "terror" in your name, did that cause some problems after September 11th? Wasn't there a mail problem?

Stan: There was a mail problem at my house. I was lying in bed one morning and I heard a lady talking about terror, so I started listening. Someone, whoev-

er it is, I don't know, they sent us something addressed to "Balance of Terror". We never got it because she said she saw it said "terror" on it so she assumed it was terrorists. She sent it back to whoever it was. I ran outside and talked to her about it and told her, "we're a band". She was like; "well I just don't know, with everything going on, it might be a bomb or germ warfare". I told her not to send things back anymore.

MRR: How has NYC changed after September 11th?

Jeff: Well, I mean the obvious thing is just the whole patriotism trend. But I think that's more of a national thing than anything. To me it seems like in New York there's actually more understanding for people that are against the war and don't favor military reprisal or some kind of "war on terrorism" response to what happened. There are people here who are just totally reactionary and scary and there are a lot of people who, I think, went back on their anti-war beliefs. But there's also, because the devastation happened right on everyone's doorsteps and they have to live day to day with this huge smoking pit in the middle of the city, there's a little more understanding for why someone might not be so happy to see the government respond with the bombing campaigns. Just because when you see that kind of thing happen, it becomes a little more real and I think its more understandable that you don't want to see the violence continue. And really, that's all that the war is going to do is just continue the pattern of violence.

Stan: And I think at this point, things seem like they're pretty much back to normal as far as New York goes.

Bryan: I don't think the city changed very much at all. In fact, I think that as soon as the smoke cleared the mainstream people just tried to forget about it. Other than wearing their little flag.

MRR: Yeah, what about all the flags that were just obscenely everywhere?

Bryan: Well that was all over the country, though. I don't think anybody changed their train of thought after that. I think people were just the same zombies they are every other day, shopping.

Stan: We were actually told to shop more.

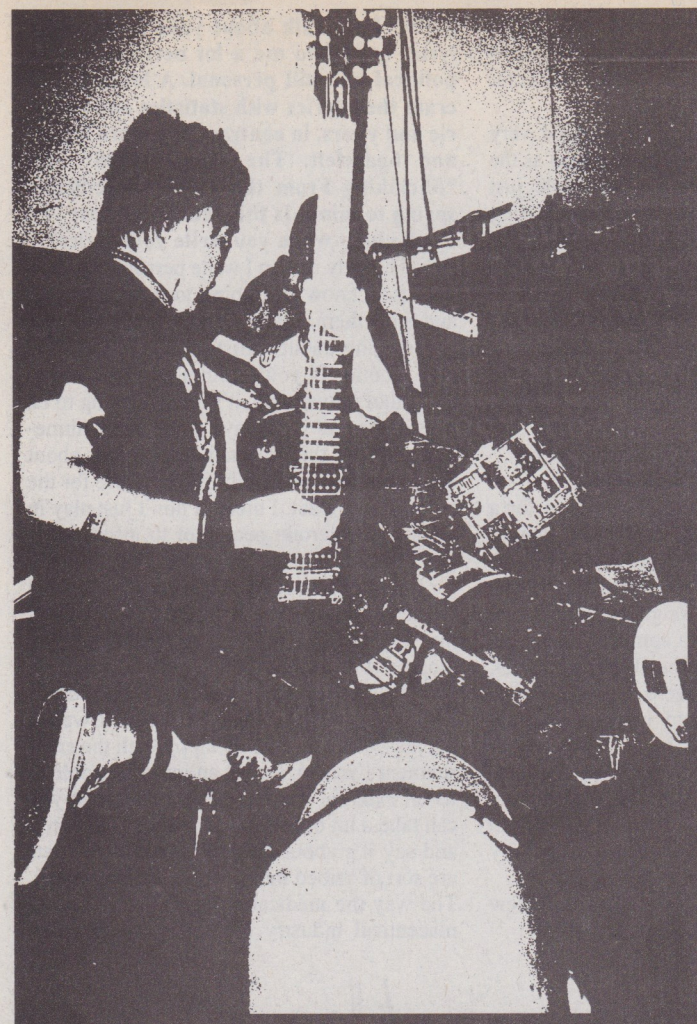
MRR: It was your patriotic duty.

Jeff: I had to go down to ground zero for a job interview, ordinarily I probably would have stayed away, but the one funny thing is how its just been absorbed into the tourist economy. The fact that we got bombed is just kind of a selling point to come and see New York. I mean as far as the flags go, I think that for a while people were really desperate for something to grab onto. I know I was sort of wandering the streets just like...what the fuck do you do with yourself when something like that happens... and I think the whole flag thing was just a sort of way to substitute for a community that wasn't really there for a lot of people.

Stan: Maybe we could boost tourism in few other states by bombing them. (laughter)

MRR: Let's talk about your lyrics. Your lyrics appeal to me a lot because they're political but still personal. A lot of bands cram their lyrics with statistics and rhetoric and yours, in contrast, are more honest and heartfelt. The songs "1908" and "Shrinking From the Truth" specifically spring to mind. Is this something that you think about when you write your lyrics?

Jeff: The only reason I write personal lyrics is because I know I'm going to have to get up and sing them again and again and if your just singing about statistics it becomes cold and robotic. If you're singing about something that moved you, it's always going to be passionate and its always going to be immediate. That's the reason I like to talk about songs live because the lyrics are there for the emotional impact. I mean, I don't just play in a band to entertain people or to inform people, I play in a band because it's like therapy for me to get through life, basically. When I wrote "Shrinking From the Truth"- it's about my experience with a psychiatrist who worked with my school. I went to a private school; they basically made me take drugs for my depression when I felt like, I wasn't depressed so much as unhappy with the environment I was in. Its not an internal problem, its an external problem. From that song you can take a lot of meanings. I like to explain it and say it's about the way that psychiatrists are sort of bribed into over prescribing drugs. The way the medical industry and the pharmaceutical industry are set up to...it's like



this incestuous profiteering relationship. I feel like it's a political song but when I sing it, it's completely about my personal experience. That's what I try and go for when I sit down and write a song for people to read; something that will mean something to me every single night but something people can get something out of at the same time.

MRR: What happened in 1908?

Stan: 1908 is the year that the textile mill was built that my whole family worked in. My great grandparents moved from farming land. Everybody heard that the factory was being built, people came from like hundreds of miles around. There's actually a whole neighborhood called the Mill Village –it was built around it. On a personal level it's that. In a bigger sense, it's more of a political song. It's about the working class and how they're always supporting everything. There's a line in it: "on the backs of the working poor". They just carry the country. That's a simple version of it.

MRR: Is punk political? If so, what makes it that way? Is it the lyrics or is it something deeper?

Jeff: The only thing that's political about punk is the means of production, to use the Marxist term. Which is DIY, to use the punk term. And that's basically saying: you can say anything you want, you can dress however you want, you can play as abrasively as you want, but if its not done in a way that's accessible to people, that can be replicated by anybody, then you're not really offering anyone anything they can work with. Therefore it's not a political act. If your Rage Against the Machine selling revolutionary anthems for a major corporation, then your just making a product for people to buy and consuming would be the focus of their interaction with your art. If your doing it in a way that leaves behind a better apparatus for them to work with and make their own statement and make their own decision then that's a fucking political act. That's something that's subverting the capitalist system, the consumer identity that we're all pushed into. That's the only thing I see as being meaningfully political about punk. It's a great thing. Touring the country and seeing all theses venues and book shops and record stores and different projects that kids are doing, without very much profit motive…its been an inspirational thing.

Stan: I think any little thing you do, I don't know if you want to call it political, but your changing things little by little. Maybe it's not the way you dress or necessarily the music you're listening to. Anytime you step outside and your doing something that's a little bit different, I think it is political.

MRR: So a really poppy, accessible band that sings about heartache, as long as they're putting out there own stuff, is that political?

Jeff: I think so. The way I look at it is how many of us really get to experience the feeling of being something beyond a consumer on a day to day level? The identities that are offered to us are like, this is my job, this is what I do, and this is who I am. Or, these are the things I own, this is who I am. That's a pretty common thing for most people day to day. And if you're saying this is something that I do, not because I'm trying to make money or be part of the day to day system, that's a special feeling. Saying, I'm just doing this because I feel passionate about it, because it's beautiful, and because it makes my life better. That's not a really common occurrence in a capitalist society. I mean, yeah, you could write songs about trivial shit, but if you're doing it in a way that's completely open to people to take and run with then that's great and that's political.

Stan: And anytime you're stepping outside of the normal cycle then something's going on.

MRR: So Chris, what do you think? Can punk change the world?

Chris: I don't think punk can change the world on its own. I think it can change one person's world. If you're looking at it to make a political change, I don't think it's been successful, necessarily. I think the success is changing who you are. You can empower yourself with it, and I think that's something that can change the world. I don't think punk has had an effect on most people in the world but to a few people, it's had a life changing effect.

Stan: I think it's a good stepping stone to other things.

Bryan: Yeah, it's a gateway. It definitely opens people up to lots of things that they weren't exposed to before. Being politics, sense of community, activism, and all sorts of different things. But punk itself is just music. It's the community aspect that really makes it political.

MRR: Can you tell me about some of the things you guys are working on outside of the band…whether its activism, Jeff your putting out a comp, or the website, Kill From the Heart?

Jeff: My comp was something to do when I felt like my life was getting in the way of being really active. I decided to do a benefit for a group that was doing work that I really supported, the More Gardens Coalition in NYC. They basically, in whatever capacity they have to, whether its direct action or legal action or raising awareness, they're defending community garden space which is constantly being attacked by the city in the name of developing these neighborhoods in the Lower East Side and the Bronx, especially. Its just a comp with a bunch of hardcore bands that I love that's gonna raise money for that cause while I felt like I was less than active in politics for a while.

Chris: Jeff and I volunteer at ABC, help do the shows there, help do the website. I work at Food Not Bombs sometimes, not much recently.

MRR: Would you like to get involved more?

Chris: For me it comes and goes. I'm alternately inspired and discouraged.

MRR: Discouraged how?

Chris: When things don't work fast enough, sometimes it's hard to continue to work with something. If you don't see the results it's hard to keep yourself motivated. It's not the best way to go about things, but sometimes that's how it works out.

Jeff: I think that since September, its been a really fucked up time for activism in general because there's this huge wave of patriotism that's been really swallowed whole by a large portion of the American people. With that has come an increasing acceptance of things that probably would have seemed a lot more scary before, but now that they're being compared with the terrorist threat, maybe aren't so bad. Like surveillance cameras, the Patriot Act and all the things entailed in that, the increased crack down on mass protests- way before September

11th but with increasing fervor. Now its just being accepted by most people that when you have these protests, you need tons of riot cops, you need background checks, and you need cameras running facial profiles on everybody. Since Seattle, there has been enthusiasm for mass protests and I think it's kind of stopped that short. The last protest I went to, everyone just looked stunned. There wasn't much celebration going around. It was pretty much the cops just herding people around. It was a shock to my system combined with personal reasons that's kept me away from organizing and doing activism for the past few months. It's hard to be active and political when you're not grounded in your own life. That's definitely been an obstacle. That's why I poured myself into the band...do the whole DIY hardcore thing to the fullest extent until I get my brain back in order.

MRR: What about Kill From the Heart?

Chris: That's something I started with Jeff. My motivation for it was basically to work with something that's really important to me and it goes back to when I was getting into punk. There was a certain scene, group of bands, certain time that seemed more important to me, something I could relate to more than what was going on when I was getting into punk in Boston-which was street punk. It really didn't relate to me. But I kind of felt like I was the only one who cared about those (early 80's hardcore) bands. It seemed more vital to me after looking into it. I wanted to share the information about the bands and music I liked with other people who might be interested in it and communicate and meet people with the same line of thinking as me.

Jeff: The thing that attracted me to it…I don't think the internet has been used for much good since its been open up to the public and the one thing that it could do is move information. Since things like e-bay and the general situation since the internet became popular has made information such a hot commodity in the punk scene and elsewhere, it seemed attractive to me because it was a way to put a ton of information out there that people could get without having to spend a million dollars on e-bay. My motivation for starting it was seeing old hardcore become more and more of this collectors cult for people that have a lot of money to spend or a lot of time on their hands to feel superior because they know all this shit about old hardcore. And just seeing old zines and stuff become hot commodities on e-bay. Since I don't like using the internet for communication that much, I figured this would be a way to put a ton of information out there so people could get it and do what they will with it. I don't think its going to change the world, but its there and people don't have to spend tons of money, which is really what it takes to find out a lot about old hardcore bands at this point because the market has really blown up to a ridiculous level.

MRR: Is the internet an appropriate place to find information about punk bands?

Chris: At this point it is. I think the potential for; at least the amount of information you could put on the internet is the best way to get it out there. It's not accessible to everybody but it's the most accessible way to get a large amount of information out to people. For me it was like, before I met anybody in NY, that is how I found out about it.

Jeff: I think it depends on the situation. To me, message boards and email are kind of like a disease but for something historical, for something that's pretty much dead and in the past, it's a good place to store information. It's like a library. It's not a living vital thing. I think when the internet becomes used as a part of the living scene, then it just causes problems and stupidity. For something like this, it's a useful tool.

Stan: I think its appropriate as far as the internet is used for entertainment and marketing. That's what it is when you go to find information. That's about as far as it goes for me.

MRR: Your last show is tomorrow, are you breaking up? Do you think you may do something again in the future?

Chris: Nothing planned.

Stan: We don't really have plans for a while.

MRR: Any last thoughts? Anything on tour happen that's made you proud to be punk?

Bryan: Tons of nice people we stayed with, people were just fucking awesome in their own ways all over the country. Lots of like minded people.

Chris: It was nice to meet people that were different, too.

Jeff: For me, a defining moment of the whole tour was when we played in Las Vegas. We got thrown onto a show in the fucking middle of the desert in an abandoned cement factory. The show itself was really strange. The bands we were playing with were metal bands; the crowd was kind of like…not our crowd. But it was just interesting because afterwards we went to the strip and went to the casinos and saw this fake New York casino where everything was built to look kind of like New York. It was such an anticlimactic experience after being out in the desert and playing in the pitch black by the light of the full moon to a bunch of weird kids that…we didn't know if they were gonna beat us up for talking about the war. Afterwards, when we were driving away from that show, it dawned on me that that's the whole fucking reason that I was doing it-to escape from the prescribed artificial bullshit experience that everyone expects to get when they go through life. Like, when you go to Las Vegas, you go to the casinos. Its like you could be anybody walking through that place, it's totally artificial, it's a totally fake experience. There's no room for any deviance there or any kind of surprise. You just keep plugging away at the fucking machine and hope that some day there's going to be some reward coming out of it. On the other hand, even though the show was fucked up and weird and we were in this ruined mess of industrial society, I had so much fucking fun! To me, that was just all the reinforcement I needed to believe I was doing something meaningful and I was doing something that was outside of the boring life that many people would be happy for me to lead…So Las Vegas summed it all up for me.

Chris: The last time we played ABC, we took a long time to get there but… if we could get organized enough to come and play a show, then anyone could do it. I think that's an important thing to say. I never thought I would be able to play in a band, even though that was the thing that I most wanted to do when I was growing up. Now that I just got back from seeing the whole country, that's just something that stays with me. I'm just surprised that I was able to do it. Maybe it's important to say: if I could do it, other people could do it.

Balance of Terror thanks everyone that helped them out on tour.

THE CLASS ASSASSINS

Amidst the posturing and posing of a genre gone to a contrived hell, emerges a blistering choke of reality, The Class Assassins. Comprised of members from such legendary Canadian bands as Chronic Submission, Vacant Lot, Bitter Grin, Direct Action, The Problem Children, and Hockey Teeth; The Class Assassins offer up chants of the working class brewing with the fervor of the streets. Traditional without being mundane, The Class Assassins build up, knock down, and carry its listeners to the bar with their signature brand of street rock n roll. I got the chance to interview them following a recent spate of gigs in Eastern Canada to promote their latest single, "No Justice, No Peace," on Insurgence Records. Armed with a copy of their self-produced demo and single, produced by Soap n Spikes, I decided to approach what MRR has described as a "street punk band with their heads screwed on straight" to see if I could arrange an interview over a few beers. What follows is that interview, conducted with Chad Nugent from the band.

MRR- First things first, how did you arrive at the name The Class Assassins?
Chad: Well, I was actually the last member to join the band, and at that time we still hadn't arrived at a name. To be honest, I really wanted a name with the word assassin in it, but couldn't think of a word to precede it. So I threw a few ideas at some mates to see what reaction I would get. It was actually two mates of mine that suggested class. I thought it sounded strange at first, but then realized that it was destined to be a good name! Good, simply because you could look at it in one of two ways. You can look at the upper class, government fuckers in their ivory towers, and how they're widening the gap between all classes below them to the point where it's even affecting the middle class suburbanites, which I thought I'd never see, and how eventually there won't be anything left apart from the haves and the have-nots. That in my opinion makes for a pretty scary world. You could also take the name in a way where the common people are all in the same boat. They are the assassins. We'd have an absolute global uprising in order to create a better world for everyone. Unfortunately, the only time the government listens is through productive violence caused by the constant struggle to survive. This is how I've felt for many years and I've seen this coming for a long time. I put the name past the boys and there wasn't much hesitation-it was signed, sealed and delivered!
MRR- Ok, well judging from some of the stuff you've just touched on, and looking at the singles you've given me here, I'm getting a sense of where you're coming from. What topics do you actually sing about?
Chad: Yeah. I have already talked about it a bit. We touch on various subjects such as the homeless situation in the streets here, we sing about the scene-the good and bad parts about it. Generally, I write 95 percent of the lyrics. I feel they deal with very pressing issues that are close to the way I feel and see the world.
MRR- Given the name of the band and the progressive stances taken, is there a tendency for people to view you as a left-wing band? I suppose the accuracy of this label for you depends whether you think the "Left" has any credibility in the working class today?
Chad: Yeah, I suppose there is, but we don't consider ourselves a far left band. If you remember what I said earlier in the first question you asked, I just think its time for common people of the world to band together, because in the next five to ten years, the gap between the rich and the poor will be enormous. There'll be more suffering than can be imagined at the present time. Some people see it. Some people don't. They just need a wake-up call. I may use a phrase or two that the left has used, "No Justice, No Peace," but I don't see myself as a left-wing person of the dogmatic stripe. I'm not going to shy away from the sentiment just because some trendy motherfucker has used the slogan before. I just think it's time for global revolution, and this isn't to say that all political issues are petty, far from it. Barring the extreme, I think you'd be surprised how much people who lean either a little to the right or a little to the left have in common. If they can put those petty issues aside for awhile, then maybe we could get some things done. As things currently stand, the left don't have credibility in the working class. This is mainly because they're not from the working class.
MRR- So. In terms of your everyday lives then, what sort of stuff do you guys get up to? Do you all have other jobs outside of the band?
Chad: We all have various hobbies, some more productive than others! As far as jobs go, Dave designs gravestones, Chris is a landscaper, Gary finishes furniture, myself, I'm a high-rise window cleaner, and we still haven't figured out what Dan does.
MRR- What are the band's influences, musical and otherwise?
Chad: Basically, anything from the late 70s to early 80s-punk, oi, reggae, metal.
MRR- Are there any gigs that have stood out for you in particular, Any memorable incidents, good or bad?
Chad: We haven't really had any bad incidents, but we've had some good ones. I guess the one that stands out most is when our bass player was molested onstage in Montreal by some punk chick. Then at the same show, Chris fell flat on his face in the middle of a solo after Dave returned the favor, Chris got a little too excited.
MRR- There are a lot of younger kids in the scene here that seem to be a bit hesitant about getting out of their seats and jumping around for your set. Do you take this an age difference, or something else?
Chad: Yeah, I think some of it is the age difference. I mean some of us, not speaking for myself here, are old enough to be their parents, but I think it's just that what we say is so real and in your face, that they just don't know yet what's really going on, they're not subjected to it yet. It could also be that some of them watch too much MTV and don't know what real street music is all about, because they don't know any better. But I'd like to give them more credit than that.
MRR- Are you guys having a good time playing out then? What do you make of the scene in Canada?
Chad: It's had its share of ups and downs. It was great in the early 80s, probably being that it was new to everyone with the exception of Dave, who's the granddaddy of the band. He was around in the late 70s, so you'd have to ask him about that. Like anything, there are good people and there are people who are in it for the wrong reasons. It was pretty dismal a few years ago, but it seems that it's coming back slowly but steadily. There are quite a few good bands coming out these days.
MRR - What are the band's goals or expectations?
Chad: Getting pissed, which we do quite often, shag thousands of birds, which we do already because we're all extremely handsome bastards, and make millions of dollars. No seriously, we would really love to do this full-time, as we are all very passionate about what we do and say in our songs. We just love to get out there and play to whoever wants to listen. And hopefully through doing that without preaching, we can maybe make some people who just need a blast of reality, see the way that this world is going. So touring and making records is our small contribution.
MRR - Anything to look for from the band in the future?
Chad: We've just released a single called *No Justice, No Peace* on Insurgence Records. The B-side features a cover of "One Tin Soldier " Following close on the heels of this will be our first full-length album, tri-released on Insurgence Records (Canada), TKO Records (US), and Mad Butcher Records (Europe).

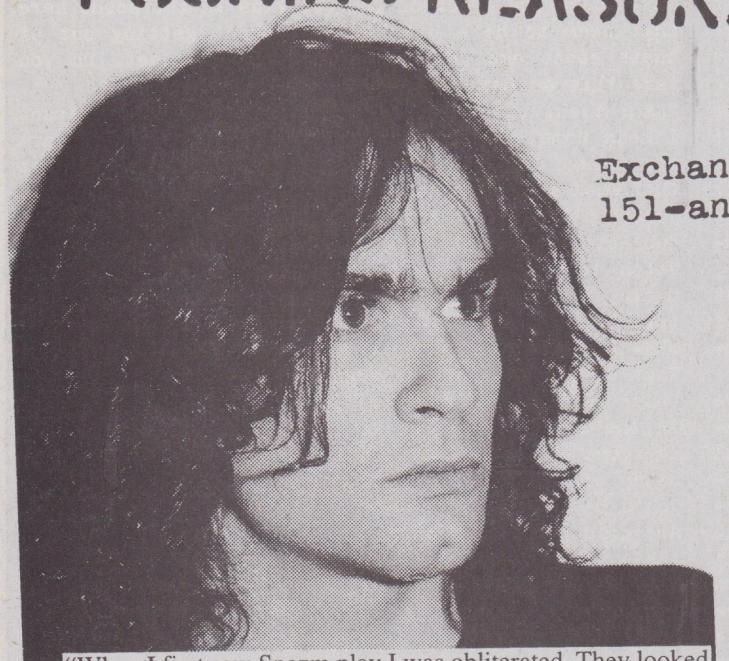
Contact and booking: A Littlemore Mgmt., 989 Queen St. E. #3, Toronto, Ontario, M4M 1K2 Canada
classassassins@hotmail.com

The new single is available from: Insurgence Records, 2 Bloor St. W. Suite 100-184, Toronto, Ontario, M4W 3E2 Canada
www.insurgence.net

SPAZM 151

TEXASSTILL IS THE FUCKING REASON...

Exchanging Pleasantries with Spazm 151-an interview by Jack Control



"When I first saw Spazm play I was obliterated. They looked as if they were trying to break themselves with the music. I've never seen a band make people lose there shit like Spazm. Every song they play is a direct link to what the fuck it's all about"
—Henry Rollins, Gap Model and poet.

Gary: I'm Gary Ballistic. I'm 23, and I play guitar for Spazm 151.

MRR: EXPLAIN "HALTOM CITY" HARDCORE.
Haltom City is a little bumfukk town that I and a chosen few others grew up in. Actually there's about ten of us but we're putting it on the map. When we run around Dallas screaming HCHC, it's just our little crew saying we've somehow remained punk in redneck land. It's weird now, cuz Haltom is actually starting to get shows at Cory's house from L.O.S. Shit like Amdi Pedersen's Armé, Born Dead Icons, and Vitamin X, which is really fucking weird to me but bad ass at the same time. It's right down the street!

MRR: DO YOU FEEL THAT THIS HAS "NATIONALISTIC" IMPLICATIONS?
Of course all of the honorary members of the HC crew take our TX flags to the capitol every weekend and have circle jerks with NAMBLA members while we sing the praises of our saviors Adolf Hitler, and Davy Crockett. I know where this question is coming from, and all jokes aside, when we played thrashfest last year it was totally killer, and I thought it was cool when the Haltom boys ran around with TX flags. I thought it was fun, nothing more than shouting Twin Cities hardcore or NY hardcore . It was just a couple friends from TX showing their support and representing the fact they drove in a van all night to Minneapolis to thrash. But there's always some computer nerd standing in the back over-analyzing every lyric and note. I read some of the shit talking and I couldn't believe they tried to call James a racist/homophobe when he's known for having drunken bisexual adventures, and has Mexican parents. Shit, I've seen him sex up an Asian guy named Romeo on our tour with the Varukers, so don't talk shit unless you know what you're talking about. And try to take James's banter with a grain of salt. I do.

MRR: HOW DID YOU WIND UP IN SPAZM?
I joined the band in '97. I was in a band at the time called the Ballistics. We played shit like Crucifix, Varukers, or Final Conflict. That band was ending, and Brad told me at a show that he heard me play guitar, and was somewhat of a fan of my band, and asked me to join. So I drilled the first two seven inches in my head, took a bus to Austin (where I found that the band wasn't tuned to a tuner on the records) and I had to relearn the songs. All that shit aside, it turned out cool, and I even wrote some rippers before the first tour.

MRR: WOULD YOU SAY THAT SPAZM HAS MORE FRIENDS OR ENEMIES?
More friends, for sure. We're all pretty likeable, and I've personally met a lot of people and bands that I thought I would never meet. We have rubbed a lot of people the wrong way at first, but they usually figure out what's up and laugh their asses off. The worst thing I've said on tour was that I had a pet spider monkey when I was a kid, which was true, but a big mistake because the people I happened to be talking to were on the primate freedom tour. They tore me a new one for it, and then trying to ease the tension, I said at least I didn't spank my monkey. I had a couple of people crying laughing, but I realized my mistake and apologized for making light of their cause the next morning when we were sober.

MRR: ON ANY OF SPAZM'S TOURS, DID YOU EVER THINK YOU WERE GOING TO DIE?
I never thought I was going to die, but I have thought maybe Brad or James would croak a couple times on tour from an O.D., or from Kentucky Wildcat. I actually have thought to myself what would I do if Brad's heart exploded or some shit. Pretty scary, but he swears he's got his party habits in check.

MRR: WHAT'S NEXT FOR SPAZM? EUROPE?
Europe is the next target I'd like to hit for sure .The band has been around for a pretty long while, and I feel its our turn.

MRR: WHO DO YOU THINK YOU WOULD DO THAT WITH?
I think DS-13, or Nine Shocks would be perfect, cuz both bands seem to be laid back and willing to say and do crazy shit. I like both bands' tunes, and think they draw the energetic kids to their shows, and that's what I dig. Fleas and Lice would turn the band into complete alcoholics, judging from the last time they came through. I would also like to play and see Japan one day before I die, but I guess I'll keep jamming and see what happens. There's no telling.

MRR: WHAT'S YOUR PICK FOR BEST TEXAS BAND?

As far as old school shit, the Dicks/or DRI are the ones I listen to the most, but for the last two weeks I've been jamming the hell out of the Offenders *Died In Custody* record. As far as new bands, League Of Struggle is cool, Bread and Water is cool… there are a handful of bands keeping shit alive here.

MRR: WHAT DOES TEXAS MEAN TO YOU?

Pretty much the same answer I gave about being from Haltom City, we don't get as many shows and our scene isn't that huge, but we've stayed true, and that's were the TX thing comes from. As far as the actual state of TX, I don't give a shit about it. Fuck borders. I still think it's crazy that people thought that we were some sort of patriots when we wore TX bandanas or wore flags as capes… People read way too much into shit.

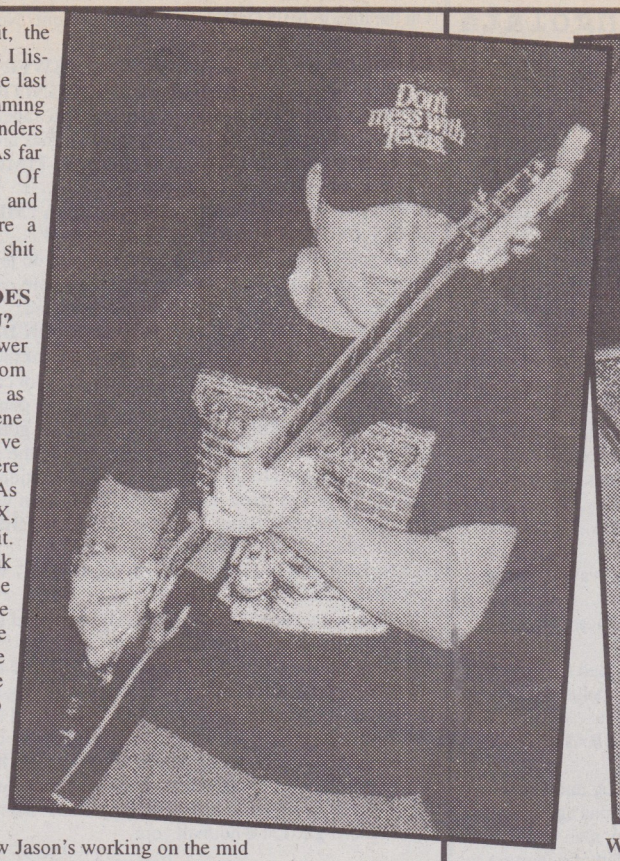
MRR: WHAT'S THE NEW SPAZM STUFF SOUNDING LIKE?

The new songs I'm writing are total rippers. I know Jason's working on the mid tempo "rockin rolly" stuff. I pull from all kinds of influences… pretty much, straightforward old school US hardcore punk is my favorite shit to write. If I can picture a circle pit going on, it's a keeper. I listen to a lot of BGK, Raw Power, Uniform Choice, Bl'ast, all kinds of crap. If I can picture myself singing along, I'll bring it to the band and mix in some Spazm flava.

MRR: ARE YOU TIRED OF SPAZM BEING IGNORED?

I wouldn't say that we were totally ignored. But I do feel that a good gimmick could have gotten us further, quicker. Oh well, I think most the people in the scene who I respect know what's up, and have thrown some good words our way… so I am grateful for that.

"I JUST WANT SOME SKANK!"
—CIRCLE JERKS



Bradley "Big-Dog" Garrett, 26, band counselor and I play drums

MRR: WHEN AND WHERE DID SPAZM START, AND WHAT BANDS HAD YOU BEEN IN BEFORE SPAZM?

Jason and I started forming Spazm in 1996 in Dallas, TX. James joined around 1998 and Gary stumbled along around 1999. I have been in a lot of bands, but one of the funnest bands I was in was the Milk-Duds. My good friend Henry got a speeding ticket and we decided to start a Dead Milkmen cover band and play people's back yards to raise money to pay for Henry's speeding ticket. Around '93 my friends and I were really into bands like Downcast, Struggle, and Killing Time so with those influences my good friends Scott Opine and Jason Henderson of Rash of Beatings and myself formed a band called Flood. It was totally pissed-off, in your face, stomp hardcore. It was a fun band, but we couldn't keep it together… Every time we played, something would get destroyed. After Flood, and during that time period, there was a huge straightedge scene in Fort Shit. Scott Opine and I hung out a lot and it seemed like the only shows to see were the serious, boring, no dancing and no drinking straightedge shows. With that we decided to start a band that involved fun house shows, drinking with your friends and good old punk hardcore tunes. Our main influences that really drove this band were bands like Christ on a Crutch, Seattle's Bristle and believe or not even the Queers!

MRR: I RAN INTO YOU IN FT. SMITH ABOUT 10 YEARS AGO, WHAT WAS GOING ON WITH YOU AND ARKANSAS BACK THEN?

Not much, just being a kid, growing up, living in a small shitty town and trying to find a way out. I was constantly fucked with by the redneck cops. Eventually they got what they wanted and I moved to Texas.

MRR: WHEN AND WHY DID YOU AND JASON MOVE TO TEXAS?

I moved to Texas because things in the scene were getting pretty dull and my previous band Loaded did not seem to be going anywhere. I came to Texas with the intentions of starting a new band, going to school and trying something new. I was not very successful in finding anyone to play what I wanted to play that was worth a shit. After many long distance calls to Arkansas I was trying to convince my dear friend Jason, who played bass in Loaded, to move to Texas and start a band with me. It took a while for me to convince him, but finally the good ol' mama's boy decided to let go of the tit! Jason came to Texas about eight months after me. All was great, but we did have to deal with a few things…His girlfriend that came with him and converting him from playing bass to playing guitar, which by the way was much easier than the girl.

MRR: HOW DID THAT CHANGE YOUR PERSPECTIVE ON LIFE AND PUNK?

Well to keep a long story short, it changed my life drastically. I went from a small town to a big city, got more involved with the booze, drugs, lots of drugs. As far as punk goes, I definitely got the opportunity to see more punk shows and see a larger variety of bands, as far as I can remember.

MRR: WHO'S YOUR FAVORITE TEXAS PUNK BAND?

MDC is definitely the #1. D.R.I., Pump 'n' Ethyl, Humongous, Brutal Juice, Big Boys, Butthole Surfers, Third Leg, etc… You get the point.

MRR: HOW ABOUT IN GENERAL?

Jerry's Kids, Social Distortion, Motörhead, Poison Idea, Stiff Little Fingers, 45 Grave, Gang Green, GBH and Leeway

MRR: HOW'S SYDNEY?

Sydney is my daughter… She just recently turned four. She is a large part of my life. She helps me work on my Trans Am and she manages to get into my guitar every time I turn my back. She also manages to tell Grandmom and Granddad every bad word that she has learned from me. I do the "Dad" thing! I get to take her to dance lessons and swim lessons. She is quite the little hellion! She does everything that I tell her not to do. Who knows, she may go on tour with me or play in a band with me someday!

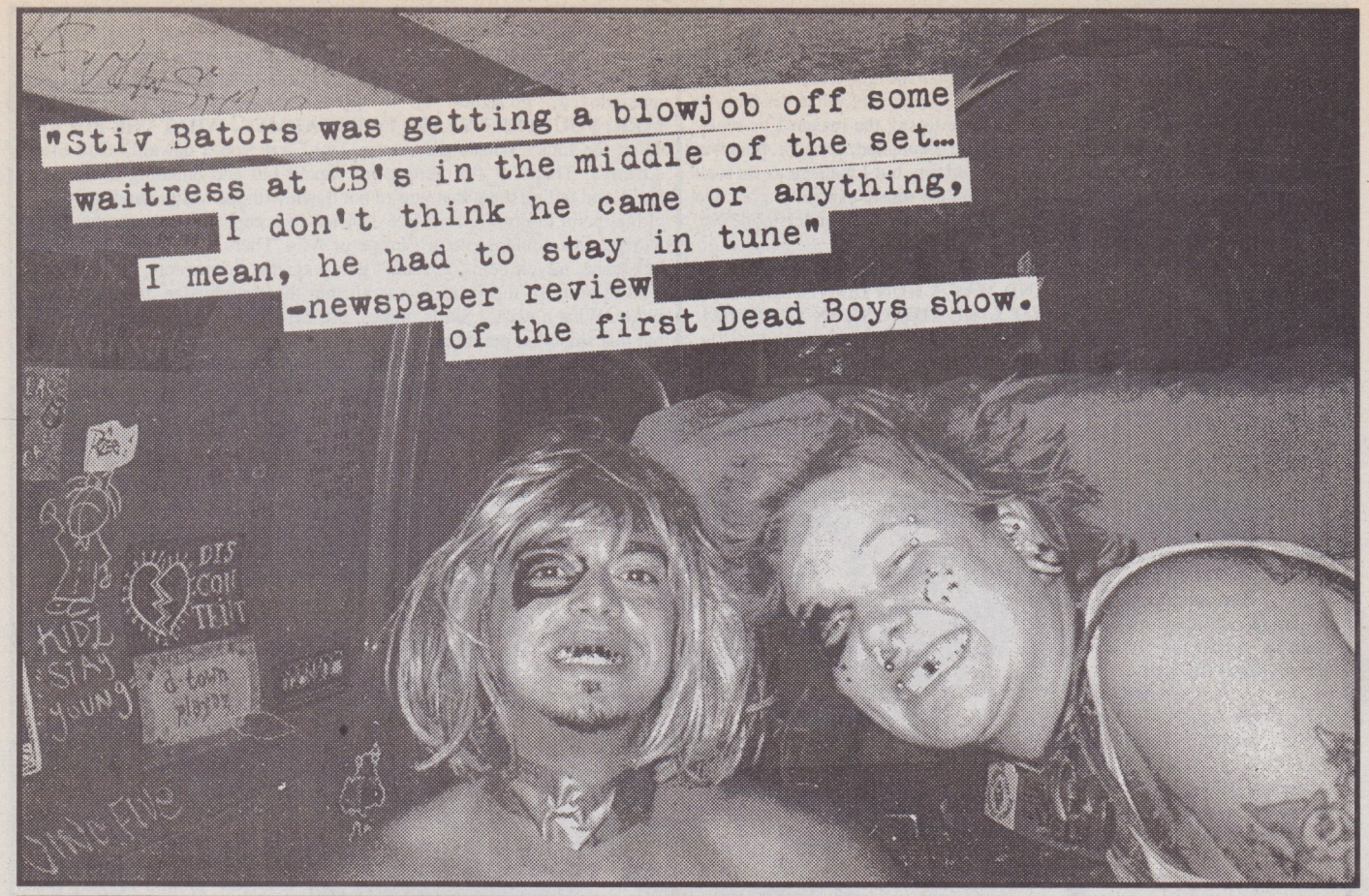
MRR: WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN WITH JASON LIVING IN PORTLAND? WILL SPAZM BREAK UP?

As far as Jason living in Portland, hopefully he will move back to Texas. As far as Spazm, we always have our ups and downs. I always have new ideas for songs and records and I know that these ideas are not going to go away. I just hope that we can all be together again as Spazm 151 is supposed to be and start fucking it up Texass style once again on a regular basis.

"DON'T BE AFRAID TO POGO!"
—THE GEARS

Jason, Glibulous Mongolata (aka Glib), 27 years according to your Terran timetables, I'm responsible for the droning aural frequencies which blind the ears (git, vox).

MRR: WHAT DOES GLIBULOUS MONGOLATA MEAN?
Clever Mongoloid.
MRR: JASON, WHY DID YOU MOVE?
A question I'm still asking myself. I suppose it had a lot to do with the poddling (Drake), and the fact that we had the opportunity to just pack up and move. Insectoid landscapes, jar-brains, mind-scanners...Dallas just gives me the creeps in general. Pant-Pant
MRR: ARE YOU MOVING BACK? WHEN?
Well I really can't say yeh/neh at this point. As much as I despise Dallas (gurgle-snort), some of my best friends are there and that's something that you have to compromise. Living in a good city with good friends or living in a shitty city with best friends.
MRR: SOME SAY YOU ARE JOINING POISON IDEA... ARE YOU FRIENDS WITH THOSE CATS?
Well I've talked to Jerry about it a couple o' times and its always kinda like, "Well were gonna need somebody for tour this summer.....well keep in touch." So I'm of the mind frame of if it happens, cool... if not, whatever.
MRR: HOW'S DRAKE?
The poddling is growing at an inhuman rate. He's just developed the cutest set of wings you've ever seen. He's molted twice already, and I believe his fangs are coming in. Precious.
MRR: WHEN AND HOW DID YOU FIRST MEET BRAD? GARY? JAMES?
Ahh, the golden splendor of my dear departed youth. Big Dog and I first met at some party at a hotel when we lived in Arkansas many moons ago. I vaguely remember the young lad coming up to me and saying "Hey man... you ever heard of Jane's Addiction?" Upon which he relegated his plan of departure to the City of Oklahoma the next day. We went and had a fuckin blast. The old Arkansas crew in full effect! Mr. Ballistic and myself met each other whilst slamming to the Ramones. Little did we know at that time that our lives would be swept up in a world of intrigue and adventure. Nunez you say? Well, I could tell you a thing or two about that one. Wacky... I believe we first met during the original Spazm line-up. We went over to his house (the now defunct, legendary Lindell House) to practice, and there he was, sitting on the porch with a 40, a mohawk, and some fucked-up terminator-cop shades on. We thought he was gonna beat the shit outta us. But all he said was "Man that shit was badd-ass." (insert gruff Texas accent here.)
MRR: GIVE US A BRIEF HISTORY OF SPAZM.
Well, we started in like '95/96? Brad had just moved to Dallas from Arkansas and was trying his damnedest to get me to move down there and start a band. So I move down and we start jamming. Our first bass player was Brian (Whisker Biscuit) from Urine Trouble, and our first singer was this crazy dude named John Smith. We were a lot more rock 'n' rolly-punky at that point. So we move on to Spazm circa James... He definitely brought a lot more of a hardcore sound to our music. As for singers, we've had our fair share... Vadek, Weaselnuts, Jeffree (runforyerfucknlife) and even our humble narrator here, the Jackalope sang for us at one point. When Gary started jammin with us that was when we were like, alright we got somebody else who can sing, play solos and is generally as much of a dork as the rest of us. And henceforward and ever after, the circle shall remain unbroken..
MRR: SPAZM IS PERCEIVED AS A "TEXAS" BAND, DO YOU THINK PEOPLE SCOFF AT "TEXAS" BANDS?
I think the term "Texas band" could be applied to any band with a certain amount of mental retardation, a punk as fuck attitude, and a general disregard for all conventional forms of reality. It's merely coincidence that we all converged upon the stately soil of Texass. Yeah... that's it.
MRR: TEXAS HAS ONE OF THE RICHEST HISTORIES OF PUNK MUSIC, ESPECIALLY RADICAL POLITICAL PUNK MUSIC. TEXAS WAS ONCE REVERED FOR ITS PUNK BANDS. WHAT HAPPENED?
I believe it was one of those moments in time, early 80s Texas hardcore, when everything was so new and everyone was so pissed at the shit on the radio that it just came together in these weird ways. Austin was pretty much secluded in a sense from what was going on at either coast, so these guys back then were totally free to mutate and mutilate music however they felt. You can't really get a sense of something like that anymore because no one is isolated musically anymore.
MRR: A LOT OF PEOPLE SAY SPAZM PUT TEXAS BACK ON THE MAP. ANY THOUGHTS?
On the map to hell? Or the one to the bathroom? Nobody *gets* the whole Texas thing do they, Jack?
MRR: WHAT ARE SOME OTHER NEWER TEXAS BANDS THAT SHOULD BE GETTING MORE RECOGNITION AND RESPECT?
Definitely The Paperchase... those lads are saucier than a bucket of corn. Urine Trouble, Damage Case, and the Bulemics are pretty rippin.
MRR: WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE ALL-TIME TEXAS BAND?
Butthole Surfers. They do me good.
MRR: DO YOU FEEL THAT SPAZM IS A "MUSICIAN'S BAND"? DO YOU FANCY YOURSELF A MUSICIAN?
Some people have made fun of us saying we do too many solos or whatever. I don't care. I suppose we may have a few more parts to songs than the average hardcore band. I guess I'm a fancy little lad.
MRR: WHAT ARE YOUR THOUGHTS ON DIY?
I can't say I've ever been into punk/hardcore for the DIY ethics. I mean I suppose in the right hands, with the right drive, a lot can be accomplished. In my mind the whole DIY thing has kinda distanced punk from the fun of going to shows. There's nothing I can't stand more than going to a show and everyone just stands there quietly between songs while the singer, or someone else in the band, proceeds to give his boring interpretation of how western society is fucked, or George Bush is a commie, or Lincoln was gay. "The fascist, commie, bigot-eaters!" Bring back the fun, I say! Bring back the dorks! I was always into punk for the energy.
MRR: DID YOU LEARN A LOT WORKING WITH KING DIAMOND ON THE SPAZM LP?
The man is amazing. He showed me how to hold a sustained, ambient-yodel in b-flat. The secret is in the sauce.
MRR: ARE YOU PLAYING WITH ANYONE IN PORTLAND?
Besides myself? Not at the moment... funny thing about having a kid, no one seems to take you as serious anymore. No really, I understand, I don't have as much time to devote to playing in a band right now anyway. Not that I'd wanna play with any of you losers! If you wanna have fun come see us play. If you wanna talk politics talk to James. So long dung beetles... and keep the ball rollin! Any Portland bands need a guitarist who can practice once a week? Email me... glib151@hotmail.com



SUBJECT'S NAME: HARDCORE TEXAS FUCKIN' JAMES.
MODUS OPERANDI: FUCKIN' SHIT UP TEXAS STYLE.
THEME MUSIC: "JIMMY CRACK CORE AND HE DON'T GIVE A FUCK."
FAVORITE SEXUAL POSITION: THE PILEDRIVER.
AGE PHYSICALLY: 34.
AGE MENTALLY: *TELETUBBY* FAN.
OCCUPATION: PAWNING SHIT.

(Ed.: James managed to drink ten pints of beer during the course of this interview, and honestly does not remember being interviewed. That being said, here we go...)

MRR: JAMES, SOME SAY WEARING A TEXAS FLAG AS A CAPE IS NATIONALISTIC...

Well, well, well... an interview for *Maximum Rocknroll*? What a very bad idea, Jack. I'm Mr. Fucking Numero Uno on the don't-give-a-fuck list. Interviewing me will not be nice. Besides, the shelf-life for these interviews is about as long as my dick... two BB's and a Tic-Tac. Readers, if you are a goddamn crybaby or emo sissy, then quit reading right now or else fuck off. Shove all your labels and categories up your ass, hang your boots on your little highchairs, and experience some 100% Texas bullshit: Who the fuck is *MRR*? Didn't Tim die? Is it just me, or does anyone else notice all the racist, violent, stupid bands that find their way into *MRR* reviews and advertisements? "Street Punk"? "Dumb Punk." No disrespect, *MRR*, but you guys are the fucking standard bearer... start checking your shit goddammit! Too many fucking hot-rod, dumb skinhead, fuckin Britney Spears bullshit bands... Punk thrash hardcore with a global conscience?... What happened? Man, *MRR* is part of my life, you know? For the past 18 years I've observed *MRR* as a bad ass fucking resource to help fight and change this military, industrial, prison complex known as the USA. DIY hardcore must up the ante. We need stronger bands and more communication! You can sit there and rest on your goddamn laurels and think it's going to change, but it's really not. I was so fucking proud of the WTO shit... Awesome! Our kind was represented. But it's not enough, and spare me your analytical insights, I'm in a constant rage, and I'm aware of my generalizations. Besides, I'm not another intellectual asshole... too many of those as there is in the "scene." All religion and politics must be destroyed! We must rebel! How the fuck can anything get better when all I see is stupid fuckin people/consumer/zombies walking around listening to Korn, Limp Bizkit, Pantera, Green Day, Offspring, Marilyn Manson shit? It's fuckin sad, this whole bullshit about "making a living" off your music... poor kids contributing to some asshole's bank account. How the fuck can I be nationalistic? Whoever pulled their little Fisher-Price laptop out at Thrashfest II and said that shit needs to quit wearing so much corduroy and shave their fucking beard. I have "Texas pride" because I have managed to survive in this fucking hellhole! Racism, poverty, ignorance... that's what Texas means to me asshole! I am the worst thing to this state. The one that shits on their parade. Do you think any of the money from the state lottery and taxes helps any of us? Fuck no, all it does is give the rich a fat account so they can continue to escape reality and pretend that life is like Andy Griffith. Well, the truth is motherfucker, it's more like *Sanford And Son,* minus the cool theme song. Don't even get me started... if you really must know, Jack, I first wore a Texas flag cape back when the Alamo was being bombed, I took it off and hid for dear life!

MRR: SO, DOES SUCKING A LITTLE COCK EVERY NOW AND THEN MEAN THAT YOU'RE GAY?

Jack, do we have an agenda here or what? Can you be serious for a change? Maybe you should hang out with Todd Burdette more often, fuck, start a band with him or something. What fine male specimen such as myself would suck a little cock? Go for the gusto! The bigger the better! Why do they call you "the Lone Star Tallboy" or "Coke Can," Jack? Hmmm? What's up after the interview? Maybe we can "shoot" down to the Boyz Cellar or the Manhole.

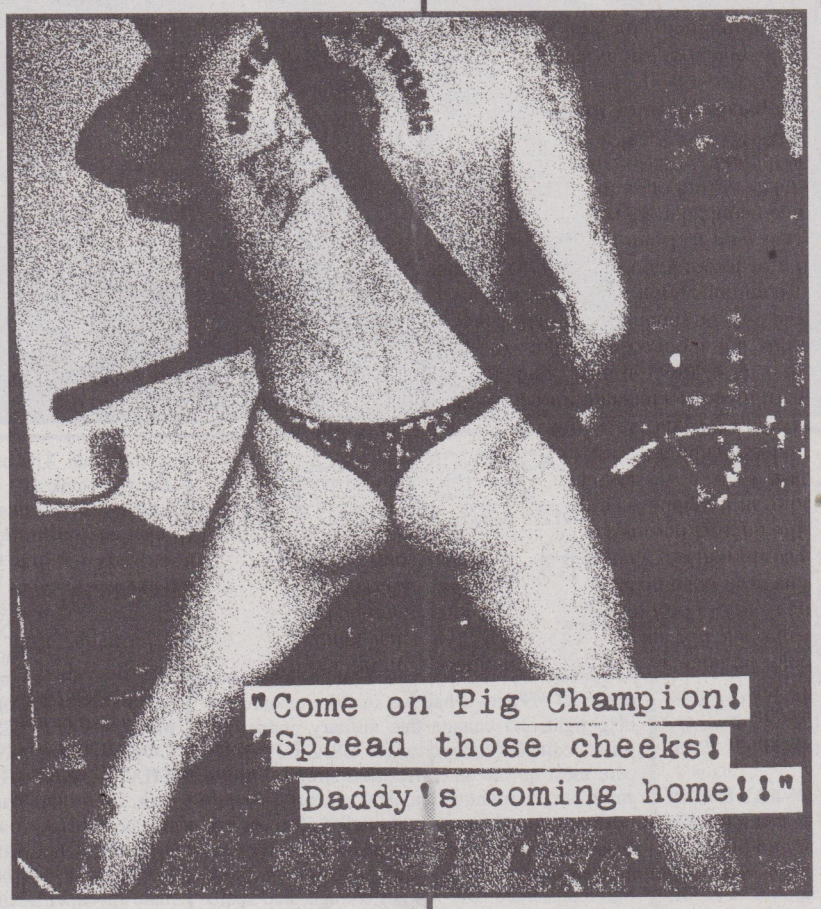
MRR: JAMES, I'VE KNOWN YOU FOR ABOUT 15 YEARS, AND YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED A BIT... ARE YOU MISUNDERSTOOD? WHY?

What the fuck? I'm gonna cry. I've always stayed the same because I don't give a fuck about recognition, popularity, fame, etc... I've managed because of my love, conviction, and trust in hardcore punk thrash. It's my passion (I rarely, if ever, discuss this with others), playing my instrument (no pun intended), making comps., partying, going to shows... all that shit. It's what I've always done since "the open eyes of youth" now "closed down to just cracks." I've always been susceptible to having the world up my ass

though, that's partly why I view my current state of existence as very negative and shitty. Sometimes I can't believe the shit I encounter that is called "hardcore" or "punk." Christian punk? Watch me go berzerker on that shit… no fuckin around. Crusty, straight edge, skinhead? Whatever. They'll all become cops or judges anyway. I'd have to say the reason I've really stayed the same, is because of all the twisted, demented, creative, positive, freaks that I know! Yeah, I party like a raped pig, but I manage to eat well and exercise. Yeah, I'm negative as fuck, but my music bears my cross. Do they owe us a living? Of course they fuckin do! Am I misunderstood? No, motherfucker… I'm Mr. Understood!

MRR: I GREW UP ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF DALLAS FROM WHERE YOU LIVED. GARLAND WAS A RUN DOWN, COOKIE-CUTTER WASTELAND… A LOT LIKE THE ONE IN *SUBURBIA*. TELL US ABOUT GROWING UP IN IRVING.

Man, go do a shitload of bathtub crank, shoot some whiskey, take some acid and sit naked in the dark watching *Gummo*, and you still won't be close to how I fuckin grew up in Irving, Texas. First of all, we were the only Mexican family in the neighborhood. The moment I stepped out the fuckin door, Whitey had my number! I still have all the same friends and enemies. We were some sick fuckin kids. We all (boys and girls) lost our virginity young as fuck. We were fucking mutants. I can't even begin… beer, porno, forts, dynamite, drugs, orgies, teepees, what the fuck? Maybe it was the water. All of our stupid gang fights, etc… some of the shit we did… fuckin catapults, guillotines, cannons… whatever. Irving is scary and inbred as fuck. My parents still live there, and *still* bitch about the shit I did from ages 8-15. They're permanently scarred. I was just being a dumbass. For time's sake, a short, illustrative anecdote that comes to mind, is when we were at a Community and Safety Awareness assembly in the fuckin lunchroom during 8th grade, and the cops showed this film about vandalism. There were missing fire hydrants, stolen stop signs, the whole front lawn of our school was ravaged with doughnuts and skid marks… the football bleachers were totally dismantled, there was dogshit smeared all over the principal's windows… who do *you* think did it? Fuck school!



MRR: AND THE LEGEND OF JAMES SHANE WAYNE…

We three grew up tight and united. As kids, for us, it was all about disco, funk, Motown, rock 'n' roll, metal… it was inevitable in our quest that we should stumble upon the punk scene! Punk hit Dallas in '77. From '79-'83, it was there, but very hidden. Along came 1984 and that was it… we met our first influence at school. I will never forget her! Ingrid! Man, up until then, it was all arena rock shows, etc… I fuckin lost it! BGK, JFA, COC, Big Boys, Offenders, Black Flag, Circle Jerks, Aggression, Th'Inbred, Die Kreuzen… Believe it or not, punk helped us to be good in high school. We were inspired to make something of our lives. The heads were shaved, the boots were on… the rest is history! We "thought" we were hot shit. We started a band called Force Of Annihilation. We didn't know about Siege, but that's what we were like. The word "grindcore" wasn't around, but that's what we did! We got to open for Suicidal Tendencies… God! Talk about walking around like a butt-fucked rooster! Our goal to destroy all the lame-ass stupid "stairway to heaven" hair bands that we went to school with was accomplished. We fought like motherfuckers, destroyed swimming pools, and in general, just gave everybody a royal headache. True spontaneity! Back then, no one gave a fuck about patches, shirts, stickers, etc… it was "clobberin' time." Anyway, fuck past glory, what's going on tomorrow? Wayne is now a professional prison counselor, Shane is lost and unemployed… go figure!

MRR: YOU SPENT YEARS IN THE ARMY… WHAT THE FUCK?!

What the fuck? What's the matter, Jack? Are you a coward? God bless America! That's it! I'm getting my laptop out and emailing everyone I know and telling them that you're not down with the Motherland! Anyway, at that point in my life I made a decision to accept four years in the Army as long as I could serve in Europe or Asia. There were benefits, money, insurance, travel, being a "man," going against my parents, etc… what a load of shit! To top it off, I was all into the straightedge, jock, skinhead phase. What a waste! Skills, trades, life experience can be achieved without that stupid corporation. Yes, I was an all-Army track star… I ran for the army. I went to track meets all throughout Europe. Of course, I did a lot of combat training as well. I had a really bad car wreck and that was my ticket out. No more track? Well, fuck the Army. I honestly feel that I did not portray the typical "dumbass" imperialist like many of my other counterparts. I had the "punk" mentality. I saw, or should I say "sought out" the counterculture and bands. I saw Youth Of Today, MDC, Bad Brains, Agnostic Front, and many others, as well as various indigenous bands. Part of it was great, but in reality, I regret it. I have some very good friends that are still in prison to serve in the "Oil Olympics" or "Gulf War," whatever you want to call it. You know this question is really pissing me off! I think it's time I got together with Adrienne Droogas for our weekly Mentors/Fang/GG Allin fanclub meeting and take all this rage out on some long-hair, commie, pinko, faggot, Aus Rotten hippies! Yearrrrgh! Let's go! Where's Rob Halford? Come on Pig Champion! Spread those cheeks! Daddy's coming home!!

MRR: OH GOD, HERE WE GO… JAMES, FAVORITE BANDS: TEXAS, METAL, AND ALL TIME.

It's about time you asked a generic interview question.

Texas: you know all of us Texan streetwitch alley wizards are fuckin nuts. Some that come to mind? MDC, Big Boys, Dicks, Offenders, (old) DRI (quite ridiculous these days with their $16 ball caps and all), Deadhorse, Barkhard, Rhythm Pigs, Voice of Reason, the Boozers, Ethyl fuckin Merman, Terminal Disgust, the Paperchase (are you guys punk? No, you're the shit!), my old band- Human Struggle, Arc Ruin, Scorched Earth Policy, the Divergants, 2000 Yard Stare, Meadowlark, Kodiak, Urine Trouble, the legendary Chongo Switchblade… these are only some. There's tons more!

Metal: I do not recognize a form of music called metal. I only listen to the Sex Pistols, Conway Twitty, and Chicago. Fuck metal. All the hair scares me. Jack, are Iron Maiden, Kansas, and Toto metal?

All time: Toxic Reasons, Articles of Faith, Crass, Septic Death, Battalion of Saints, Agnostic Front (when they were crucial!), Crucifix, Fleas and Lice, Warzone, the 4 Skins, Crippled Youth, old Hüsker Dü, Saxon, Rattus, Colera, Dezerter, Hirax, Cryptic Slaughter, Breakdown, Aretha Franklin, whatever band it was that did "Jeremiah Was a Bullfrog," Rose Tattoo, old Celtic Frost, Voi Vod, Assuck, Youth of Today, Kreator, Deviated Instinct, Amebix, Fear, Blitz, Youth Brigade (both), Van Halen, Naked Raygun, the Minutemen, MC5, Mountain, the Guess Who, Special Forces, the Boneless Ones, Dr. Know (without that dork Brandon), Black Sabbath, M.I.T.B., Code XIII, Distraught, GBH, any band that guy Dave Thomas from Wendy's was in… React, Broken, Deformed Conscience, Bobby Soxx

(RIP), Roky Erickson, Abrasive Wheels, Motörhead (aren't they dead yet?), Kiss, Loverboy, AC/DC (Bonn Scott only!), Outburst, Maximum Penalty, Supertouch, Accused, Fartz, Bristle, Gorilla Biscuits, Tankard, Bl'ast, Oi Polloi after they kicked the skinhead out and Mick Jagger joined on vox, all 70s booty funk bands, any old hillbilly/train hoppin/jug blowin/moonshine bands, man—just about any twisted, confrontational, powerful, weird shit! There's no point in listing them all. Music is a weapon for change and enlightenment! But don't forget, nationalistic, nazi, religious bumfucks believe this too! It's how they keep their slaves in check! How can I forget Molly Hatchet and Uriah Heep?! What about Joy Division? This could be neverending.

MRR: YOU'RE TELLING ME! OK, DIFFERENT TRACK, HOW OLD ARE YOU? LET'S TALK ABOUT PUNKS OVER 30. WE'RE BOTH "OLD" AND WE KNOW A LOT OF PUNKS WHO ARE A LOT OLDER. TELL THE YOUNG PUNKS WHAT'S UP.

You can't tell the young punks shit! Live and learn, listen and filter, differentiate fact and opinion. Education, skills, trades, international travel... I would tell young punks to quit getting jobs that fuck over other people and animals... that is very hypocritical of me, since I do eat meat. Don't we all have faults? Some don't think so. Yeah, eco warrior, let's see where you would be without your telephones, computers, gasoline, etc... I'm poor and I eat what I can get my hands on goddammit! Can you live without electricity? I hope so assholes. Fucking quit being dumbass consumers, as they say in sweatshops around the world: "just do it!" How sick. I'm gonna get a Nike Swoosh tattooed on my balls. Young punks, quit dressing like the Casualties... you look stupid. Young punks, learn to play your instruments... make love to your axe! Quit playing like Gomer Pyle! Young punks, quit using the word mosh... it means dumbass! See, now I'm getting pissed again!! Fuck punks under 30... quit being so gullible... get pig biting mad!!

MRR: WHAT ARE YOUR THOUGHTS ON MUSICIANSHIP AND DIY?

DIY is a pain in the ass... I'm starting a new movement called "GSETFDI"... get someone else to fuckin do it! Musicianship? Well, that point could be debated forever. Music is like a giant box of Crayons... a lot of different shades! I personally love playing bass, guitar, acoustic... shit, everybody I know fucks shit up on their instrument of choice. I'm lucky like that! Always learnin more. Shit, I just got through learning ten Offenders songs to help them out before Mikey got to town. Talk about apprehension, then respect and fun... that was the bomb. That's my #1 bass player except for maybe Geddy Lee. A lot of hardcore and punk is just "flavor of the week" shit. Have you ever listened to Post Regiment? There's musicianship! As far as I'm concerned, I'll take Disorder, Cheetah Chrome Motherfuckers, E.N.T., and the Butthole Surfers over any "real" music!

MRR: YOU ARE FRIENDS WITH BISCUIT AND TIM FROM THE BIG BOYS, AND LIKE YOU SAID, YOU JUST SPENT A MONTH PLAYING WITH THE OFFENDERS... DO YOU SEE SPAZM TAKING IT'S PLACE AMONGST THE "ROYALTY" OF TEXAS PUNK BANDS?

Texas hardcore punk bands don't give a fuck about "royalty"... we have too many dumbass rockers, rednecks, pompadorks, and nazi's to be worried about that shit. You wouldn't believe the amount of shampoo, cum, and hot air these motherfuckers blow out of their arses.

MRR: EVERYTHING IS A FUNNY STORY WITH YOU!

A funny story? *MRR* printing this shit is the funny story! My 34th birthday on April 12th was funny! Passing out in the bushes in NYC with my entire body covered in huge permanent marker swastikas and getting lost on the subway with big Damian, while a black gang was checkin' us out was not funny, but I learned not to be shooting my mouth off around a bunch of crazy NYC punks. This entire "war" is funny... man, c'mon people! Go watch the movie *Khandahar* and learn... this system will go down! People who don't read our lyrics and think all we do here in Texas is round up cattle is funny! The fact that Norman Bates and the Showerheads *really* is my all time favorite punk band is funny! Potlucks, bikes, and Mexican food is funny! Ripping off Janis Joplin lyrics for punk songs is funny! The Varukers are funny! Mind Control and Havoc are funny! Lame ass kids who sit and stare with their mouths open when we play is funny! Me not wearin' a shirt when we play is funny! No matter how shitty it gets... we must help each other. We must spread our "gospel," we must share our experiences when we meet. Time and time again, I've seen white power motherfuckers meet for the first time and they talk and buy each other a beer. When punks meet punks around here, it's a stand-off to prove who's the coolest or whatever. Fuck that shit! We must help each other. We must let this system know we are here! Thanks for letting me ramble, Jack... as Corky said: "Life goes on!" See you in the pit! I'll be the one with a cape and cowboy hat, doing doughnuts on my riding lawnmower!

Hctxjames
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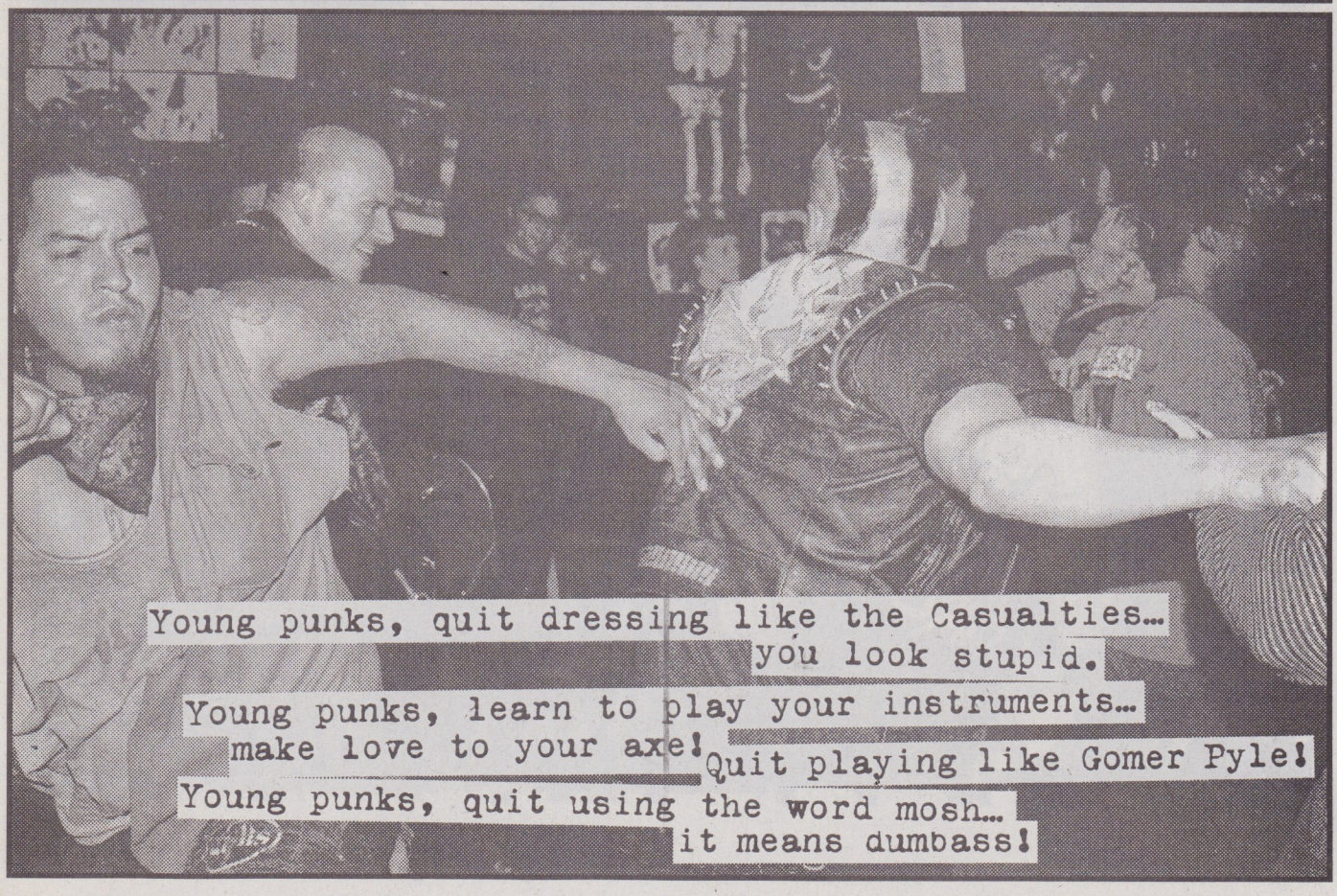

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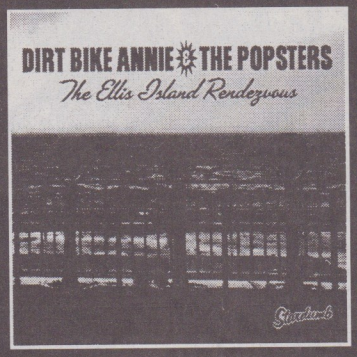

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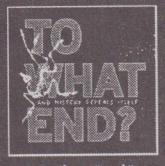

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BOOKS

Meaningless Motion • Duncan Stewart
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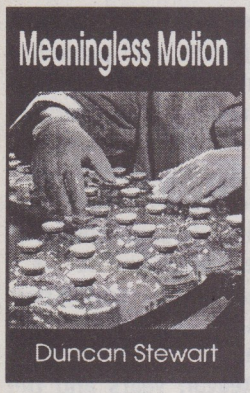
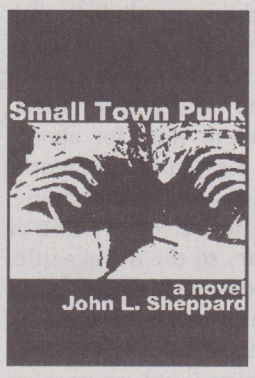


From the moment I picked up *Meaningless Motion* from the Maximumrocknroll house, I just wanted to blow it off. I don't know if it was the cover design, that looks as if it had been ripped off from some generic 1970s industrial trainee manual, or whether it was just the way the author chooses to introduce his audience to his main character by clobbering them in the first chapter with the worse kind of self-loathing bullshit—posing, of course, as honesty and naked emotion. As harsh as all that sounds, *Meaningless Motion* picks up slightly in chapter two, and by chapter three I began to take an interest in where the author, Duncan Stewart, might be going with his story of life in a psych ward. I'm intrigued by psychological dysfunction, and for this reason I found a good portion of Meaningless Motion to be an interesting read, because Duncan shifts his focus from the main character to the far more colorful characters on the fringe. It's only when that focus is put back on the main character that I found my attention wandering once more. It's like the difference between watching a great dysfunctional band like Buzzov•en (early 90s lineup) or having to endure a dozen trust fund-emo-violence-primitive-rocknroll bands that could literally skin themselves alive on stage and still come off as uninspired and contrived.

Suicide is a serious subject, and *Meaningless Motion* uses it as a jumping off point, which is a brave choice by Duncan Stewart, because it is a long way back to the surface for the novel once it's been placed in that abyss. I'm not so sure it ever really made it back, but there were moments of hope from time to time, especially in the way the interdependent relationships are developed in the mental hospital, and even more so when we are given bits and pieces of each patient's back story. The fact that this book is the size of an average *Cometbus* zine suggests that these glimpses into what might have triggered the many mental illnesses that usurp the lives of the book's characters were far from fully developed or explored. In fact, *Meaningless Motion* is a lot like a very well crafted personal style zine, especially in the way many of those zines have taken on emo music and lyrics as their inspiration. What is the difference between a journal that is for personal use and self therapy and a personal zine that is well written and presents a voice and a point of view that needs to be heard? That seems to confuse many would-be zinesters these days, and I'm not sure it's clear which side of the fence *Meaningless Motion* would be on.

I wouldn't recommend *Meaningless Motion* unless you have the time and patience to sift through every sentence about being lost, confused, and alone to get to the interesting observations. These are like tiny gold nuggets that might almost be worth the time and effort to find if you found yourself locked up in a mental hospital. I guess it's hard to admit that one's own life might not be the most interesting story a writer has to tell, even when you are as competent a writer as Duncan Stewart, but it does seem to go hand in hand with independent publishing, which I guess makes it worth the gamble. —Jay Unidos

Small Town Punk • John L. Sheppard
210 pages • $14.95
Writers Club Press • iUniverse, Inc.
5220 S. 16th St. • Suite 200
Lincoln, NE • 68512



John L. Sheppard's *Small Town Punk* is one of the best books I've read in ten years. Ever since I picked it up for review and ran through the first three chapters in an afternoon, I've been telling friend after friend that they need to borrow my copy as soon as I'm done. At this point my copy's probably going to be moving from hand-to-hand for the next year—if my friends don't pass it on to their friends as well.

The novel is about Buzz Pepper, a seventeen-year-old punk living in a small Forida town and trying to survive long enough to get out from under the rule of his violent, beer-drinking dad. He works at Pizza Hut at night trying to save money so he can move out on his own and spends his free time getting loaded. It mostly focuses on a handful of key events that shape Buzz's perspective on the world that year, and it's stunning how similar Buzz's life is to many of our own. Like many of us, he watches one of his friends thrown into a Christian based "rehab" center/lockdown for teens. He is taunted and beaten by the jocks at his school. He watches dazed from the sidelines as the older generations revel in their corruption: cops practice traffic-

stop justice, and octogenarians wield enough political clout to keep the right to drive even though stories of them blindly mowing down pedestrians litter the news almost daily. He reacts to it all with cynicism and anger, and he takes a lot of drugs.

Maybe people who haven't had my same experiences with heavy drug and alcohol use may not be as impressed with this novel as I was, but one of the reasons I found this book to be so stunningly accurate was that Buzz's abuse of drugs and alcohol mirrored perfectly the drug abuse I've experienced and seen in so many of my friends. Buzz is a pill-popper, feeding his habit out of the bathroom cabinets of his friends' parents and his own grandparents. He eats pills at any excuse—to fight boredom, to soothe anxiety or anger—and each time you can see how his frustration with the world, his lack of control, drive him—not to self-destruct—but to disappear, or maybe just slip away from the world around him.

Aside from his sister Sissy, and his one consistent friend, Albino, he is almost completely alone in the world. He struggles to build relationships with the opposite sex, and almost without exception the girls he comes across can't live up to the romantic ideals his cynicism sets for him. He is completely outcast by the rest of his generation at school. His family, probably the most important thing in his life but dominated by his uncaring father, always falls short of his ideals as well. So, Buzz uses pills for the same reasons that a lot of us used; it never made us forget what was going on, and most of the time it didn't even feel any better, but at least it felt different.

The ways that Sheppard portrays both Buzz and his sister Sissy as teens living in an abusive home and of the imaginative ways their father finds to abuse them are also horrible in their accuracy. While much of the abuse is physical and only hinted at, Bud, the father, also dominates his family psychologically. He is not some cookie-cutter parent/villain, beating on them every time he appears on the stage. He is an ever-present potential danger in their lives, a disease that goes into remission but is always on the verge of recurring. He takes their money, uses them, treats them with disrespect, acts out of anger, and then ignores them. I've worked with abused kids in different ways for almost ten years now, and I've seen Bud, Buzz, Sissy, and their mother, Lola, a hundred times over. Reading about it was creepy.

This review is for a punk mag, and given the title of this book I should mention that contrary to the novel's title, this book is not about how punk saved the life of one kid growing up in the 80s, but rather about one kid growing up in the 80s who happened to be a punk. Unlike a lot of books coming out these days that either portray punk as nothing more than a social movement or that write about how great it was to live the punk lifestyle "back in the days," *Small Town Punk* puts punk in its rightful place as just one of the forces in Buzz's life, alongside drug and alcohol use, his abusive childhood, and loneliness. Too many books are ready to turn punk into a piece of nostalgia, especially those books that center on how punk "changed the life" of the main character in one pure moment in time. They talk about it like it was a religious revelation, and for most of us it wasn't. It may have been something that felt comfortable as soon as we found it and it may have been a safe place to be ourselves, but for most of us punk was not an all-encompassing, life-changing, 24 hours-a-day party, full of zine publishing and touring. It just became part of us. And, again Sheppard has avoided the traps of nostalgia and kept it real by keeping punk as one part of Buzz's life. He does include a scene wherein the main characters discover punk and talk about how great it felt to find music that came from people just like them, and he does make each chapter title a reference to an 80s punk song, but this book is not about punk. It's about a punk confronting life in a way that only one of us would but like so many of our generation didn't then and don't now.

Because, more than anything, *Small Town Punk* is about a generation—the Reagan Youth, those of us who grew up in the 80s overwhelmed by the depth of corruption running through both our government and society as a whole. One of the most alienating facets of life at that time was the sense that most of the people a person saw each day just seemed blind to the pain, poverty, injustice, and prejudice around them and that we were alone in seeing the world for what it really was. A lot of the pop-culture books and movies of the time (*Less Than Zero* comes to mind) presented the coming-of-age dilemma in terms of the individual being absorbed into society as an adult and losing his or her identity. *Small Town Punk* takes that same dilemma from that same era and looks at it the way we punks had to—as a choice between remaining an individual and becoming part of the corruption that was and is American society, becoming a complicit part of the evil taking place.

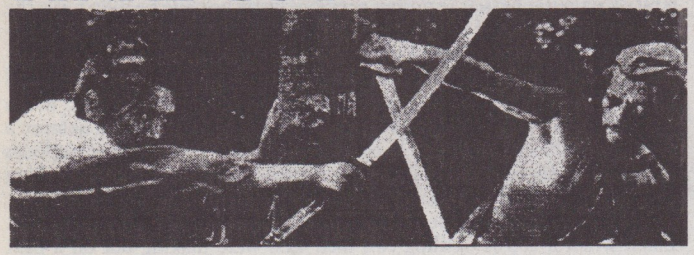
The parallels between the Reagan years and the Bush years so far are astounding. We've had eight years or so of relative complacency, and many of the Reagan Youth, now comfortably referred to as Gen-Xers, have been quietly absorbed, letting tongue-in-cheek self-mockery as part of society and the "camp value" of sexist or racist imagery, etc. lubricate their move into the mainstream. But as the economy falters and people lose jobs while cronies of the government avoid the repercussions, and as a war on terrorism gives an administration its excuse to show its true colors by stripping away our rights, this New Era is looking very familiar.

An excellent novel to appear at any time, *Small Town Punk* is especially timely as we enter into this era so much like the 80s themselves. It's insightful and overwhelmingly realistic and captures perfectly what it was like to grow up in those times by telling the story of one teen becoming an adult while coping with poverty and abuse, corruption and powerlessness, hopelessness and disenfranchisement, boredom and loneliness. It's a story that's probably very similar to the ones that any of us would tell, and it's a story that a whole new generation is just beginning to live.

This is Sheppard's fourth majoir piece of fiction. (And, although parts of this book closely immitate Sheppard's life, it is a piece of fiction.) He has posted his work on the internet where it can be read for free at http://home.earthlink.net/ shepdog. I haven't had the chance to get into his other works yet, but I highly suggest checking out his site and his writing. This really is one of the best books I've read in years, and I recommend it to everyone. Get your hands on a copy somehow.—Doug Grime

MOVIES

FINAL CUT BY STEVEN SPINALI



CRIMINAL DELIGHTS

In the French thriller **Read My Lips**, Carla Behm (Ennmanuelle Devos) has it tough. Her work at a fast-paced construction firm stretches her as thin as onion paper. She looks like she's 40-something, but she's barely 30. She can't hear a thing without wearing two hearing aids. Her love life is a bust; and she doesn't even have a TV to keep her mind off things. And because Carla can read lips, she knows that the account executives at work are bad-mouthing her every chance they get.

Carla's defensive by habit. So, when her boss asks if she needs an assistant, at first she takes it personally. But when she finally presents her request to a personnel agency, it's more like her requirements are for a boyfriend than an office temp. True to her luck, the guy they send over is Paul Angeli (Vincent Cassel), an ex-con with a hooked nose, ratty hair, and a scraggly beard. Even though he's on parole, his furtive glances always make it seem as if he's planning some kind of con.

Of course, that couldn't be farther from the truth. While not completely honest, he's poor and desperate. When Carla finds him showing up to work even before she does, she realizes that he's sleeping overnight at the office.

As it happens, Carla isn't exactly Indira Gandhi. When an account exec steals a project she'd been working on for over two years, she finds that knowing an ex-con has its advantages. Never mind that Paul stands to go to jail if he steals the account exec's presentation for her; now they're partners in crime.

Read My Lips starts off as a truly distressing story of a young woman's near-complete sexual frustration, a situation she realizes can only get worse. When Carla becomes a spy for Paul in a plot to double-cross his former boss, her story evolves into something very different, something like **Rear Window** for the hearing impaired. Her normal business relations take a left-turn down the path of blackmail and betrayal, and her social life amounts to a crash-course in larceny. Carla's special gift—the ability to read lips—soon has to be abetted by the ability to trust a partner.

Some of **Read My Lips**' most effective elements are when we experience life through Carla's failing ears and desperate heart. She cheats the system for him, and he does a few crimes for her; I suppose for some that's as good a way as any to begin a relationship. It makes for a film that's compulsively watchable.

Carla should feel lucky she doesn't have to contend with any of the personalities in the British crime thriller in **Gangster No. 1.** In this stylish, edgy yarn, Malcolm McDowell plays one of his most self-consciously brutal anti-heroes since he splashed onto screens as Alex in **A Clockwork Orange**. But while at least Alex had the redeeming qualities of liking sex and Beethoven, the unnamed gangster here seems to enjoy nothing except the abstract trappings of success. He's in his mature years; a coarse, grizzled, cigar-chomping lout disguised in a silk suit. As he half-watches the black-tie, private boxing match that opens the film, everybody's drinking, and laughing a little too hard. The film's title refers mainly to the McDowell character, but it really could be anyone who makes it to the top of organized crime's food chain.

He has everything save youth (and money can make up for that, at least in his set). But when he hears that his old colleague and rival Freddie Mays (David Thewlis) is being released from prison after thirty years, his face darkens, and so does the screen.

Most of the rest of **Gangster No. 1** is told in linear flashback. It's the late 60s, and Freddie Mays is at the top of his game with his own small but select gang of enforcers. At heart he's as cold-hearted as any gangster chief, but his earnings as a nightclub owner have turned him into a stylish man who indulges in the good things. With his perfectly cut Italian suits, emerald cufflinks, personalized, ruby-studded tie-clasp, and tailored white shirts, the guy somehow comes off as self-indulgent without being outwardly ostentatious. When he takes on a ruddy-faced newcomer (Paul Bettany, the unnamed gangster #1 to-be), the protégé is quick to admire the fine things his boss stands for. A little smarter and more capable than Mays' other hoods, he's recruited for the assignments that require more finesse (like dangling enemies over a 20-story ledge, or slicing opposing bosses into shreds.).

The young gangster, who's already aping the style of his boss—even to the point of wearing his jewelry—sees his chance at his boss's club. Karen (Saffron Burrows), a dancer and hopeful singer, is immediately taken in by Mays' charm, even as McDowell sputters out one failed come-on after another. Freddie and Karen become an item, and soon are engaged. McDowell secretly sells out his boss to a rival gang, leaving the defenseless couple all but dead, and now very much out of the picture.

The protégé shows himself to have developed into a full-blown monster. Eschewing a gun, he prefers to use a graded set of chisels on anyone who opposes him. He always strips down to skivvies before doing his violence, so as not to ruin his fine clothes in the process of flaying his victims.

You'd have thought that the endless spate of gangster films like this—the kinds that document the rise and fall of a vampiristic crime boss—would lost their its appeal by now, and certainly their novelty. With the help of first-time director Pal McGuigan, **Gangster No. 1** resuscitates the genre with its intensely fractured storytelling, split-screens, intense POV shots, and touches of almost theatrical acting. Everything combines with a surprising unity of purpose, though the cumulative effect is gripping in a more cerebral way. **Gangster No. 1** is almost a post-impressionist gangster film, and it always seems to find novel ways to re-frame film clichés. Based on a play by Louis Mellis and David Scinto, the film also reinterprets its material in an intensely cinematic way.

The music helps define the mood. From snippets of great 60s psych and punk to a long, violent fugue choreographed to Alberto y Los Trios Paranoias' "Kill"—rarely has a feature film been more appropriate and cool in its musical choices.

For all of the bravado of its characters (not to mention the storytelling), its conclusion may seem rather obvious and even anti-climactic. That doesn't stop the rest of the film from being remarkably effective at the kind of movie that **Sexy Beast** (another highly touted British crime export) would have wanted to be.

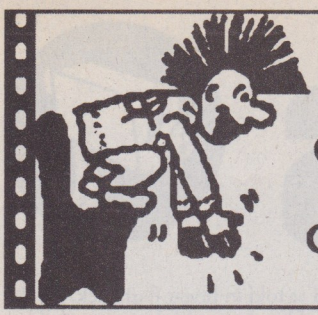
Ichi the Killer, from the prolific Japanese director Miike Takashi (**Dead or Alive, The Bird People of China, Audition. etc.**), takes the gangster genre one step beyond. With a cartoon-violence aesthetic derived from manga comics, this film takes violence and black hole humor to the point where most American audiences may start feeling a little queasy (in between the begrudging laughs).

Ichi the Killer is more or less the story of Kakihara (Tadanobu Asano), a shy, naive killer who is commissioned by a ruthless crime boss to manage only the really challenging jobs. Essentially, that's the plot. But here, spectacle takes precedence over irrelevant things like plot development and characterization—but what a spectacle it is.

Ichi takes his job into new aesthetic realms. Within seconds, he can turn a roomful of a armed yakuzas into a pile of body parts, puddles of blood everywhere. On more private executions, he might chop up a baddie so that the body splits in half right down the middle, or next time fall to the ground in sliding layers—an astonishingly convincing use of digital special effects.

Miike Takashi's vision of crime is based solidly in comic book fantasy, so it's hard not to be entertained at the rich lode of visual humor here. This is the kind of demented film that's only being made in Japan these days, and emerges as an inventive and energetic variant of what might otherwise be a typical genre film.

Comments? Email me at sjspinali@yahoo.com.



BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

GET YOURSELF A CAMERA AND START SHOOTING

In keeping with last month's concept of everyone making a film, this month I have a project entitled **3 Minute Rock Star**. It would seem someone has been reading my mind. It's a brilliant idea. The producers Allyson Mitchell and Jane Farrow give a bunch of people who have never made a film (and I'd like to assume really had no desire to make one) a three minute roll of Super 8 film, a theme, "why I rock," a time limit of 24 hours and set them to work. All editing is done in camera and the soundtracks are on a cassette tape. This is the first exercise we did when I was in film school. Our assignment was to tell a story in which you use all the basic film techniques we had been studying. This has to be the best way to get people to start making films.

I would have preferred **3 Minute Rock Star** be called "3 Minute Film Auteur." But who cares about semantics? Each person tells a personal story, giving the viewer just enough insight into the director's mind. These are the types of films I love—a small peek into the twisted mind of someone you don't know. It's as if you are just meeting this person and this is what they would like you to know about him or herself. As producer Mitchell said in the film introduction, "Three minutes cannot be boring. It's there and then it's gone."

3 Minute Rock Star consists of 18 films out of the 40 that were originally made. They are so varied. **Love Gun** tells the tale of a KISS impersonator and his homosexual dolls. **Snowman Vs. The Snowsuit** is a childlike romp through the snow, building and destroying a snowman. **By Appt. To Her Majesty The Queen** is one of my favorites. The main character dressed in ball gown and tiara travels about town doing good deeds. She sees a can rolling down the street, picks it up and throws it into a recycling bin across the street. She hands out shopping bags at a grocery store. She helps a man clean his car's windshield. Then she goes home and rewards herself with a glass of whiskey. **The Echinacea Patient** is the tale of an herbally addicted folk guitar player who tells her audience to stay away from drugs. My roommate, speaking from experience, is sure this filmmaker works at a health food store. **Outta Sight** is another of my favorites. Here our heroine is simply trying to her laundry at the laundromat, but two obnoxious girls keep getting her way. When they aren't looking, she steals their clothes. **Mainly Because of the Meat** focuses on two transvestites talking, drinking and pissing on the street. **Maybe Later** is the woes of a procrastinating would-be rock star. **Queer Theory Temptress Meets Jailbait** is the self-deprecating tale of an older lesbian and her younger, pretty girlfriend. **Canada's #1 Air Guitarist** is a man who goes to the train station and plays air guitar for unappreciative and the not-so-amused commuters. In **The Parkdale Wrestler** our hero transforms into a wrestler only to get his ass kicked by his wrestling wife. **Why She's A Rock Star** is a tale of admiration from a distance. **Chow Down** is the story of a larger woman who is having trouble getting into her clothes, but when she gets dressed and goes to the refrigerator instead of eating, she watches a miniature band playing in there. **Danke Shoen** doesn't last for more than a minute. It is an animated segment of a tomato and a bottle of pills. **Packing** has two women dressing up as men complete with strap on dildos. **Wild Wild World of Barb E.** follows Barb's adventures as she purchases sex toys. **How I Learned To Stop Worrying And Love the Golem** isn't about the *Lord Of The Rings* as I originally suspected. It's the story of a girl who finally gives in to the geek who loves her. **Disco Love** is another tale of a woman dressing up as a man with a strap-on. This time it's the sleazy Disco type who approach women on the street and finally gets one to go to dinner with him. I really like that this one features a commercial for hair removal while the main character puts on a fake mustache and sideburns.

Each film is very entertaining. The comedies seem to go over better for a general audience, but I prefer the voyeuristic scenarios. I love to know what people are up to. For beginning filmmakers, these people do a great job. They are very creative and have some interesting ideas for films. Like my punk rock, I prefer films that have an edge, are sloppy, and are just plain fun. That is the true DIY style. I think I'll get my super 8 camera out of the closet and get to work.

Satan MacNuggit Popular Arts seems to do some great stuff. In addition to **3 Minute Rock Star** they have another collection of shorts called **Super 8 Super Hero. Super 8 Super Hero** consists of nine films all focusing on the adventures of different superheroes. Comic book geeks, you need this collection. This is the kind of superheroes you can really look up to.

There is the return of Canada's #1 Air Guitarist, though he looks a bit different, as he helps people cope with their daily problems in **Canada's #1 Air Guitarist Saves The Day.** A couple is making out and one realizes they don't have any condoms, Canada's #1 Air Guitarist shows up announcing, "You deserve safe sex." He plays his air guitar and a bunch of condoms appear. The woman shouts, "Thanks Canada's #1!" and plays a bit of air guitar herself. Another person is upset because he didn't win the lotto. Canada's #1 Air Guitarist shows up and magically produces the winning ticket with his air guitar playing.

Captain Do-Gooder in "Help The Needy" is the misguided superhero. He tries to help people, but does it in a rather lazy way. When a single mom and her child are evicted, he tries to give them a quarter, a half of a sandwich and then *The Marx-Engels Reader*. The mother explodes and chases him down the street. He comes across a politician speaking about privatization. He boos her so she changes her approach to choice. He claps, but the anarchist standing next to him charges at the politician. Later, when a cop is hassling two men who were making out on a park bench, Captain Do-Gooder stands by with a sign protesting police brutality.

Captain Do-Gooder in "Help The Needy" has a great soundtrack that sounds like a synthesizer version of a Wurlitzer organ. There is a lot of slapstick humor. It's obvious someone has seen a few silent films. In this overly politically correct world, it nice to have a Captain Do-Gooder to take out our frustrations on.

Some of the other great superheroes are Cycle Saver in **Cycle Saver Vs. The Bike Lane Bitch**. Cycle Saver challenges a woman who constantly parks her car in the bike lane. The two battle it out for a few days until Cycle Saver finally convinces the woman to ride a bike. This is one all us bicyclists can relate to. **P-Grrl** is a fun animated short. P-Grrl's objective is to provide women with clean, free toilets.

One of my main ideas for everyone making their own films was to share a story about something that is important to you. **Between Resistance & Community: The Long Island Do-It-Yourself Punk Scene** is such a film. Here is a small community of teenage punk rockers who have shows in their parent's basements. There is probably no other way I would have ever heard of this scene, since I have never been in a touring band nor gone to Long Island so this quenches my curiosity. I am always fascinated by the inner workings of other scenes.

Between Resistance & Community: The Long Island Do-It-Yourself Punk Scene tells the story of a very tight knit scene of mostly teenagers. I am assuming that since ages are never mentioned, but there is a bit of talk about going off to college. The kids are growing up in the same mall mentality that suburban kids everywhere seem to be stuck in, but they are aware of this and want to change the direction they are headed. There is a great deal of idealism that is almost non-existent in my life. Yes, I'm old and jaded. It is inspirational and I am routing they don't go down the same road I'm on.

The shows in this town are held at one of two places, Ren's house or the Vargas house. This is one of the coolest aspects of punk rock in the 21st century; parents letting kids have shows in their houses. It is a very logical thing to do. You know where your kids are, what they are doing and who they are doing it with and all the parents have to do is put up with a couple of hours of noise. As Jimmy from Shotwell says in the film, "It's not like kids saying to their parents, 'I am going to have a show in the basement and there's nothing you can do about it.' Mrs. Vargas says, 'You can have a show in the basement and I am going to cook everyone food and there's nothing you can do about it.' That's rad." My parents would have never allowed that in a million years. I couldn't even play records when my mother was at home.

The conflict in **Between Resistance & Community: The Long Island Do-It-Yourself Punk Scene** comes about when one of the town's most popular bands, On the Might Of Princes, are approached by an outside record label, Revelation Records. Although the label is technically an indie, it has some connections with some major label bands. The local punks feel the band is selling out and feel very betrayed by the fact that the band would consider this move. I personally don't know anything about the business practices of Revelation Records and I'm sure someone can (and will) clue me in on what is so evil about them, but I am going to say based on the evidence presented here, I don't agree with the kids on

this one. I feel all punks whether you live in Long Island, San Francisco, or Huntington Beach should be sticking together and working together to continue building the punk community. We should be supporting each other and helping each other out whether it is with money for recording or helping set up a tour or what not. The people that have been successful should be spreading the wealth to the smaller scenes. I guess that's my inner idealist coming out.

The footage in **Between Resistance & Community: The Long Island Do-It-Yourself Punk Scene** is great. You really get to know the people and become part of their world. I really enjoy the scenes around Long Island with late night kickball games, the large group meals, and the intimate feeling of the shows. One of the most interesting and upsetting scenes takes place in Wisconsin. The Insurgent is playing a house party. The cops break it up and are trying to force the band to leave. Kyle, one of the band members, has a video camera and is filming while the cops try to force the band to leave the house, saying that they will not be spending the night at the house. Kyle refuses to turn off the camera and the cop knocks him out, the shot immediately cutting out. Kyle has to get fourteen stitches and has a court date set to defend his not guilty plea. This sequence is really disturbing.

One scene member Chris adds the final comment on the situation, "There's a part of me...that wants to get out and just wants to be normal...but then there's that overpowering love for this and...wanting to make a change at some point." It's a nice reminder for why we all bother doing what we do.

Satan MacNuggit Popular Arts, 130 Clinton St., #27, Toronto, ON, M6G 2Y3, Canada, www.satanmacnuggit.com
Walklor Productions, 64 Pleasant St., Huntington, NY 11743, www.walklor.com

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to me c/o MRR PO Box 406760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760. You can also reach me by email at carolynmrr@juno.com

It was always my opinion that the two most important things *Maximumrocknroll* magazine contributed to the punk scene (Both nationally and abroad) were the ads/classifieds and the scene reports. In the days before the internet, and the proliferation of magazines that are so similar to *MRR* that it makes you wonder why their editors even bother, *MRR* was one of the only outlets for the exchange of this type of information. In more recent years the ads have remained, but so much of the product advertised is accessible by other means than direct mailorder, and the scene reports have become fewer and farther between, which is too bad. There are many factors and angles to explain why these changes have taken place, but it's interesting to me that it seems like more and more often I am receiving scene reports done via the medium of video. Sometimes these scene reports take the form of full length films, and other times they are short presentations that one could easily imagine being transcribed into an old **MRR** scene report, which is the route I'd prefer these video directors took most of the time.

The latest video scene report to cross my kitchen table/desk is entitled **Magic City**, and it's about the scene in rural Missouri. Is there a scene in Missouri worth mentioning? Well I guess any scenes they have managed to prop up in the rural little towns Missouri are arguably worth noting, somewhere, but the worst way to do it is by the use of video. At least as a writer you can embellish a tiny bit, but when it's right there on your television, well you know that you are fucked as a reviewer, and that the punks there are fucked as well because it's just sort of really fuckin' weak. The fact that there is a tour guide/host/narrator just makes it worse, and shit, dude, if your scene was so void of anything worth mentioning, wouldn't you make some shit up, stage some anarchy, burn shit? Now, I want to qualify this review of **Magic City** and its characterization of punks in rural Missouri by saying that it should not be taken to represent the entirety of Missouri's underground punk scene, which is probably not fairly represented (we hope). If you want to witness this video first hand, you can: Kinofist, PO Box 1102, Columbia, MO 65205-1102 or kinofist@hotmail.com.

On the other hand, **Static**, Episodes 1-4 is a great example of how to document scenes without losing site of the fact that just because you like or think something is pretty cool, that doesn't mean that everyone else will share your opinion. Episode 1 starts in Pensacola, Florida, but by Episode 4 the Static crew are in Seattle, WA (To be exact, they are at: PO Box 30785, Seattle, WA 98103-3702 or http://www.staticvideo.com), and what holds the entire series together are not so much the scenes and the subjects being filmed and documented, but rather the success of this series is due almost entirely to the personalities of the **Static** hosts themselves. The Pensacola segment turns the camera on a collective called the C.O.R.E. house, which is a vegan cafe, radical library, and all around meeting center. It's run by, basically, a bunch of young hippy/anarchists/zinesters/musicians/food not bombers, but basically a bunch of hippies, and it is one of those great experiments that can only take place in places like Pensacola these days, because there aren't many places where you can pay the same for rent as you would for a PO Box here in the San Francisco Bay Area. Don't get me wrong—I grew up with folks like the ones in **Static** Episode 1, and I really miss having places like the C.O.R.E. house on every street in Berkeley, but c'mon, studded belts or not, there are punx and even crusties—but then there are straight up hippies—and who the fuck cares because these folks are down as hell. I'm just saying. Episode 2 is basically the crew's escape from Pensacola, with a short stop over in Bloomington thrown in. Episode 3 is where the Static crew really begins to turn the cameras on themselves, with cooking segments and all round tributes to some of their very large egos. Somehow it wasn't as much of a turn off as you might imagine it would be. Episode 4 is about jobs, which is always a relevant subject to punks, especially those punks who are in it for life. This is also the episode where **Static** begins to take on a look of a more polished and well produced video magazine. This is a very entertaining, as well as informative project, and it's definitely worth checking out. I look forward to future episodes.

OK, this month I received two DVDs at Punk Movie Nights HQ, and there have more and more of these DIY DVDs arriving every month since I reviewed the first, which was a TOXIC NARCOTIC concert DVD shot in L.A (excellent, by the way). One of the DVDs I viewed for this issue's column was entitled **The Power of Salad**, which is a documentary about emo-noise duo Lightning Bolt. This feature was already discussed in another column here in the pages of *Maximumrocknroll* in the last issue, and I basically agree with that columnist. The video footage was shot well, and Lightning Bolt are very good and loud when playing live. For my personal added criticism, I'll point out that this would have been better as a straight-up concert video, maybe at the most documenting the Lightning Bolt tour, town by town. The behind-the-scenes footage and interview segments do nothing to enhance the experience, and if anything they detract from the overall power of the Lightning Bolt experience. That said, those segments are only a minor part of the overall content contained on this DVD, and even if the members of said band come off as conservative, boring, and somewhat void of any personality, who cares? Lightning Bolt rocks, right? (If you agree, then send away to: Load Records, PO BOX 35, Providence, RI 02901 or http://www.loadrecords.com)

On to the second DVD of the month, and that one comes to us courtesy of Kung Fu Records, which is Joe Escalante's label, and surprisingly enough, this DVD features a Christmas concert by his band the Vandals (Kung Fu Records, PO Box 38009, Hollywood, CA 90038 or http://www.kungfurecords.com). **Oi to the World** is the title of this production, which was filmed "in front of a sold-out Orange County crowd." The thought alone creeps me out, but seriously, if you love the Vandals, then this DVD would have to be a mandatory purchase because it is chock full of everything and all things Vandals, and Orange County for that matter. In addition to the Vandals' normal set, you'll also get a set of Christmas songs that sound almost exactly like the Vandals' usual set, and you'll get to see the band perform these songs in rented tuxedos! There is also a director/band audio commentary, scene by scene song selection, and previews of other DVD/Videos that Kung Fu Records has out or in the planning stages. I have been critical of Kung Fu Records releases in the past, and I wasn't the biggest fan of this DVD, which has everything to do with not being a big fan of the Vandals—but I will say that it's pretty fucking cool that Kung Fu Records is doing whatever the fuck they want to do, and that they have the money and means to do so, and let's face it, a bunch of punks are into their shit...even if I'm not...so far.

If you have some underground films and or videos that you would like shown, here at Punk Movie Nights, then please send them to: Jay, PMB #419, 1442A Walnut Street, Berkeley, CA 94709.

Between Resistance & Community:
The Long Island Do It Yourself Punk Scene

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-Village Voice 7-17-02

"I hope there is a culture-jamming wing of the DIY scene that succeeds in pirate-broadcating this video over an episode of 'Total Request Live'"
-New York Sun 7-19-02

"The film has the breathless, shot on the fly quality that the best video can attain"
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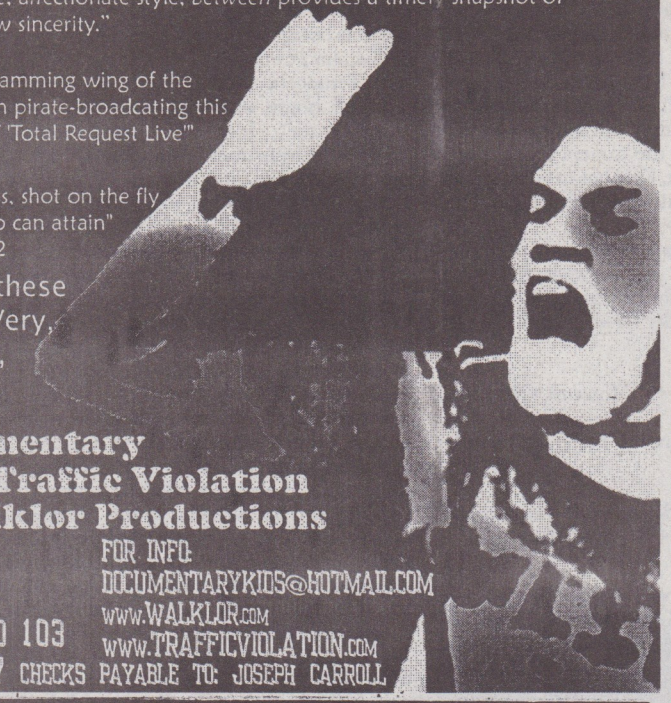

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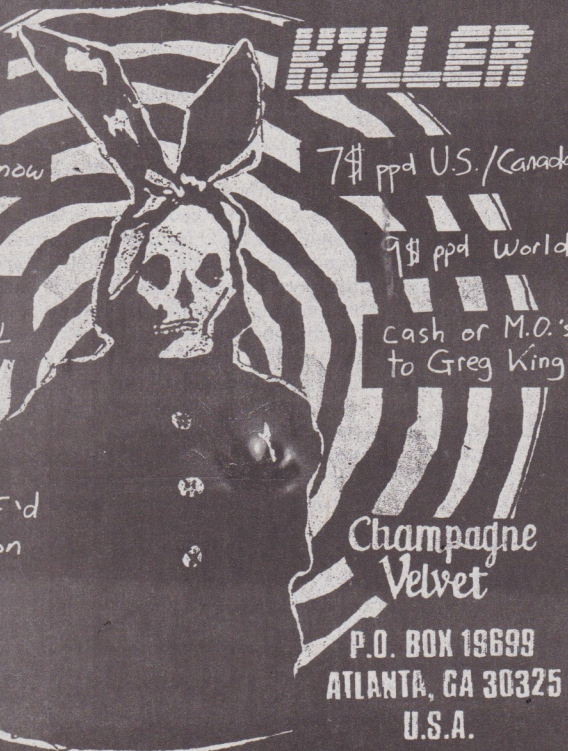

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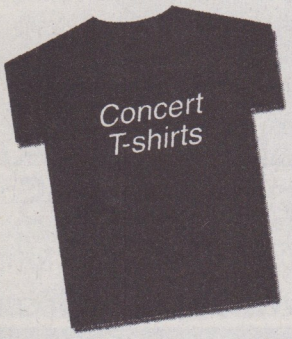

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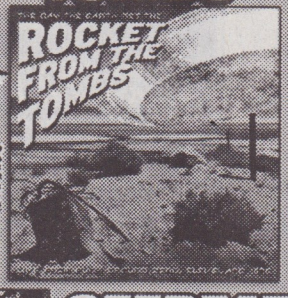

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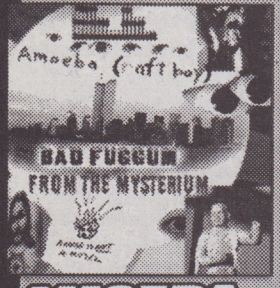

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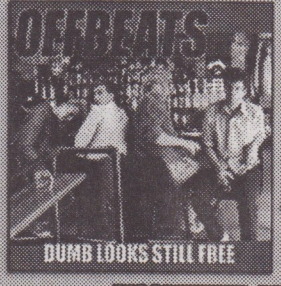

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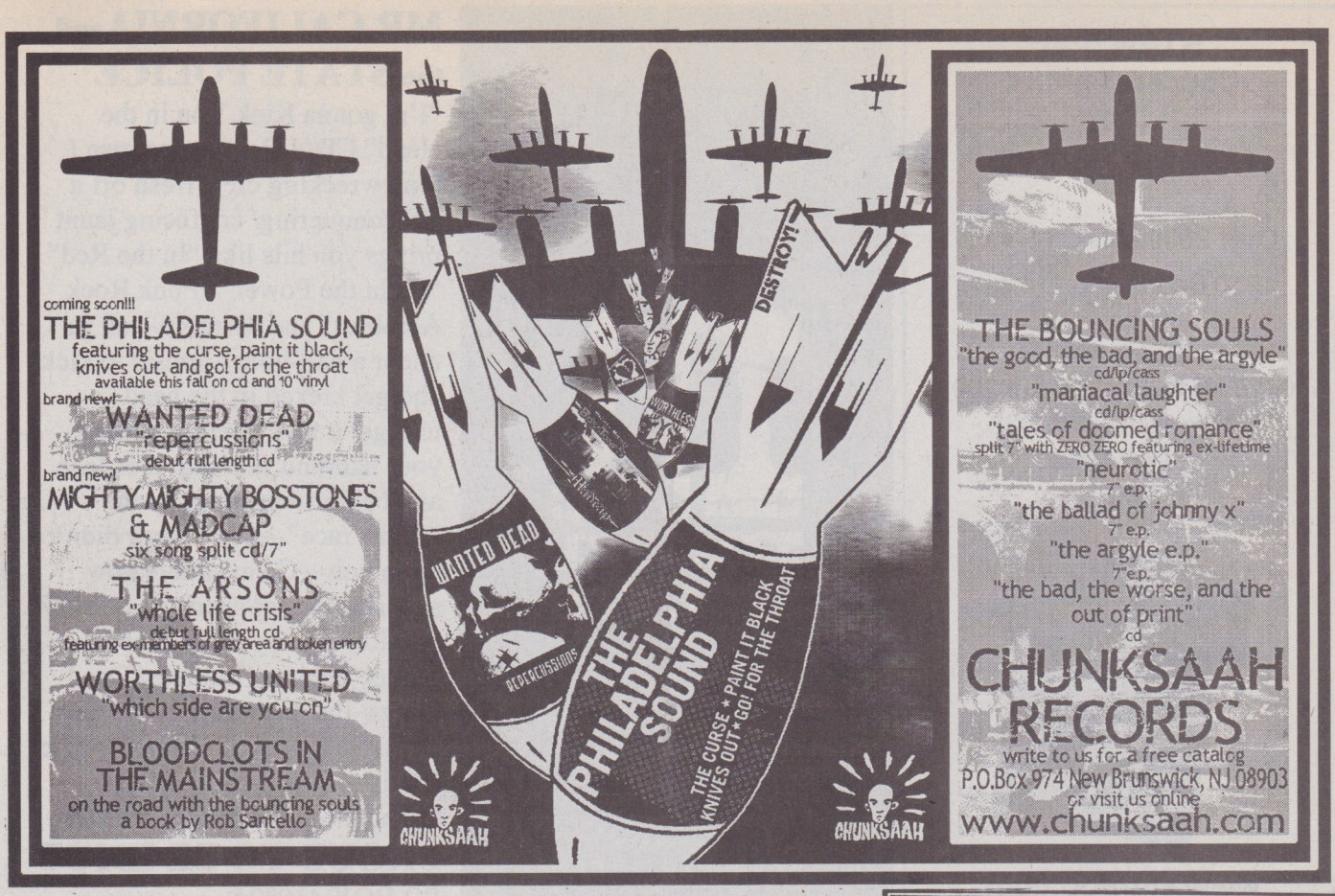

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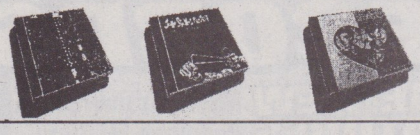

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Send MRR your release for review. Don't send wimpy, arty, emo, metal or MTV corporate rock shit here. Don't have your label give us follow-up calls as to whether we received and are reviewing a record. We want punk, garage, hardcore, and will review all those that fall within our area of coverage. Include post-paid price and contact information when mailing. If possible, send two copies of vinyl records (one for MRR, one for the reviewer). *We will review CDs, but just CD-only releases.* If on vinyl and CD format, send us the vinyl. We are reviewing cassettes again, so send HIGH quality cassette-only releases directly to: Erin Yanke, PO Box 1113, Portland, OR 97207. *No reviews of test pressings or promo CDs without final artwork.* Staff: (PA) Peter Avery, (TB) Tim Brooks, (RC) Rob Coons, (CC) Carl Cordova, (AC) Arwen Curry, (AD) Andy Darling, (DD) Dr. Dante, (SD) Sean Dougan, (DT) Aaron Detroit, (JF) Jonathan Floyd, (JH) Jeff Heermann, (TH) Tom Hopkins, (VH) Vince Horner, (KK) Kenny Kaos, (CK) Carolyn Keddy, (DL) Dulcinea Loudmouth, (RL) Ray Lujan, (BM) Bobby Manic, (MM) Megan March, (HM) Hal MacLean, (AM) Allan McNaughton, (WN) Willie Nelson, (DP) Donna Poole, (SR) Sandra Ramos, (SP) Spencer Rangitsch, (WR) Will Risk, (BR) Bruce Roehrs, (AS) Andrew Scott, (SS) Steve Spinali, (MT) Mike Thorn, (JT) Jessie Trashed, (MX) Max Tremblay, (RW) Ryan Wells, (SW) Shane White, (RY) Rema Young.

2¢ WORTH - "American Bread and Circus" CD

These old timers have been around forever, and this shiny disc doesn't deviate too far from their past efforts. Sounding like a cross between the first LP BAD RELIGION, early SOCIAL DISTORTION and a dash of that old LA band the FIXTURES. Not mindblowing, but a decent enough release. (TB)
(AVD, 8378 N. Cheyanne, Box 109-22, Las Vegas, NV 89129)

4 AM FATALITY - "The Aggro-Vated EP" EP

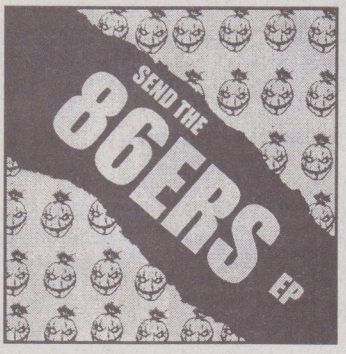
At first I thought that the insightful, thoughtful lyrics were out of place being sung to this jock-core music, but then I remembered the tradition of gruff, football vox laid over INFEST-style music being played at 17 RPM. This is an OK effort coming out of the deserts of America. They seem very dedicated to keeping the hipsters out and the punks in (Las Vegas). That is good. (JA)
(Villain, PO Box 82172, Las Vegas, NV 89180-2172)

78 RPMS - "Pulsator" CD

Wow—I am thoroughly impressed. This band has stopped sucking. They actually rock. They went from lame-ass ska punk to decent rockin' power pop, new wavey pop punk. Yay! This is really fucking good. Enhanced CD with a video and a great PAUL COLLINS BEAT cover. There still is some ska here and there, but I can live with it. A very fine album. (BM)
(Shrunken Head, PO Box 23431, www.shrunkenheadrecrds.com)

THE 86ERS - "Send the 86ers" EP

The 86ERS play some rough and tumble punk rock for you fucks! These Portland, Oregon punks rambo through five jagged-edge songs bound to leave you bleeding profusely. The rock 'n' roll foundation of this punk rock is firmly built with the strong backs of the working class. This is nasty enough to hold your attention, but melodic enough to make you tap your foot! On side one of the EP, the 86ERS come out kicking ass and taking names. The 86ERS are swinging big left hooks with "No Regrets" and then slow it down with "The Shame." Side two starts out with melodic punk with "Rock Bottom," cranks it up to full speed with "Better Off Dead," and then spills the rest of their bile with "In the End." This is a solid punk rock record with the emphasis on rock 'n' roll. (BR)
(86ERS, 4838 NE 40th, Portland, OR 97211, dirtyriverrecords@yahoo.com)

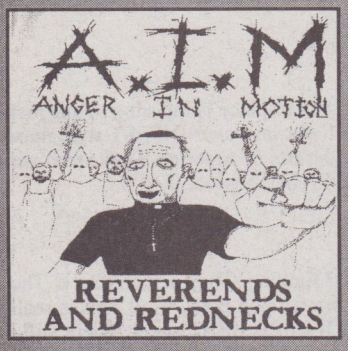


ACURSED - "Livet Ar Den Langsta Vagen Till Helvete" LP

Holy shit. The record is incredible. After the acoustic intro this LP just explodes. Huge thick sweeping guitars (these folks have been schooled in the TRAGEDY wall-of-guitars sound), heavy as fuck but with melodies throughout. Imagine if you will, our homegrown favorites TRAGEDY and HIS HERO IS GONE filtered through some mid period ANTI CIMEX and spit out with the odd acoustic interlude and well placed sample and you'd be nearly there. The only way to understand the magnitude of this record is to go out and get yourselves a copy...and I recommend you do so immediately. (TB)
(Putrid Filth Conspiracy, PO Box 7092, 200 42 Mälmo, SWEDEN)

HASIL ADKINS - "Out to Hunch" CD

Personal aside: my downstairs neighbor is treating me to a serenade of club-house-trance schlock (or rather, the drum patterns-jarring my fillings loose). I've half a mind to turn HASIL ADKINS' immortal classic "I Need Your Head (...This Ain't No Rock 'n' Roll Show") up to 11 and give him a taste of his own medicine, and to spare. *Out to Hunch* is that deadly of an offensive weapon,



and one that no home arsenal is complete without. If you're not hip on the deadly symmetry of Sir HASIL then here's the deal: hillbilly mountain teenager digs rock 'n' roll and bad behavior, writes own songs about the most to-the-moon subject matter imaginable, puts out grubby singles on local labels, and sky-rockets to (in)fame and (mis)fortune. Is rediscovered by subsequent generations of hepcats on the prowl for fresh kicks (that's where you come in). *Out to Hunch* collects 20 tracks from his prime years of 1955-'65, among them the utterly indispensable "She Said" (covered by the CRAMPS), "Chicken Walk", "Ha Ha Cat Walk Baby", "The Hunch", "No More Hot Dogs", and "We Got a Date" (covered by none). HASIL was, is, and always will be the premier purveyor rural swamp-rat rock 'n' hunch, punk rock or no punk rock. It's a testament to the guy's fortitude that he's still crankin' 'em out well into the 21st Century, and it's a gauge of Norton Records' good taste that they've been behind 'im since almost day one. (JH)
(Norton, PO Box 646 Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276, www.nortonrecords.com)

AGE - "Blowing Wind/Blowing Wind Pt. II"

I always found this band's previous releases to be to much on the doom-and-gloom crusty side, *a la* MISERY. Not so with this two-track stormer...don't get me wrong—it's still a crusty mess, but the tempo has been upped, making this much more palatable to these ears. Distinctive guttural FORWARD style vocals and an awesome blown out guitar sound akin to our favorite Dis band, DISCLOSE, make for a ripping record. (TB)
Underground Warder, 2-117-2 Sekiyamatsunami-cho, Nigatoa-city, Nigata 951-8161, JAPAN)

AGENDA - "Start the Panic" CD

Almost overwhelmingly "go" from the first moment of the first track ("Crash Crash!"), with its swelling organ and pummeling drums and overbearing level of instrumentation. In other words, the AGENDA subscribe to the more-is-more approach—it's worth noting that every song title is followed by an exclamation point—and ply an overamped hybrid of 60s garage, 80s 'core, and 00s art flail. I can perhaps do without the IGGY-in-heat vocal whoops and yelps, but that said, material like "I Want the Panic!", "Last Chance for Action!" and "Shake! Shake! Scream!" succeed at the kind of calculated overkill that so many bands attempt and so very few master. The AGENDA have their own agenda, and something's telling me they're gonna spring some kinda twelve-point party plan on us when we least expect it. Please, do pay attention. (JH)
(Kindercore, PO Box 481, Athens, GA 30603, www.kindercore.com)

AGENT ORANGE/JESUS & THE GOSPEL-FUCKERS - split LP

A kick-ass release of early 80s scorchers. Dutch greats AGENT ORANGE is represented by a series of dense, scrappy thrashers (including their immortal "Your Mother Sucks Cock in Hell," and all their singles tracks and some equally strong bonus material. The flip is dedicated to JESUS & THE GOSPEL-FUCKERS' demos, which of course contains rawer versions of several of the same songs (including a ripping version of "Dope") and still more pummeling thrashers. Superior stuff. (SS)
(Kangaroo, Middenweg 13, 1098 AA Amsterdam, NETHERLANDS)

AGROTÓXICO - "Caos 1998" LP

The "Hardcore Brasil" emblazoned on the back cover pretty much says it all.This is classic sounding stuff, think RATOS or CÓLERA—though as far as I can tell by their appearance on the *O Raciocinio E O Livre Arbitrario E Foi Concedido Ao Homem* comp, they only go back to the mid-90s. Their tempo is so consistent it's almost monotonous, but the steady, driving pace and unrelenting enrgy got on my good side pretty quickly. Solid as fuck. (AC)
(Red Star, Jefferson Behm, Caixa Postal 4861, 01061-970, São Paulo, BRASIL, redstar@vol.com.br)

AIL SYMUDIAD - "The First Six Singles" LP

.....straight up low-budge boot of some pretty strange stuff...no info at all....I don't even know what country they're from... or what it is that they're speaking..... I have no idea of the year of these odd singles, but I would guess very late 70s to early 80s....!!! BUZZCOCKS from Mars....with lotsa mind bending drugs.... poppy....well-produced.... very euro-sounding....total fag music....I love it..... somebody please hip me to what this shit is all about.... (SW)
(no address)

ALLEGIANCE - "Here Today" CD

Chunky, gruff-voiced Japanese punk. Mid-paced, mid-produced, mid-played...pretty middle of the road in general. Nothing too enervating or head-snapping. (RW)
(MCR Company, 157 Kamiagu Maizuru, Kyoto, 624-0913, JAPAN)

AMERICAN PIG - "Feed 'Em Before You Kill Them" CD

This energetic punk band features ex-members of the AUTHORITIES and the OOZZIES, and at times, these PIGS sound similar to both bands. The thirteen songs include a cover of the AUTHORITIES' "Drop the Bomb," over-the-top humor in "I'm Going to Kill You," "Redneck Alphabet," and "Bag Whore Betty," and really creepy cover art. A fine product. (HM)
(American Pig, 548 Broderick, San Francisco, CA 94117, www.american-pig.com)

ANGER IN MOTION - "Reverends and Rednecks" EP

Remember mid to late 80s West Coast stop-and-go thrash? CORRUPTED MORALS and early PLAID RETINA. Sounds like that, just without the stopping part. A teeny bit of metal thrown in for power, and vocals that sound like Joey Ramone with a cold, in Australia. It's a good vocal style, matches the thrash perfectly. Start a fuckin' circle! (JA)
(Kangaroo, Middenweg 13, 1098 AA, Amsterdam, NETHERLANDS)

ANTiSEEN / RUPTURE - split 45

The undisputed heavy weight champions of scum punk are back! That's right, you pencil-necked geeks—ANTiSEEN is back to kick your skinny butt into next week! This time out the Boys from Brutalsville team up with another dangerous punk outfit—RUPTURE from Australia. The ANTiSEEN side of this new Snapshot Records split 45 contains a vicious Death Train Music gem from 1998: "Suicide Boogie." Mr. Clayton on throat, accompanied by Mr. Young on guitar, carve you a new asshole on their bloody boogie number. Absolutely ferocious! Turn this 45 over, and you get an up-tempo RUPTURE song with cheerful guitar and bass, along with some piano sprinkled in. The lyrics about sex would not be suited for polite company and that's the way RUPTURE likes it! This is a really good split 45! (BR)
(Snapshot, PO Box 175, Georges Hall, NSW 2198, AUSTRALIA, jay_snapshot@hotmail.com)

ANTON BORDMAN - "Sin Fronteras" EP

This is how hardcore should be. Eight short songs on one 7". Screamy, driving hardcore (in an emotional way) that stays interesting due to catchy guitar work that intertwines your basic bar chord with picked out riffs. At times it sounds like a faster version of a Toni Joy band (ie UOA or the GREAT UNRAVELING) but is far from ripping him off. Apart from keeping a style interesting that is starting to grow old, this record has energy that many others are missing. (PA)
(Clean Plate, PO Box 9461, North Amherst, MA 01059)

APATIA - "Manipulacja Zniewolenie" CD

APATIA from Poland (who I am pretty sure are straightedge) hammer through 13 songs of strong upbeat hardcore with a lot more melody than in your face aggression. Actually I found it to be a little too melodic for my taste, but with that said, I still thought it was pretty good. The lyrics are in Polish but there are English translations. And while a lot of the lyrics seemed to be personal, they did deal with subjects like religion and animal rights. Not bad. (RC)
(Trujaca Fala, PO Box 13, 81-806 Sopot 6, POLAND, fala@bg.univ.gda.pl)

THE APPLICATORS - "17 Again" EP

The creation of the picture disc has to be one of the lamest ideas ever, which is why it is so popular with metal bands. If for no other reason, this is true because it eliminates the pic sleeve, which can be one of the best things about a seven inch record. A picture disc that plays at 33 RPM has two strikes against it, in my opinion. Now that I'm done ranting, let's get to the music featured on this picture disc that plays at 33rpm. This is somewhat generic, faster-paced, catchy, popish punk rock. Still, female vocals can almost always turn an average record into a good record and the title track, in particular, is pretty damn catchy. Four tracks, including a marginal RAMONES cover. I'm on the fence with this one. (KK)
(Purocrema Recs., no address)

ASBESTOS - "Belong to Nowhere, Belong to Nobody" EP

It looks like ASBESTOS, from Japan, are back together and making some more quality punk rock. I am not sure how many original band members there are (at least two I believe) but they still sound pretty damn good. They crank out mid-tempo to fast punk with charging metal-fueled guitar riffs leading the way. The "Legarize It" song went more down the DISCHARGE route, but no matter how you slice it I liked this record. Check it out! (RC)
(Hibachi, 497 Owego Street, Painseville, OH 44077-4122)

ASERBIA - "Face of Civilization" LP

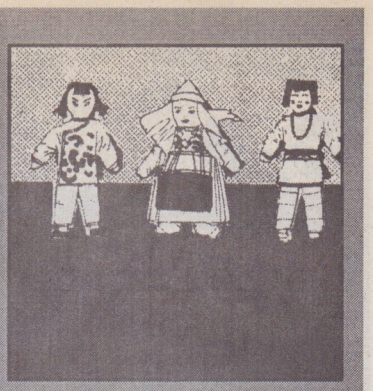
Tense, gloomy, and well-executed "No Gods No Masters"-core, so very like TRAGEDY, right down to the cover art, but minus the extreme pop sensibility. Still, they have a few tricks of their own—some haunting guitar interludes keep the suspense high, and also, they're just so damn good at what they do. US tour? I can see it, and soon. (AC)
(PO BOx 578, 2200 Copenhagen N. DENMARK, aserbia@care2.com)

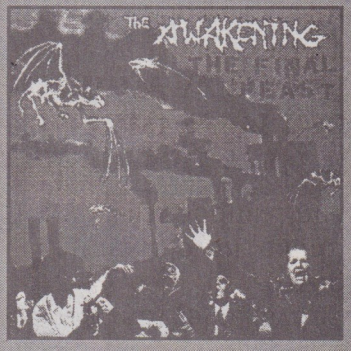
THE AWAKENING - "The Final Feast" EP

Apocalyptic hardcore from Ohio; a positively crushing three piece delivers four more tunes, an awesome follow-up to their first EP. Lots of SKIT SYSTEM worship, but with a fondness for driving mid-tempo metal riffing. The guitars are thick, the recording is huge without being overindulgent, while the whole record just punches you in the throat over and over again. These are new recordings of tunes from their demo, and for those of you who may have heard that demo, this record raises those great songs to monumental status. I had an epiphany last weekend watching this band; spit dripping onto the mic, wood from splintered drum sticks sailing through the air, and furious intensity from all three members, for the benefit of about 40 people at Gilman, perhaps half of whom cared. I wondered if I could describe to someone how powerful it was to see them on that stage at that moment...it was everything I love about punk rock all at once, but I don't know if it would translate. Talk of beasts, maggots (in two songs!), leprosy, darkness and other cheery tales of our impending doom; great guys, mind-blowing live show, and a near perfect record. (WN)
(Behold The Youthquake!, PO Box 10223, Pittsburgh, PA 15232)

BABY WOODROSE - "Never Coming Back/My Flash On You" 45

.....ugggggggg!!!!! Now this here is a stinker!!!!! Wanna-be 60s garage lame-ass dick drip turkey neck jizz lips.... that's what this is, no doubt about it!!!! Even the artwork on the cover is WEAK!!!! Suck my motherfucking dick you jerk-offs..... (SW)
(www.badafro.dk/www.babywoodrose.com)





RECORDS

BALANCE OF TERROR/STRAIGHT TO HELL - split EP

No, this record probably isn't going to change your life, pay your rent, or wash your dishes for you... But goddamn, a split seven inch with such songs of solid, intense fucking hardcore on *both sides* is about as rare as Ed McMahon knocking on your door with that six million dollar check. As is the case with their recently released LP, New York's BALANCE OF TERROR rip through four songs of crushing, abrasive, fast fucking hardcore that is in some ways is similar to DEATHREAT. STRAIGHT TO HELL continue the assault, playing in same vain as BOT, while adding a bit more of a darker element to it. (VH)
(Partners in Crime, 4507 N. Gantenbein, Portland, OR 97127)

BARRICADES - "The Same Anguish" LP

BARRICADES, who are from Poland, play some solid mid-tempo to fast political punk with strong buzzing guitars and sharp angry vocals. There are a lot of tempo changes and a few melodic parts that grab your attention and keep the music flowing nicely. If you're a big fan of catchy and unique Polish punk like I am, then this will be right up your alley. (RC)
(Thought Crime, Jens Walter, Petersburger Str. 68, 10249 Berlin, GERMANY)

BEDPANS - "80s Mod" EP

Great lyrics, kids. Thank you. "Gonna invite all the punks/At the Mod party we're gonna have fun." Poorly recorded garage punk that's just stupid enough that it is very fun. These guys even wear those silly "new wave" sunglasses that John Hughes always used in his films. Ha ha ha. (CK)
($4 ppd: Suck Ass, 3833 SE Belmont St. #1, Portland, OR 97214)

BELOW THE SOUND - "More Like a Gunshot Than a Carwreck" CD

A little bit of indie rock, a little bit of punk. Urgent, passioned raspy vocals over a chunky, jumpy rhythm section and buzzing guitars. Lacks a killer song, says Mr. Select-A-Disc, but if you are already a fan of these guys...well, here's their set! (RW)
(Berserker Records, 411 S. Impala Dr., Ft. Collins, CO, 80521, www.berserkerrecords.com)

BEST REVENGE - "Starts With You" CD

Remember PANSY DIVISION? Although there's a girl in this band, I think the two are pretty similar—pop punk songs about queer politics. I like the lyrics, even though they walk the line of being really cheezy—does every band think they have the given right to cover the CLASH? (MM)
(Spitshine, 410 S. Lincoln Blvd. #110, Venice, CA 90291, www.bashback.com)

BIONIC - LP

This label puts out some good stuff. Unfortunately this isn't some of it. This sounds just like the "new rock" sound of NIRVANA, FILTER, and every other "flavor of the month" hard rock band. Dude? (RL)
(Boss Tuneage, PO Box 74, Sandy, Bedfordshire, SG19 2WB UK)

BJELKE-PETERSEN YOUTH/HEADLESS HORSEMEN - split EP

Furious drumming, biting duel vocals, cynical lyrics, and some devastating metal guitar parts come together nicely to make up BJELKE-PETERSEN YOUTH from Australia. These guys have a pretty obvious BORN AGAINST influence that isn't as ridiculous as a that of a lot of bands. I really like these songs. If they lightened up on the blast beats and metal guitar just a little bit, they'd be rad. Also from Australia, HEADLESS HORSEMEN play five songs of high energy hardcore, heavy on the floor toms and youth shouts in the tradition of YOUTH OF TODAY. In some ways it sounds childish, but in my opinion that adds to the appeal. This looks to me to be the first release by these two bands, and a damn fine one at that. (VH)
(Shortfuse, 34 Atchison Rd., Macquarie Fields, NSW, AUSTRALIA)

BLACKLIST - "Times Are Changing" CD

New long player for all you skins to shine your boots and iron your Ben Shermans to. Just stepping over the plodding line by a whisker, this isn't bad at all, like a slower gruffer ANTI HEROES. Some astute lyrics too, which puts this release head and shoulders above a lot of the oi stuff we get through these doors. (TB)
(Dead Mic, PO Box 19537, Austin, TX 78760)

BLOODSPITNIGHTS - "Full Metal Jacket" EP

Crazy-ass bullet belt punk outta Portland. Sorta sounds vaguely like a Japanese band trying to sound like an American band that sounds like DISCHARGE. Vocals are great, think of SEPTIC DEATH after shooting up a fat speedball. Poetically ugly interesting lyrics top off the yummy punk cake! (JA)
(Massacre, 2224 NE Everett, Portland, OR 97232)

BLUE BALLS EXPLOSION - "Going the Wrong Way" 45

Heavy distorted garage three-piece. Blues filtered through cheese cloth then squeezed into a can of gasoline. B-side is good, but this is a little light for the import $$. (RW)
(High School Refuse, Berlageweg 12, 9731 LN Groningen, NETHERLANDS, ktvs@yahoo.com)

THE BLURTERS/DEMOLITION HIGHSTYLE - "Battle Scars and Blazing Guitars" split CD

The BLURTERS are sexist motherfuckers and proud of it (hey they said it themselves in their song "Motherfuckin' Sexist Motherfucker"). They also like beer, do a GG ALLIN cover and sound like ANTiSEEN. DEMOLITION HIGHSTYLE sound like that bad bar band that you immediately walk out of the room on when they start playing. They sorta remind me of what KID ROCK would sound like if he dropped the rap schtick—especially on the vocal attack. All around a big yawn from this punk. (MT)
(Sold Our Souls, PO Box 751, Newtown, NSW 2042, AUSTRALIA)

BONES BRIGADE - "Never Meant Much" EP

As much I would like to avoid it, I would definitely classify this under the new breed of fast "skate-core" that has been going strong since the late 90s. Fans of early LIFES HALT (if they had even *more* of a youth crew influence) or maybe HOLIER THAN THOU (without the SLAYER riffs) would not be in any way disappointed by this record. Catchy breakdowns and plenty of guitar leads makes this record fun to listen to, plain and simple. Song topics include skating, drinking Cokes while skating, and playing video games about skating while not actually skating. (CC)
(Belief Crisis, PO Box 35374, Brighton, MA 02135)

BOOKS LIE/LIVING UNDER LIES - split EP

BOOKS LIE rocks with some unexpected time changes in "101 Dumb Notions," a musical fuck you to the automobile. As in their previous stuff, they're a little bit...oh, I can't believe I have to say it...funky? There is some electronic action here, but it's not so bad, really. LIVING UNDER LIES' two songs sound more dissonant than last year's *Out of Fuel* EP—there's less to hold onto with the tunes, as a result, though the lyrics, about dysfunctional members of collective houses and increased government surveillance, are as topical as ever. (AC)
(Tokyo Fist, PO BOx 264, Oceanside, NY 11572, shina237@aol.com)

BORN DEAD ICONS/COMA - split EP

On this here Swedish release our Canadian friends, BORN DEAD ICONS, deliver two more pounding tracks of MOTÖRHEAD fueled hardcore paired with those great sweeping melodic undertones that set them apart from the pack. Great stuff as usual. COMA come to us from Sweden and bring a slight D-beat mixed with modern metallic hardcore attack that honestly doesn't do much for this punker.Worth it for the BORN DEAD ICONS stuff for sure. (MT)
(Busted Heads, Box 275, 901 06 Umeå, SWEDEN, www.ds13.com)

CALLOUSED - "...Still Failing World" EP

Four solid charged up crusty punk rock tunes with a screaming female vocalist. A good, slight divergence from the monotonous sounds of some bands in this genre.(SR)
(Sin Fronteras, PO Box 8004, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

THE CARBONAS - "Scene Killer" LP

Hi-yo! 14 brutally straightforward doses of P.F.R.R. (punk fucking rock and roll, doncha know?). They cover the ELECTRIC EELS' "Jaguar Ride" and make it sound like a rawer version of the early NEW BOMB TURKS, howzabout that? Inspirational lyric (from "Mod Mullet"): "Kick you in the face, punch you in the face, fuck/eat." (DD)
(Champagne Velvet, PO Box 19699, Atlanta, GA 30325)

THE CLAP - "The SLA Took My Baby Away" EP

It's my lucky day today. Every record I've gotten to review this month has the most stupid lyrics. Here's a sampling from this selection: "Your hair is more interesting than you'll ever be/I won't join the ranks of your fraternity." Poppy punk that sounds very English, complete with vocalist with fake English accent. (CK)
($5 ppd: Sick Of Talk, PO Box 9723, Reno, NV 89507)

THE CLIFTONS - "Sex, Drugs & Alcohol" CD

This would be considered pretty good drunken mayhem punk rock about skating, beer, and just being a scumfuck. Yep, it would a pretty good release if it wasn't for that pesky song about raping someone and not giving a fuck about it. Douche bags—now I just wanna shit down your rather misogynist throat and rip off your balls and feed them to you through your ears. Too bad, you lose. (MT)
(Super Speedway, 304 S. 3rd St, San Jose, CA 95112)

COCKSPARRER - "England Belongs To Me" EP

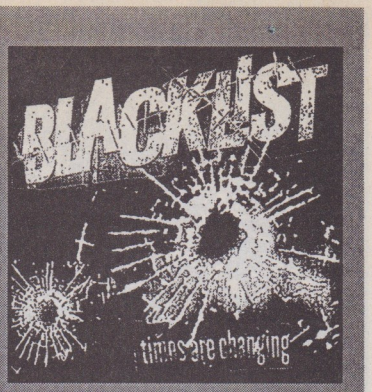
The infamous 1982 hit single by these pub rock/Oi darlings. I fucking love this record and so should you. Melodic and anthemic street punk which sat the standard high. Many a new Oi band needs to give this EP a listen to see how it should be played. (MT)
(World Famous Harry May Company)

COLLIGERE - "Sobre Determinacao e Desespero" CD

During a recent trip in Brasil, COLLIGERE was everywhere we went. We heard this disc at nearly every show, and kids from all scenes seemed to be fans of this band from Curitiba, and with good reason. Totally epic, but still melodic hardcore. Like CATHARSIS playing AVAIL covers, with just the slightest tasteful touch of youth crew. Perhaps that makes no sense—they are heavy and crushing and the songs are monumental, but COLLIGERE never gets metal, and a lot of their stuff makes you kinda want to shake your ass, hence the comparison above. Awesome political lyrics (in Portuguese) and DIY packaging seal the deal...a highly recommended release. (WN)
(Vida Simples, CX Postal 1860, cep 80011-970, Curitiba, PR BRASIL)

COMPLAIN - "Make a Mistake" EP

Stop-on-a-dime, tight-as-a-gnat's-bumhole, no-nonsense thrash from Sapporo, Japan. Throwing together a bunch of influences from 80s straight edge, UK thrash, and more recent Japanese hardcore like RAZOR'S EDGE. Could see these folks fitting snugly on a bill with the aforementioned, or a band like CRUCIAL SECTION, and blowing the crowd away. Here's hoping the 625 thrash machine can bring this folks stateside. (TB)
(625, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413)



RECORDS

COMPLETE - "Adjusting the Perpetual Emotion Machine" LP

This is a thick slab of Euro emo-metal-core—you know the stuff—dirgy, rhythmic, super heavy, a vocalist who sounds like he's reaching down his throat and tearing his heart out on every track. This stuff isn't a million miles away from some of the nü-metal that you see on MTV all the time, although you get the feeling these guys have their hearts in the right place. (AM)
(Scorched Earth Policy, Irisstrasse 19, 67067 Ludwigshafen, GERMANY, www.scorchedearthpolicy.de)

CONFLICT - "Increase The Pressure" LP

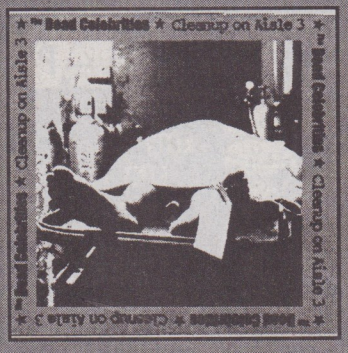
Good to see this available again—in my opinion the best CONFLICT record. Mention this album to the Brits around here and they'll go on tirades about how this is *the* album which forever changed their life—passionate, driving, intelligent, and commited punk rock that set the archetype for the anarcho-punk genre. Fuck we could really use some more stuff like this coming out now. Eighteen years after that mythical year 1984 has come and gone we maybe in worse shape now than we were then. Fucking great. (MT)
(Get Back, via Arentia, 25-50069 Sieci (Firenze), ITALY)

COUNT ME OUT - "Permanent" LP

I'm having a hard time deciding whether or not I like this better than their first LP. They've shed their CHAIN OF STRENGTH sound and gone for a more modern, AMERICAN NIGHTMARE-ish sound, which would lead anyone that reads my reviews to assume that I would have started making fun of these guys in my first sentence. Still, some of their use of melody (almost DAG NASTY-like), combined with great drumming and guitar playing, make songs that are catchy as hell. Shaggy hair and Diesel jeans aside, this still has to be one of the better straight edge hardcore LPs that I've heard in a while. (CC)
(Indecision, PO Box 5781, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

THE CRIPPLES - "Dirty Head" LP

I think that a lot of bands out there are trying to accomplish what the CRIPPLES are doing—actually knowing how to pull off using a synth without sounding like a Euro trash disco-tec reject. Kinda like rocking out to the PEECHEES, with even more sass. I could like this band without being embarassed cause they're super new-wavish, it's OK to rock out. (MM)
(Dirtnap, PO Box 21249 Seattle, WA 98111)



CRUEL FACE/SUBCUT - split 10"

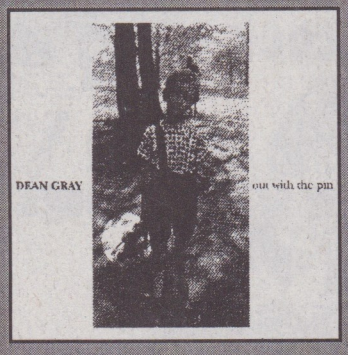
Two bands from Brazil play typical grind stuff. Aside from the Portuguese lyrics, it's hard for me to figure out much about this record. The sides aren't labeled. And both bands sound the same. Who I think is CRUEL FACE has some good things going on, but you'd be just as well off buying any other grind record. (VH)
(R. Manoel Coelo, 976, Sao Caetano Do Sul-SP, BRAZIL)

THE DAGDA - "Jahbuton" CD

Once I got past the four-minute intro on the first song, I was treated to some thundering punk rock. The DAGDA takes elements of a later period HIS HERO IS GONE and then throws in some slower AMEBIX style influences. Apparently there are members from BLEEDING RECTUM and PINK TURDS IN SPACE in this band. Check this one out! (RC)
(Enslaved, PO Box 169, Bradford, W. Yorks, BD1 2UJ, UK, www.enslavedrecords.com)

DARYLS - "Beer Fueled Mayhem" CD

With such song titles as "She Was Naked," "Bitch Tits," and "Punk Love," I was quick to think this was immature, goofy, throwaway pop punk. Listening to it not only confirms this, but makes you want to actually throw it away. Pop punk bands need to stop with the stupid lyrics. Generic Mutant Pop stuff folks take it or leave it, it's a dime a dozen. (BM)
(Terminal Street, www.thedaryls.com)



DEAD CELEBRITIES - "Cleanup on Aisle 3" CD

Run-of-the-mill snarly pop-punk with songs about having X-ray eyes to see a girl's underwear and other such lyrical gems...lame. You guys owe me thirty nine minutes and twenty two seconds of my life that I wasted listening to this. (TB)
(Fat Fish, PO Box 26953, St Louis, MO 63118-9998)

DEAD PEDESTRIANS - "In the Streets" CD

These Boston spikey punks mix up the one dimensional 4/4 style of old UK82 bands like UPROAR or RABID (y'know, the bands who kinda sucked?) and throw in some more hardcore elements (of the BLOOD FOR BLOOD variety). Add some generic lyrics about boozing and not caring about anything and some horrendous guitar solos and you have a pretty throwaway CD...nein danke. (TB)
(Rodent Popsicle, PO Box 1143, Allston, MA 02134)

DEAN GRAY - "Out With the Pin" CD

Aside from the fact that the cover photo has already been used (by SNFU) this is a damn fine release. Setting up camp somewhere between early AMERICAN STEEL and DILLINGER FOUR (better than the former, not as good as the latter) with more than a nod and a wink to those Gainesville bands. Awesome gravelly dueling vocalists, catchy songs with melodies and laced with punk rock snarl make this horse a winner. (TB)
(Ambivalent, 5511 Louisiana Ave, St Louis, MO 63111)

DEATH THREAT/OVER MY DEAD BODY - split EP

I'll have to say that I've always been biased against DEATH THREAT for the confusion caused

by DEATH THREAT, the band on this record, and the fucking incredible DEATHREAT. On this recording DEATH THREAT seem to veer away from the metal sound that fueled my hate for the band with two "th"s in their name for so long, leaning more towards '88 style feel good hardcore, even going so far as to include a CHAIN OF STRENGTH song. Not bad as bad as I thought... OVER MY DEAD BODY keep consistent to their style of straight-edge hardcore with two new songs that you already love or hate, then mix things up a little bit with a REAGAN YOUTH cover that no one can complain about. (VH)
(Bridge Nine, PO Box 990052, Boston, MA 02199-0052)

DECALS – "Drive-By Kiss Off" CD

Good gal vocal punk rock with raspy vocals and attitude. Punk that falls somewhere in between the LOUDMOUTHS and the EYELINERS. This is pretty strong for a debut but I can hear some serious potential here fueled by the tight band. (RL)
(Fork In Hand, PO Box 230023, Boston, MA 02123, www.forkinhand.com)

DESPERATE MEASURES - "It's On Your Hands" EP

Speedy sXe hardcore from ex-NO JUSTICE—and much like the aforementioned band's EP, this is a big letdown. Contrived SIDE BY SIDE rip-off. Lyrics about staying straight edge, counting on your friends, and other topics that were just as tired and boring in 1988 as they are now. I HATE YOU put it best "88's over, dead and gone…just let it fucking die!" (MT)
(Youngblood, 217 W. Main St, Ephrata, PA 17522)

DESPERATE MEASURES - "It's On Your Hands" EP

This is the best 7" that Youngblood has put out since LIFES HALT. The singer sounds a hell of a lot like Jules from SIDE BY SIDE and ALONE IN THE CROWD, which is entirely OK by me. Matter of fact, this band happens to be heavily influenced by both those bands, which is once again a *good* thing (better than ripping off CHAIN OF STRENGTH, Mike!) Every track on this record smokes. DESPERATE MEASURES brings the mosh (as witnessed by the crowd at Posi Numbers Fest 2002). If you're going to only get one straight edge hardcore record this year, get the FIRST STEP 7". Then get your extra scrilla out and get this you cheap bastard. (CC)
(Youngblood, 217 W. Main St, Ephrata, PA 17522)

DISKORDS - "Heart Full of Napalm" EP

Alright, this is a decent record. Poppy catchy '77 influenced punk rock. But on closer inspection, all four members of this band are under that age of 15! Four middle schoolers ranging from the ages of 12-14 playing ANGRY SAMOANS, DEAD BOYS, and maybe even a little bit of the HEARTBREAKERS-inspired punk rock. These kids simply amaze me. When I was their age I was still only dreaming of playing guitar in a band. Hopefully puberty won't throw them off. This is an amazing band with a lot of potential. If they ever come down this way I'll take them to Chuck E. Cheese and buy them beer. (BM)
(Vinyl Warning, PO Box 2991, Portland, OR 97208-2991, www.vinylwarning.com, thediskords@hotmail.com)

DIOS HASTIO/SEPTICEMIA - split EP

DIOS HASTIO from Peru continue with vicious hardcore assault—burly blasting hardcore with just enough hooks that at times it has the same feel as the first WRETCHED EP. Total fucking full bore attack! On the flip we have SEPTICEMIA from Brazil—who give us three raging tracks which sorta combines classic Brazilian hardcore with a more modern US influence. Good, but nowhere the same level of ferociousness to be found on the DIOS HASTIO side. (MT)
(Vicious Interference, PO Box 2331, Land O Lakes, FL 34639-2331)

DRUNKEN ORGY OF DESTRUCTION/CROWD SURFERS MUST DIE - split EP

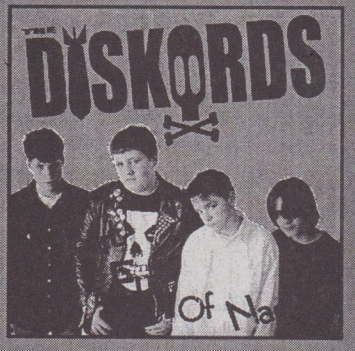
DOOD bring six songs of grind with between-song samples. Their grinding is pretty good (although the drums aren't usually *grinding*, it's just a super fastcore beat, no blasting), but the slow stuff stands out a little more, loads of feedback and good screamed (read: punk) vocals. Pretty damned good, but minus five points for the fresh off the internet nude Britney Spears pic on the cover. Fellows, a little imagination would be nice. CSMD are a two man boombox-recorded grind outfit from Japan. FEAR OF GOD vocals (mostly cause when the singing starts, you can't really hear anything else), and a recording so bad I can barely tell if this is any good or not, which means, of course, that it IS good...at least if you're into that sort of noisy thing. Good thing I am. 13 songs on this side, some grind, some just noise, some I'm not quite sure. (WN)
(N. Kater, Marnixstr. 145, 2316EX, Leiden, NETHERLANDS)

DUNG - "Sort It Out/Twenty Pot Screamer"

These DUNG dudes have an awesome buzz bass that grooves hard in a great way. "Sort It Out" employs the break exercise in an effective manner, which keeps the momentum and rock groovin. "Twenty Pot Screamer" is a mid-tempo groove that cranks the noodling guitar in a SPINAL TAP way that rocks. The turd on the cover is icing on this kick-ass record. (HM)
(dB's, PO Box 2550, 3500 GN Utrecht, NETHERLANDS, dbsrecords@dbstudio.nl)

ESL - "Horseshoes & Hand Grenades" CD

This style of power chords and blast-beats really isn't my thing, or something I haven't heard before. I can imagine a bunch of really big guys in a room hanging out and banging their heads to this record, without listening to the melodramatic lyrics. Kinda like at a Vans Warp Tour mosh party. (MM)
(Geykido Comet, PO Box 3743, Laguna Hills, CA 92654, www.gcrecords.com)



EASYS - "You're High Maintenance (But I'm No Mechanic)/Come See Me (Baby I'm Your Man)"

Get this. A garage rock band from San Francisco that has RUSSELL QUAN on drums. Unheard of! (I'm hysterical, aren't I?) Catchy, straightforward garage songs with nice melodies. Singer Jason's voice has a bit of a drawl. I bet this would be good to play when you just want to take it "easy." Throw this into the mix and bob your head a bit. Extra bonus points for both songs having part of their title in parentheses. (CK)
(Just Add Water, PO Box 420661, San Francisco, CA 94142)

EVERGREEN - "250 Dollar Loser" EP

This is a bootleg with the two songs from the split with STILL LIFE and the song from the *Emergency Broadcast Systems, Vol. 3* comp. Mid 90s California emo, blah blah blah... that sounds the same as when it was originally released except for the fact that it hasn't aged all that well. Why anybody felt the need to do this is beyond me, but I've been told that you can get a bunch of money for this stuff on eBay. Looks like it's time to sell. The guy even left a return address. (PA)
(SC4, 11th St, San Diego, CA 93306)

EXCEL- LP

Is there a story to this? It's very mysterious. It's a white sleeve with a rubber stamp on the front of a drawing (photo?) of the band and their name and a rubber stamp on the back with a website address. No label information. No song titles. No nothing. This adds to the intrigue, I suppose. It sounds like late 70s English power pop that was heavily 60s influenced. The stamp on the front cover would be consistent with this theory. The record label itself makes a reference notes LDK LP3, 1979/2002. So am I supposed to know who these guys are? I don't see anything in the library. We're going to stick with that theory. These are newly discovered (or recently stolen) recordings of some power pop band that was around in England in the late 70s. You know, most of the shit that gets discovered 20 years later is total crap, but there are exceptions. This is an exception. This is excellent power pop that is reminiscent of other stuff that was going on at the time (PROTEX, FAST CARS) with an extra dose of 60s pop. (In fact, some of the stuff is just a little too 60s influenced for my taste.) Would it have killed these guys to put together some liner notes? (KK)
(www.lowdownkids.com)

FAIRFIGHT - "Not Giving In" EP

Whoa, where did this come from? I am not usually impressed with the stuff coming out on Commitment, but FAIRFIGHT play six songs of top notch fast straight edge hardcore that really surprised me. It isn't very groundbreaking lyrically, but that's never really the point with most of this genre anyway. Solid tracks, solid release. (CC)
(Commitment, Klein Muiden 38, 1393 RL Nigtevecht, NETHERLANDS)

FAKE PATRIOTS - "Avoid Me" EP

Musically, this is really good street punk. Powerful choruses, simple guitars, catchy bass lines, and appropriate drum hooks. Strong vocals suggestive of a brain behind the brawn. Lyrics. I have no love for rich newscasters myself, but it's something to think about when their song "Glad You're Dead" is about the death of women *only* and is blatantly hateful of women. I think that's fucked. (JA)
(Intimidation, PO Box 14627, Leven, Fife, SCOTLAND KY8 2ZD)

FAGATRON/NINJA DEATH SQUAD - split EP

FAGATRON are back with three more songs (no titles, although I believe the first is some kind of FAGATRON anthem) that make me sad for missing them last fall when I had the opportunity. Imagine ERASE ERRATA but way more messy and hardcore, and funny (even without the lyrics), another nice notch in their belt (please tour again). NINJA DEATH SQUAD are another two piece (this time guitar instead of bass), but this time I find myself wishing they had that third member, as is too often the case with instrument-deficient bands. Five songs of solid original in your face hardcore, raw as fuck but not noisy, aggressive but not tough. Great stuff...wish they had a bass player. Hot pink vinyl...woo-hoo! (WN)
(Agitprop!, PO Box 748, Hanover, MA 02339)

FEAR - "I Love Livin in the City/Now Your Dead" EP

This is actually two singles on one record. First, there's the immortal and impossible to find "I Love Livin' in the City" 45, and then you get a bonus with the brief but memorable "Fuck Christmas" 45. Fun, snotnosed punk from '77 LA, and the cover is a nice replica of the original item. A must-have, of course. (SS)
(no address)

FIGHT FOR CHANGE - "More Than Drug Free" EP

Commitment Records continues their dedication to exposing the international straightedge hardcore scene. FIGHT FOR CHANGE is a XXX hardcore band from Portugal. Musically and lyrically they are exactly what you would expect, straightforward and fast with lyrics about being drug free. Overall I thought it was decent, but I found it to be a pretty simple and generic. Not bad, but not good either. (RC)
(Commitment, Klein Muiden 38, 1393 RL Nigtevecht, NETHERLANDS, commitment@poisonfree.com)

FIND HIM AND KILL HIM - "You Can't Fuck With the Kids" EP

Man, this month's selections have been good to me. This is a huge improvement over their demo. Regardless of the fact that these kids have to co-exist within a city where white belts and Romulans think it's cool to record a QUEEN tribute album, they have no problem kicking out the jams on this great debut EP. Spencer's lyrics are as sarcastic as they are sincere, and the music has just the right mixture of fast

hardcore and scream-along mosh parts. Don't be fooled by the track listing on the back—this puppy has seven songs on it! (CC)
(Dead is Dead 1105 E. Young St, Wilmington, CA 90744)

FIRE DOWN BELOW – "F" CD

This isn't bad at all. Fast, screamo, hardcore, that reminds me a lot of a less techno REFUSED. This is way better than the Steven Seagal movie of the same name. Though judging by the tough guy audience that still tend to gravitate to bands like this, I wouldn't be surprised if they share the same fan base. For the record, Clyde the Orangutan, can kick Steven Segals butt. (JF)
(Get The Axe Records, PO box 3019, Oshego, NY 13126)

THE FIRST SORT - "Audio. Visual. Input. Output" CD

What the.....? Bad emo with an edge of pop? Keyboards? Whining and cracking vocals? We wish we were the MURDER CITY DEVILS? Fuck if I know what is going on here, but it is really bad. (RC)
(Second Wind, PO Box 570013, Tarzana, CA 91357-0013)

THE FLAMING SIDEBURNS - "It's Time to Testify Again… Live at Gearfest 2000" CD

These Finnish freaks crank out some quality 1960s rock. Their live set is full of a boppin' backbeat, vamps, breakdowns, and good old-fashioned showmanship. Excellent! (HM)
(No Fun, cc 1909, c1000wat, Buenos Aires, ARGENTINA, www.nofunrecords.com)

FREAKS- "77 Points of Hate" EP

Another great Japanese band full of energy and intensity playing American style hardcore that 625 Thrashcore has come to be known for. Heavy doses of whaling guitars in the style of S.O.B., combined with a few great mid-tempo melodic parts, and the obvious raging thrash attack make for pretty good odds in favor of a bandana induced frenzy by the end of these four songs. (VH)
(625 Thrashcore, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3414)

THE FRENETICS - "These Mistakes Took Years of Practice" CD

Such a witty title. The music reminds me of J CHURCH at times and the singer mumbles like Joe Strummer at others. I'm not sure what to really make of this band. This is catchy at times and with enough plays will really grow on you. Not enough rock for me, but the more I listen to it the more I like it.... shit. I really didn't want to like this, but I'm finding myself bobbing my head... it's like the CLASH's *London Calling* LP. You don't want to like it, but you find yourself grooving to it. This is a decent pop record with hints of the poppier CLASH and J CHURCH. That is my official opinion. And that's all I've got to say about that. (BM)
(Union Local 2112, www.unionlabelgroup.com, thefrenetics@hotmail.com)

FUCK YOU UPS - "Hope You Appreciate It, Fucker! CD

This here is a "theme" band. See, their name is FUCK YOU UPS and they use the word fuck in their lyrics, in their song titles, in the cover art. The music is mediocre bar band rock, and I have to say this record fucking sucks. (DP)
(Formula 13, PO Box 7385, Tempe, AZ 85281, formula13.com)

GAMITS – "Come Get Some" CD

A reissue on disc of this pop punk band's first EP with some extra tracks. Eight songs total. I liked the EP when it came out and it certainly has held up over time. The extra tracks are decent from their archives. Great tuneful melodic stuff in the MR T and FASTBACKS style of pop. (RL)
(Not Bad, PO Box 2014, Arvada, CO 80001, www.notbadrecords.com)

GASOLHEADS - "Action, No Reaction/Top of the Tree"

Quickie, here, for listeners with short attention spans. Packaged in a highly-attractive silkscreened cover (if you care about such things, and you probably do). Tough and vivid stuff from four walking questionmarks—"Acton, No Reaction" is over before it's even started properly, but is a nice rubber mallet to the skull while it lasts. "Top of the Tree" is a slower, noisome irker. *Joli*. (JH)
(Yakisakana, 51 rue Pierre Renaudel, 76 100 Rouen, FRANCE, www.yakiskanarecords.com)

GAY BARBARIANS & OR THE JAURWAURS - "I Want It to Sound Like a Monster or a Boombox" CD

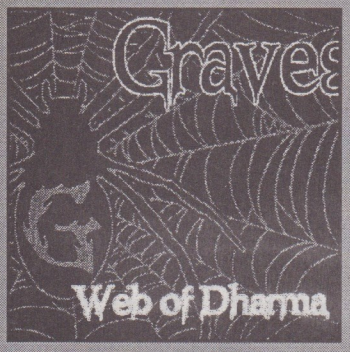
You know, I hated new wave when I was a wee lad in 1983 and I hate it now. Keyboards, drums and distorted bass. Where's the fucking guitars? Some bands do this style in a good way—afraid this isn't one of them. How much art *can* you take? (MT)
(Stereo Abuse, 41 Sutter St, PMB 1861, San Francisco, CA 94104)

GEE STRINGS - "Arrest Me" LP

More garage punk rock and roll from this German combo. Gal vocals help this but it still slips into the generic punk rock category. This has neither the charm nor the tunes to be up there the NO TALENTS or the STITCHES. (RL)
(Dead Beat, PO Box 283, Los Angeles, CA 90078)

GENOCIDE SS - "Iron Cross" EP

Pounding modern Swedish metallic hardcore that would go well with UNCURBED or SKITSYSTEM. Really good, but I've always wondered if this band was of the dodgie sort—I mean, the name, the lack of lyrics—I'm not making any accusations, but it does make one wonder. Hope not, in fact, 'cause this is some killer shit. (MT)
(RSR c/o Sandro Gesser, Str. Des Friedens 45, 07815 Mittelpölintz, GERMANY)



GITS - "Live in USA" LP

Seafish Louisville was such an outstanding live GITS record that at first I thought this would be redundant, but of course I was wrong. Recorded in Portland in June '93, this sounds a little less professionally recorded and rougher than *Seafish*, but is an outstanding live recording. I still cannot listen to the GITS without getting a little choked up about the loss of Mia Zapata. Those of us lucky enough to have seen her perform have our memories; those of us who weren't can listen to this record and realize again that this scene was fucking robbed. (DP)
(Punk Floyd, punkfloydrecords@hotmail.com)

GIVE US BARABBAS - "Luke 23:18" CD

Blasphemous punk rock from the Jersey shore that's heavily influenced musically by AUS-ROTTEN or CONFLICT—but lacking the power demonstrated by those bands. Decent enough but perhaps they should have waited a bit and done a demo before this CD. Lyrics obsess over our blessed lord and savior Jesus Christ and what a bastard he is…Amen. (MT)
(Ever Reviled, PO 1904, New Brunswick, NJ 08901)

GRAVES - "We of Dharma" CD

This is decent. I thought they were going to be a generic horror-core band, but most of the lyrics are about girls.... oh, shit! This is Michael Graves' (second MISFITS singer) post-kicked-out-of-the-MISFITS band with Dr. Chud (yet another former MISFIT). This is how unpunk I am—I actually liked Graves better than Danzig... weird, Danzig went on to do DANZIG, and Graves went on to do GRAVES! Oh the irony! Anyway, yeah, fuck the MISFITS, buy this instead—it's a lot catchier and it doesn't involve Jerry Only's tubby ass and bad combover. Wow, I think I just lost a thousand punk points for this review. (BM)
(GDU, www.officialgraveswebsite.com)

GYNECOLOGISTS - "Bukkake Hit Parade" LP

What Tim used to call "funny punk;" goofy new-wave pre-hardcore punk from Indiana circa the early 80s. A gruff-voiced barking presence on vocals dominates. Their collecter-scum "hit," "Sex Orgy With the Brady Bunch," gives you a good indication of the direction taken by the rest of the tunes. Prone to plodding at times, the lyrical obsessions (topical applications of sex, serial killers, and sitcom stars gone rancid) provide the only relief. (RW)
(Rave Up, Via Montecuccoli 13-00176, Rome, ITALY, web.tiscalinet.it.raveup)

HARDSHIP - "Gold" CD

I can't bring myself to say anything bad about this band, but they don't exactly inspire praise either. There's a car and naked chick theme going here, so that should tell you what the music is like. It's just been done much better by others. (DP)
(Hooked, PO Box 1785, Eugene, OR 97440)

HATE UNIT - "(Fuck) Growing Up" EP

The cover art of this record is a re-creation of the first BAD BRAINS album cover, which should give you a pretty good idea of what Finnish HATE UNIT were aiming for with this six song EP. HATE UNIT definitely get the job done, playing fast, straight forward hardcore heavily influenced by early Boston and DC bands, with a subtle amount of a present-day hardcore elements. It sounds great, but as is the case with a lot of new bands playing this style of punk, HATE UNIT don't strike me as having the passion, energy, and urgency that was really the key to why the shit sounded so great. I shouldn't complain. It seems like a downpour of great hardcore records dropping from the sky these days and I'm thankful and appreciative that "hardcore" and "thrash" revival seems to be the trend, and they don't start playing disco records in between sets at Gilman St. anytime soon. (VH)
(Fastplant, Stijn, Stuifzandstr. 8, 3900 Overpelt, Belgium, wwww.reproach.tk)

HATED YOUTH/ROACH MOTEL - split LP

As far as reissues of stupid old hardcore punk goes, this split is tops! Bob Suren, in his quest to appreciate all things punk and Floridian, has unearthed some, yeah, gems from these two bastions of Sunshine State infamy. HATED YOUTH's 19 five songs are from 1984—they include such brilliant shit as "Gainesville Massacre": "Gainesville was massacred by Hated Youth/Watch them fall, blood in the gutter/Punk rock sucks, death to 'em all" and "Let's Rob a Bank." Then, holy shit, it's ROACH MOTEL. Founded in 1980 by George Tabb (New York jew, the Florida chapter) and a guy named Bob Fetz, ROACH MOTEL is responsible for giving the punks "Brooke Shields Must Die" and "I Hate the Sunshine State." Yeah, the live recording, in Miami, is pretty crappy, but actually, it sounds perfect. I can almost smell the blood and Aquanet. (AC)
($6 ppd: Burrito, PO Box 3204, Brandon, FL 33509-3204, www.soundideadistribution.com)

HELLBASTARD - "The Good Go First" LP

OK, all you crust fans. Here's some fucking awful HELLBASTARD recordings from 1987. Slow crusty tunes with awful echo effects and vocals that leave a bad stench in the room. The pressing of 500 was probably even too much. (SR)
(Dirty Thrash, 2-58-16-901 Higashinako Green Park, Chuou, Nakano, Tokyo, 1640011, JAPAN)

HELLBOUND/DESPITE - split LP

HELLBOUND is fucking brilliant—brutal Canadian d-beat fueled hardcore. Burly as fuck guitars with awesome female/male vox—like a rawer STATE OF FEAR perhaps. Awesome. DESPITE's side follows much in the same manner—tuned down guitars, monster vocals—but just lacks the same punch as HELLBOUND. Overall solid release. (MT)
(Powerblast c/o Jannick, PO Box 80, Station C, Montreal, Quebec H2L 4J7 CANADA)

HELLSUCKERS - "Rock 'n' Roll Venom" CD

Well the name kinda gives away what they sound like—a French version of a cross between the HELLACOPTERS and the SUPERSUCKERS. I have to say even though I have heard enough of this genre of music this month that I wish I were deaf, this is quite good. (DP)
(Thunderbird Music, Strasbourg, FRANCE, www.hellsuckers.com)

HERO DISHONEST - "Juggernaut" CD

A 17-song attack, the second full length from this Finnish powerhouse. American-style ripping hardcore, executed to near perfection. Awesome political lyrics that go well beyond typical punk politics, and a thrashing assault that relies on the songs, not just the blistering drums and killer guitar breaks (although those elements are most certainly present). The last record was great, and this one is even better. Whether you like fastcore, old school, youth crew, or just fucking hardcore, this record will not disappoint. HERO DISHONEST: consider this your invitation to tour the US, feel free to contact me via *MRR*. (WN)
(Storms Minimart, Box 403, 00121 Helsinki, FINLAND)

HEWHOCORRUPTS/THIRD DEGREE - split EP

HEWHOCORRUPTS are from the USA and THIRD DEGREE are from Poland. HEWHOCORRUPTS play raw blasting grind. THIRD DEGREE play some political crust and d-beat punk rock. I liked the THIRD DEGREE side a lot better! Interested? Get a hold of... (RC)
(SMG, PO Box 46, 21500 Biala Podl. POLAND, www.smgrecords.prv.pl)

HUDSON – "Lane Meyer Was Right!!!" CD

This Florida band had an EP in the mid 90s and now we have another 10 songs finally coming out. A lost LP of sorts. I liked the EP when it came out (also tacked on here). Now it all sounds like speedy melodic hardcore. Musically like PROPAGHANDI and ZOINKS, tempo wise. This still sounds good but it would have been better in 1995. (RL)
(Purple Skunk, www.purpleskunkrecords.com)

I EXCUSE - "Burn the Empty to the Ash" CD

It sounds like this band from Japan got ahold of some LEATHERFACE, or DILLINGER FOUR. Still, their lyrics seem honest and well spoken. (MM)
(Snuffy Smile, 4-1-16-201 Daita, Setagaya-Ku, Tokyo 155-0033, JAPAN)

INCONTROLLADOS - "Hvem Vil Det Gavne?" EP

Great trebly hardcore punk. Chant-talking vox are total *KBD*-style by a group who have probably never heard the term, thus ducking self-consciousness. I'm guessing; my Danish is a leetle rusty. A winner all around, tho'. If this record said "1982" on the back sleeve, it'd be at $100 on eBay. Wow, glad I found out about this label, I've liked everything I've heard so far. (RW)
(Kick 'N Punch, kicknpunch@wildmail.com)

INDEPENDENTS "Back From the Grave" CD

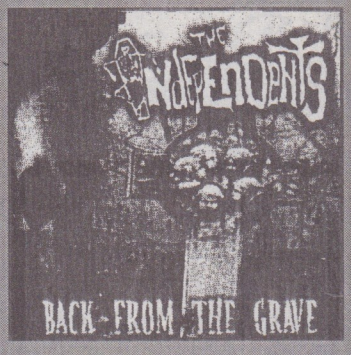
I have been meaning to check this band out for a while. This was a band that Joey Ramone managed and produced before he passed on. They are really, really good. Lots of hooks and huge fucking nod to both the MISFITS and RAMONES. Their singer has a great voice and actually can sing. They are a bunch of ugly bastards though and wear too much fucking eyeliner and need haircuts, but I think it adds to their charm. I could live without some of the ska breakdowns, though. Actually it's pretty annoying most of the time. Good stuff, nevertheless. (BM)
(PO Box 1392, Florence, SC 29503, www.theindependents.net, evildinep@aol.com)

INFECT - "Estrepito" EP

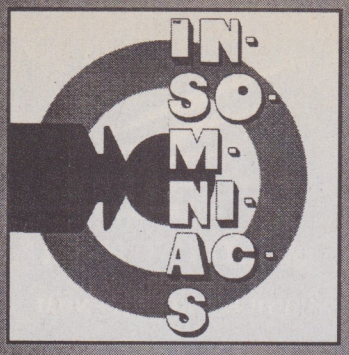
Straightedge hardcore. A term that typically brings to mind images of European and North American boys. Images that (fortunately) could not be more wrong for this release. The five Brasilian women in INFECT deliver some of the most incredible sXe I've heard in a long long time. Lightning fast, and every riff brings a "Fuck Yeah" and a fist in the air...even though I'm by myself in front of a computer. Powerful lyrics about abandoned street kids (a problem so unbelievably serious in their city of São Paulo), the hardcore world's impression of Latin American hardcore (the song "Latin America" gave me goosebumps), and the rest of the world's treatment of so-called Third World nations, both socially and politically. Lyrics in Portuguese with English translations, and a great package as well, 13 songs, and all of them are incredible. I cannot recommend this record highly enough. (WN)
(Commitment, Klein Muiden 38, 1393 RL Nigtevecht, NETHERLANDS, xinfectx@hotmail.com)

INFECT/DISCARGA - split CD

INFECT was the first Brazilian band I ever saw perform live, and although they did so with a replacement bass player and without their normal vocalist, I was still floored. Female sXe hardcore (more emphasis on the hardcore) that gets straight to the point and never relents. Most of these tunes are on their *Estrepito* EP (see above review for more on how much I love this band), but one of the songs that is exclusively on this disc, "Lagrimas de Desgosto," is the best INFECT songs I've heard...I listened over and over again before moving on to the rest of the CD. DISCARGA are Brasil's best known fastcore band for two reasons: 1) they are one of the few to have records released in the US; 2) they are fucking great. Their half of this release has two more flawless originals along with covers of MOTORHEAD, NATIONS ON FIRE, KISS, and CIRCLE JERKS. The vocals epitomize teen fury, and when I say DISCARGA are fast, please understand that they are *fucking fast!* Third World hardcore has never sounded better. (WN)
(78 Life, CX Postal 2505 cep 09190-971, Sto Andre-SP BRASIL, 78life@canbrasnet.com.br)



RECORDS



THE INSOMNIACS - "Maryanne Lightly/Big Sensation" 45

.....weak....limp wristed, 60s pussy pop....nuff said!!! Estrus has been doing some major cock sucking for the past 14 years now, they're very good at it!!!!!!!! (SW)
(Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227, www.estrus.com)

J CHURCH - "All The Wars" EP

This is the second record in a Honey Bear singles club limited to 100 copies, and it features "Sacrifice," a RUDIMENTARY PENI cover, and a cover of ANTHRAX'S (UK) "All The Wars." Soon to be a heavily sought after eBay item. (HM)
(Honey Bear, 1071 Clayton Ln. #506, Austin, TX 78723, www.hbrecords.org)

JOHN BROWNS ARMY - "Who Fucked the Culture Up" LP

Fans of early 90s Japanese hardcore take note, this disc pays homage to the mighty BASTARD—full bore hardcore assault with thick meaty guitars and gruff growly vocals. A more recent reference might be DEVOID OF FAITH, but I think this is way better. The depressing lyrics just add to the steamroller effect and the spiffy packaging and milk white vinyl are the icing on this hardcore cake. (TB)
(Gloom, PO Box 14253, Albany, NY 12212)

KID BLUNT - "82" CD

Total Epi-Fat wanna-bes with all the members in the band appearing to be about 12. This genre is snoozville for me, but these folks have the hooks and melodies of any of the bigger Warped Tour bands—unfortunately they are stuck in County Wicklow in Ireland and so will remain anonymous! Self-produced and self-released by the band so I'm giving these DIY pop-punkers a thumbs up for effort. (TB)
(Mad Dog Labelle, 243 Medowbrook, Kilcoole, Co. Wicklow, IRELAND)

KILLED IN ACTION - "Untitled" EP

A fast ripping thrash assault on your ears from Columbus, Ohio. Damn this is intense. Kind of reminds me of CAPITALIST CASUALTIES, if they had two vocalists. Great song writing, just the right production, and awesome silk-screened ninja cover art make this a all around great record. (CC)
(Def Cop, PO Box 06464 Columbus, OH 43206)

KILLERS - "Manual For Self Destruction" 10"

Ex-CHARLES BRONSON folx who used do blasting MUKILTEO FAIRIES-esque ass ripping hardcore, who now go for the slower stomping metal approach Their first EP was great, so was the split with NINE SHOCKS TERROR. I'll pass—though I still like the super snotty vocals despite the decline in musical quality. If you're smart you'll search out their other earlier stuff. Looks like Mr. Pushead did the artwork if that matters to you—he also did AEROSMITH's t-shirts. (MT)
(Hater of God, PO Box 666, Troy, NY 12188-666)

THE KILLS - "The Black Rooster EP" EP

Wow, Alison from DISCOUNT has changed a lot. Melancholy and extremely indie, these songs roll without any rock. Kinda like SONIC YOUTH without the guts. (MM)
(Dim Mak, PO Box 14041 Santa Barbara, CA 93107)

KISSES & HUGS - "Positive Youth 1994" LP

You remember 1994…I spent much time in the Midwest surrounded by a scourge of bad emo and pop punk bands—and I remember when these folx rolled through town to provide an island in that sea of shit. Hectic and original (remember that?) hardcore that took the example the likes of COLEMAN, HALF MAN, and HEROIN set before them and improved upon it. Eight years later we get this limited to 500 LP. Awesome. (MT)
(Raw Sugar, PO Box 53011, New Orleans, LA 70153)

KNOCK DOWN - "Get Away" EP

I guess I've been seen at too many Mission Records and Gilman shows lately. Now I've been pegged as one of those aging hardcore fanatics. Unfortunately, I am too old and jaded to take any of these lyrics seriously. I am trying to not to read them, but how can I resist? "One way path you lost all sight, Say what you want, but we both know what's right." It's just not speaking to me. I do love the singer's very deep, masculine voice. He's got nice melody and doesn't imitate MINOR THREAT-era IAN MACKAYE too much. The band has the hardcore sound down well. (CK)
(Youngblood, 217 W. Main St, Ephrata, PA 17522)

KOBAYASHI - "Disko" LP

Here we have some most excellent melodic German anarcho-punk. This platter is a definite progression in the right direction from their EP on Skuld from last year—sweeping yet driving guitars which at times sorta brings to mind a less produced version of the last SLIME LP—and other times the more melodic mid-tempo parts found in SIN DIOS. If they were from the USA and sang in English I bet they'd be huge. The production is just perfect—clean enough to be able to pick everything out—but still raw enough to give it that extra edge. I fucking love this band and you should to…please tour over here! (MT)
(La Idea, Apdo 18251, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN)

KOHU-63 - "Sotaa '81-'82" LP

Old Finnish punk. I'd never heard of this band until now, but they released two LPs and a few EPs back in the day, most of which is on here. I guess they were a predecessor of the wave of Finnish hardcore to come. The music is mid-tempo, Brit-influenced early European hardcore punk. It sounds good—if you're interested in the roots of Scandinavian punk/hardcore then by all means check this out. (AD)
(Hohnie c/o Andreas Hohn, An Der Kuhtranke 7, 31535 Neustadt, GERMANY)

RECORDS

KUNG FU MONKEYS - "Rock 'n' Roll Dance Party..." EP

Yet another fine record by the KUNG FU MONKEYS. This slab of blue wax features KFM as a two piece (what the fuck?) but still delivers the goods. More mid-fi 60s fueled bubblegum pop with the high vocals that just don't sound natural. This band just makes me so gosh darn giddy. They are the perfect "have a nice day band." They are just so gosh darn happy and fun, and catchy and positive. Holy heck, they make me wanna dance. (BM)
(Knock Knock, 394 Hewkett Ave, Patchogue, NY 11772, www.knockknockrecords.com, topsyturvey@worldnett.att.net)

KURT - " La Guard" EP

Wow, I'm surprised at how much this record doesn't suck. It seems that they are trying to achieve a sound somewhat similar to but not so deranged as NATION OF ULYSSES, and have succeeded. (DP)
(X-Mist, PO Box 1545, 72195 Nagold, GERMANY, www.x-mist.de)

LADY COP - "Declaration of Offence" EP

This is a pretty hectic calling card from these Nashville punks. Ultra-distorted, repetitive angst-core, like an early BLACK FLAG seven inch or something—it's got that heavy, creepy, dangerous vibe. The first time you put it on you get a little scared. Ten songs, well worth checking out. (AM)
(Twitch, 2207 Elliott Dr, Nashville, TN 37138, www.twitchrecords.com)

LESSER OF TWO - "War Circus" CD

Oakland's own LESSER OF TWO cranks through eleven songs of dark surging mid-tempo punk/grind, with hectic drumming and growled male and female vocals. Actually the whole theme here is pretty dark. Between the music, lyrics, and the artwork a pretty dismal picture is painted. Haven't seen them live yet, but it sounds like they would be pretty good. (RC)
($6 ppd US/$7 ppd World: Steve De Caprio, PO Box 3603, Oakland, CA 94609-0603, lesseroftwo@hotmail.com)

LOST SOUNDS - "Outtakes and Demos Vol. 1" LP

An amazing collection of tracks spanning the career of LOST SOUNDS, all the way from their first 7" in 1999 up to the present. This was originally released as a limited edition CD with handmade covers, each one shown on this album cover. LOST SOUNDS is one of the best bands around today. Male and female vocals going from very screechy and shrill to nice and melodic. Very dark and beautiful. The music is so catchy and danceable. Distorted guitar and keyboards that don't sound wimpy. New wave wannabees take note, this is what your keyboard should sound like—not like the FLOCK OF SEAGULLS. (CK)
(Hate, Circ.ne Gianicolense 112 00152, Roma, ITALY, haters@tiscalinet.it)

MAD RATS - "Speed Kills" EP

This Portuguese band blows through eight songs of crazed thrash. The music intense and exudes a lot of energy, I thought it was actually pretty strong, except for the horrendous TEEN IDLES and YOUTH OF TODAY covers. Stick to your own songs, guys. (RC)
(625 Thrashcore, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, CA 94142-3413, www.625thrash.com)

MALLORKAOS - "En Control" EP

This is fast angry punk from Spain. There are some weird choppy vocals that at times don't seem to go with the pace of the music. While it wasn't horrible, I did have trouble getting into it. Though they did do a decent cover of an SSD song, which intrigued me. (RC)
(Fragment, PO Box 2247, 09080, Burgos, SPAIN)

MAN WITHOUT PLAN - "Get Right" CD

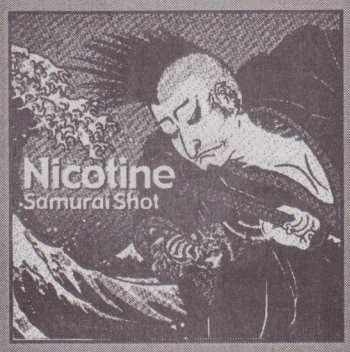
You know, I never heard any of the ENKINDLES records, but I saw them live and this is what I always imagined their recordings sounding like. In the clean cut college rock world of Initial Records, I bet these guys could go straight to the top. In my world this would what we would call utter and complete crap. This bores me. (MT)
(Immigrant Sun, PO Box 150711, Brooklyn, NY 11215)

MEANS - "Enter the Means" EP

Packaging *uber alles*. Sleeve folds out into a screen-printed pup tent with handy quote-liftable sales points for overburdened reviewers like myself. I'll tough it out guys, thanks. Yet another band that is out to save rawk from the turntable trendies, missing the point that most of those kids were never going to get into real rock no matter what; in the '80s they were all at VANITY 6 or HOOTERS shows, not the EFFIGIES. *Let 'em go*. Four tracks of indie rock with vague garage sensibilities. The first track shows a decided first-album NIRVANA influence, but stylistically they're all over the map. Samples, mopery, a bluesy slowdown. Not great at anything. (RW)
(Roostercow, PO Box 578174, Chicago, IL 60657,www.roostercow.com)

THE MILES APART – "Storyboard" CD

I guess this is Italy's great emo pop wonder. A great full length in the STARMARKET, early JIMMY EAT WORLD, and GET UP KIDS vein. Great melodic vocals too (sung in English), maybe a little ALL in style. Not for you hardcores, fans of the pop will love this. A pop gem for sure. (RL)
(Boss Tuneage, PO Box 74, Sandy, Bedfordshire, SG19 2WB, UK, www.greenrecords.net/tma)



MISSING LINKS - LP

Personal aside: I bought a dodgy (bootleg?) reissue of the MISSING LINKS "Wild About You" single from a polyester-clad coked-out Australian. In a Las Vegas hotel room. The big draw was that it was one of the tracks covered by the SAINTS on their timeliness masterpiece *(I'm) Stranded*, and I have a certain fondness for such things...now, two years and twelve steps later, guess what Aussie garage combo gets their LP reissued. The MISSING LINKS were a tough-minded, down and not-quite-dirty R&B outfit that could be compared to the PRETTY THINGS, DOWNLINERS SECT or even early ROLLING STONES-like a lotta records by bands of the mid-swinging-60s, it's a mix of the good ("Wild About You", "Mama Keep Your Big Mouth Shut") and the not-interesting ("Nervous Breakdown" and a couple of slower and softer tunes that I could have done nicely without). Not particularly classic, but worth the search if you're keen on Australian geerage of the period and place. (JH)
(Corduroy, 38 Advantage Rd., Highett 3190 AUSTRALIA, corduroy@onthe.net.au)

MOSTROS - CD

This is an awesome CD. The MOSTROS are like a faster version of the HELLACOPTERS at times with lots of lead guitar action, and sometimes just straight up old school punk. The female vocals are a refreshing change from the male-dominated hard rock scene. (DP)
(Punkaway, PO Box 409, 07080 Palma de Mallorca, SPAIN, runaway@arrakis.es)

MOST UNUSUAL SOUND - "Street Stalker" EP

This band and the PATTERN have a lot in common, musically. I could totally see these guys trying to rock out live but not wanting to go all out because they are sassy bitches who don't want to mess up their hair. (MM)
(Nicoteen, www.nicoteenrecords.com)

NEW BRUTALISM - "A Record of American Fury" LP

Let's see... engineered by Bob Weston, minimalist packaging, metal guitars (i.e. made of metal, not "heavy metal"), on first listening the similarities to SHELLAC are hard to ignore. That's OK, cos I like SHELLAC and it's not as if the radio is jammed with bands who sound like them. A closer listen, however, reveals that although their sound resembles that other band, they are in fact using that sound to write completely different songs. For better or worse, NEW BRUTALISM's songs rely a little more on traditional structure, hooks, choruses etc. I'm hearing echoes of other bands too, like TAR, HOT SNAKES, NOMEANSNO... Basically, if this sounds like it might be for you, it probably is. I like it. (AM)
(Code Of Ethics, 10101 N. Orange Ranch Rd, Tucson, AZ 85742, codeofethics@hotmail.com)

NICOTINE - "Samurai Shot" CD

Japanese BAD RELIGION-sounding, NOFX-lovin' skate punk. Not bad, but the lyrics should be in Japanese because they just sound really bad in English. This is decent, but not my style. Fat Wreck kids who want to branch out in the world, check these guys out; they are poppy and I'm sure you will find them catchy. They even do a Bryan Adams song. (BM)
(Asian Man, PO Box 35585, Monte Sereno, CA 95030, www.asianmanrecords.com, miya@asianmanrecords.com)

NINETEEN - "Tearing Me Apart" CD

Raw and punk as fuck Midwestern hardcore, with FILTH-esque vocals and just enough melody to keep things interesting. I'm on track nine and have yet to come across a single slow part (I made it all the way to #15 before they broke it down). NINETEEN reminds me a bit of early 90s East Bay stuff like FILTH and GRIMPLE, but much faster than either of those bands. 42 (!!) songs from three different recordings, each meant to be its own record. My short attention span would have preferred the first 16 (the "Tearing Me Apart" session) by itself, but I just need to start the disc next time at track 17 and my short attention span will be placated. A great new(ish) band, I hope they don't discover too much melody and harmony as they get older...they're doing just fine with the punk fucking rock. (WN)
($8 ppd: Dark Front, PO Box 291, St. Charles, MO 63302)

NOBODYS HEROES - "Tattered and Torn" EP

You can't beat the price of this record—it's free! The cost of postage will get you a not-so-shabby release from NOBODYS HEROES. This has a sort of street sound with some oi's and whoa-whoa's, but they look more like stoners. (DP)
(£1, $2 or 2 Euro: Blacksun, 58A Castle Park Rd, Wendover, HP22 6AF, UK)

NO VIOLENCE - "Concensus" CD

NO VIOLENCE is another of the many reasons why it is in "our" (ie; folks from North America and Europe) best interest to seek out hardcore from "third world" nations. Brutal metalcore from Brasil presented here in 16 movements. Thunderous backing vocals that sound more like a riot squad than any crew I've ever seen and enough metal riffs to last well into next spring. A few moments of grind, but mostly just posi-metalcore at its finest. Inspiring lyrics (much more so than listening to kids from middle class suburbs sing about how rough the big bad world treats them) with lengthy Portuguese explanations and a swell spiral bound package. I know there are some of these left...why don't you whip out a few bucks and make one of them yours? (WN)
(Cospe-Fogo Gravacoes, Rua Baturite, 267, CEP 01530-030, São Paulo-SP BRASIL)

ORGANIC - "The Life and Times of Sal Sagev" CD

Fast, sloppy, and melodic punk rock from the Rose City of Portland. Sorta reminds me of early FIFTEEN or like something on Lookout! before they turned to shit—would also fit in well on such labels as Hotsauce! or even Plan-it-X! (MT)
(Microcosm, PO Box 14332, Portland, OR 97293)

RECORDS

PAINCULT - "Waiting for Sex" CD

This sophomore release has plenty of creepy gothic images and plenty of sexual themes. It's hard to believe these horny Brazilians keep a straight face in their naive adolescent sexual advances, escapades, and desires. Musically, they mix plenty of metal with the MISFITS and keep things interesting. Amusing. (HM)
(Ritual Productions, http://paincult.hypermart.net)

PANIC - "Turn Cold" EP

Wow, when I first looked at the picture of the band on the cover I thought for sure this was going to be a poppy emo record. They all looked so serious and emo. When I turned it over and saw that it was released on Bridge Nine and noticed the finger pointing in the live shot, I changed that thought to serious and hardcore. The music is no-bullshit, fast, angry, and to the point. Musically, they steered more to the "punk" side of things avoiding some of the repetitive pitfalls that so many hardcore bands fall into. And great aggressive vocals top it all off. I liked this release a lot and you should too. (RC)
(Bridge Nine, PO Box 990052, Boston, MA 02199-0052, www.bridge9.com)

PENELOPE – "Face Au Silence Du Monde" CD

A French (or possibly Canadian?) melodic hardcore band here with guy/gal vocals at times. Guest appearances by Brian Baker and Dave Smalley. Anthemic stuff sung in French that would fit right in on Fat, Epitaph, or Bad Taste. Tight, fast, catchy punk. (RL)
(Union, penelopequebec@hotmail.com)

PENIS FLY TRAP - "Civil War II" CD

This 21 song release is one of those CDs that penetrates your subconscious and grows on you. I keep humming the melodies from this mid-tempo rhythmic punk. A tinge of WIRE comes to mind when I crank this disc. (HM)
(Penis Fly Trap, PO Box 1159, Allston, MA 02134, www.penisflytrap.com)

PERALTA - CD

Nine songs in just under 45 minutes...my short attention span groans. PERALTA would not sound entirely out of place on one of Amphetamine Reptile's *Dope Guns and Fucking* comps, but then again they are melodic enough to almost qualify for indie rock status at times (the chorus and bridge to "Godamn Cobra," for example). BLUEBIRD from LA comes to mind, as does SHELLAC, pretty well executed in a genre that is filled with mediocrity (but then, aren't they all?) (WN)
(Atarms Mechanics, PO Box 27, Marshall, WI 49068)

POISON IVY - "Cheap Thrills" CD

More hard rock that has EDDY SPAGHETTI style vocals, lotsa solos and is painful in its generic-ness. Nineteen songs of sheer fucking hell. (DP)
(Planet Trash, PO Box 484, CH-8820 Waedenswil ZH, SWITZERLAND, www. poisonivy.com)

THEE PSYCHOTONES - "Introducing..." EP

Wow, this is boring. It just drones on and on and on. These guys just don't move me. Fuzzed-out garage rock with a hint of 70s appreciation. I have no information on this band but they sound like they have an accent. I'm not sure what kind of accent, but it still doesn't make the record any better. (BM)
(Nicotine, www.nicotinerecords.com)

QUALM - "Long Story Short" CD

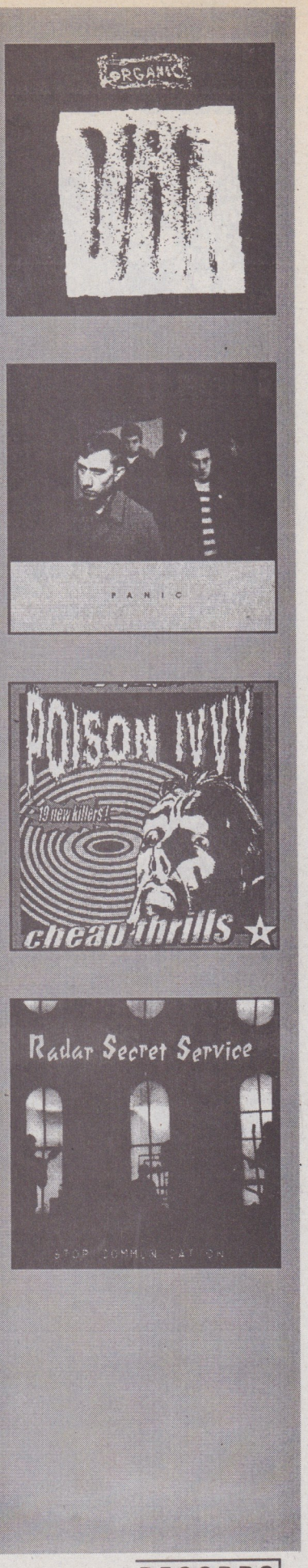
In their wet dreams this band would come to town on a package tour with STRUNG OUT, AFI, and LAWRENCE ARMS and would play their crappy overproduced alternative rock at some shitty rock club to a legion of kids who would emote out to their sensitive lyrics. I'd be hangin out with the punx in the alley while we slashed their tires and stole their complementary beer. They want to sound like *Jersey's Best Dancers* -era LIFETIME—but everyone knows that *Hello Bastards* was the *good* album. (MT)
(Not Bad, PO Box 2014, Arvada, CO 80001)

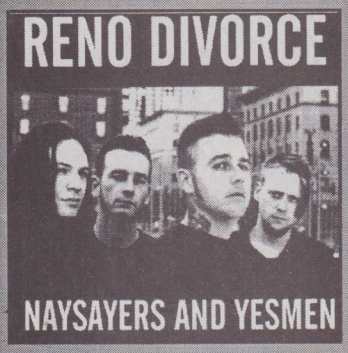
RADAR SECRET SERVICE - "Stop Communication" CD

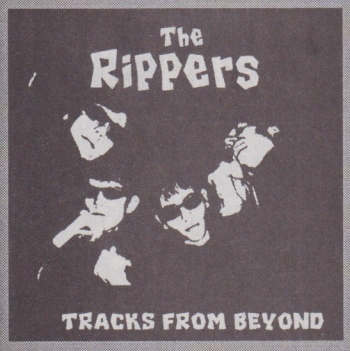
A cryptic release from what's ostensibly a local group...on a label run outta the murky depths of San Francisco's Tenderloin, the urban blight that I call "home". I can sense a sort of mannered, manicured strain of late 80s wave in this band's sound—cautious, but optimistic, with smooth guitars and breathy vocals. A kind of ruined innocence, perhaps. Comes through cleanly and clearly on tracks like "You Are Hollywood", "Dumpster Fire", or "Sexual Anathema". On first listen it strikes me as a little alien and distant, but what better means of expressing early 21st Century urban malaise? At odds with some of the other material, "Hard Hearts" is punchy and to-the-gut. Interesting vibes from a band I mean to keep an ear open for. (JH)
(On/On Switch, 780 Post St. Ste. 54, San Francisco, CA 94109, www.ononswitch.com)

RED SQUARES - "Modern Roll" LP

American Lost Punk Rock Nuggets...Vol. 25....everybody knows these records by now....on Rave Up, outta Italy....sometimes these records can be good, most of the time they ain't worth a wad of my very own jit..... these guys, the RED SQUARES, were an old Phoenix band from the early 80s who did one single.....they're actually pretty fucking hot.....sticky hot....especially the single "Modern Roll" which is juicy..... most of this record is lo-fi muck from live shows, practice tapes and all that jive.... typical of these types of records.... everything is history now....!!!! (SW)
(Rave Up, Via Montecuccoli 13, 00176 Roma, ITALY, raveup@tiscalinet.it)







RF7 - "All You Can Eat, Vol. II" CD

As the title insinuates, this is the second of two RF7 complete recordings CDs. These 29 tracks include their *Traditional Values* CD, a few tracks off of various cds, a demo from 1980 and other unreleased tracks from 1979 and 1985. This cd spans 20 years, but is primarily tunes from the 1990s. This is a fine collection full of quality tunes by a quality band. (HM)
(Grand Theft Audio, 501 West Glenoaks Blvd, PMB 313, Glendale, CA 91202)

A RADIO WITH GUTS - "Beat Heart Sweet Stereo" CD

Everyone has been shitting their pants over that new JAWBREAKER comp album. Fuck that, I say. ARWG's debut album blows it out of the water. This is pure fucking emotion played very catchy. Brandon is one upset motherfucker. It gets to the point at times where you just want to put your arm around him and say "there, there, dude, it's going to be alright. Let's go listen to the KUNG FU MONKEYS and get happy!" This album leaves you emotionally drained. I have never, ever been the type to endorse emo, nor mopey music, but I had to make an exception for this. Heavy-hearted and melancholy lyrics to driving and catchy as fuck music. This sounds like a catchier JAWBREAKER with Eric Cartman singing (I know, I'm going to get shit from someone for that comment). Features ex-members of pop punk alumni the CONNIE DUNGS, and this picks up right where the DUNGS left off before they broke up (y'know, after they ditched the silly pop punk for a more grown up and personal sound). This is a split release from two of my current fave labels; CD version available in America via Knock Knock Records, LP with different art work and alternate song available in Europe via Stardumb Records. (BM)
(Knock Knock, 394 Hewkett Ave, Patchogue, NY 11772, Stardumb, PO Box 21145, 3001 AC, Rotterdam, NETHERLANDS)

RED LIGHT STING - "We're the Red Light Sting and Our Love is Soaking In It!" LP

Have you heard the PATTERN? Well, if you liked them then you'll like these guys. Simply lessen the emphasis on the "MC5 trip" and substitute more heavy looping bass than I like in a rock band. Average. (RW)
(Sound Virus, PO Box 55783, Valencia, CA 91385)

REMEMBERING NEVER - "She Looks So Good in Red" CD

This is brutal metal which takes its cues from KISS IT GOODBYE—fuck, it even sounds like the same singer. Personally, I could care less about crap like this...as I am a punk—not a met'ler. Legions of heshers with goatees and shaved heads will love this however. (MT)
(Feret, 47 Wayne St. #3, Jersey City, NJ 07302)

RENO DIVORCE - "Naysayers and Yesmen" CD

Not bad for a late SOCIAL DISTORTION rip-off. They've even got it down to the Mike Ness vocal style and everything. Impressive. They just need to get the one longhair to cut his mop and grease it back too. Actually not that bad, I have to admit. (SR)
(Boss Tuneage, PO Box 74, Sandy, BEDS, SG19 2WB UK, www.bosstuneage.com)

RIFF RANDELLS – CD

This Canadian band seems to be forever changing its line-up, although two original gals remain. Maybe I'm just out of touch. Still great stuff though! A six song EP that isn't as garage as the EPs. This is still good retro stuff in the FLIPSIDES or MUFFS vein. (RL)
(Delmonico, Box 23123 Connaught PO, Calgary, AB T2S 3B1, CANADA, riffrandells@hotmail.com)

RIISTETYT - "As a Prisoner of State" LP

Whoa! This is a no brainer—legit and nearly identical reissue of the Rock-O-Rama version of this essential Finnish band's first LP from 1982. Many thanks to Hohnie for taking it away from those dodgy fucks and giving it back to the punx where it belongs! If you don't know this record, you should—hectic, tense and powerful hardcore. Abso-fucking-lutely brilliant! (MT)
(Hohnie c/o Andreas Höhn, An Der Kuhtränke 7, 31535 Neustadt, GERMANY)

RIPPERS - "Tracks from Beyond" EP

Number 021 of a limited edition of 300—a mysterious EP from a band shrouded in black and hidden behind imposing shades (Ripper I, Ripper II, Ripper III, and IV, respectively). *Tracks from Beyond* is fun, scuzzy and made without the cocern for making a buck..."Killing Storm" and "Leave Me Alone" are low-key and low-fi R&B with the requisite punk rock energy and wild abandon. Free catch phrase: get hipped to the RIPPERS. (JH)
(Shake Your Ass, capinch66@hotmail.com)

RUDI - "The Band That Time Forgot" LP

Back in the late 70s it seemed as much luck and circumstance as anything else whether a band would become popular or not. For example, RUDI. Coming from the same time and place as STIFF LITTLE FINGERS and the UNDERTONES—Northern Ireland 1978-'79—RUDI could have been the punk rock household names that their contemporaries became, but for some reason they didn't, possibly because they were too poppy for the burgeoning punk scene and lacked the vocal charisma of a Feargal Sharkey. What you have here is a collection of radio sessions from '79 to '81. The songs still sound great today, well written (almost mod-ish) pop songs with an edge that sound sad and forlorn instead of happy and sappy. It's not surprising. Belfast was no joke in those days, I know—I was there. (AD)
(Last Year's Youth, lastyearsyouth@web.de)

RUIN BOIS - "Agora So Yonki" EP

Street punk with very melodic leads from these boots and braces Spaniards. It has an emo-ness about it that sounds very disjointed and forced and just plain wrong. (DP)
(Bords de Seine, BP 85, 75561 Paris CX, FRANCE, bdskinhead@aol.com)

SANDBOX - "Rocks" CD

Yes, yes they do indeed rock. Decent Jersey pop punk that reminds me of a less RAMONES-ey MANGES. Really catchy and well written songs. You go boys! (BM)
(PO Box 397, Piscataway, NJ 08854, www.sandbox.cjb.net)

SATIRNINE - "No Blessings No Reasons" EP

Mid-tempo garagey guitars and clean rock vocals create a sound that's catchy, but too deliberate for my ears. This Swedish all-female four-piece has the hooks, especially in "Hey No Hell," but where the passion ought to be, I'm just getting poise. Like the PANDORAS, minus the requisite droning hypnosis. (AC)
(BBC, Box 6170, SE-102 33 Stockholm, SWEDEN, everythingy@hotmail.com)

SAYYADINA - "Solace Denied" EP

Swedish grind with *huge* production that would not sound at all out of place on Relapse. The breakdown in "Sort Them Out" is one of the best things I heard all month, but SAYYADINA are not about breakdowns...just grind. A tremendous wall of guitars and hardcore vocals that fit the band far better than growls would. Side two starts of with a hardcore gem that could be a CAPITALIST CASUALTIES cover tune...with a great solo added in. Awesome stuff, and I must mention again that this record sounds like it was recorded by ENTOMBED's engineer, it sounds fucking incredible. Grindphobic hardcore fans: this is the record to convert you. Grind fans: you should already own it. (WN)
(Sounds of Betrayal, Box 7092, 200 42 Mälmo, SWEDEN)

SENZA BENZA - "A Bullet in Your Heart" CD

Some of these songs sound a lot like the RAMONES, which is kinda funny cause Joey Ramone produced this record along with Daniel Rey. This sound has been done before, and it's kinda hard to do it better than RAMONES—let's be honest here. (MM)
(Kaleidoscopic Music, www.kaleidoscopic.biz)

SHAKIN' NASTIES - "Better Than Television" 12"

I don't know if this is an LP or a 12"—they call it a "Mini LP". It's got 10 songs, but it plays at 45 RPM. Fuck it. It's really very simple. If you're going to put out a 12 inch record, have it play at 33 RPM. If you're going to put out a seven inch record, have it play at 45 RPM. How difficult can it be? That could be the only thing these guys did wrong, as this record fucking rocks in a raw, punk rock, rock 'n' roll, fuck you, guitar/bass/drums, kind of way. It's melodic and catchy, but it's also snotty as hell. That, to me, is an incredible combination. With song titles like "Shake Your Nasty" and "Six Stitches", you know something has to be right. There is nothing fancy about this; just ten tracks laid down very matter-o-factly and that might be why I like it. Yeah. (KK)
(Radio Blast, Hildegardstr. 13, 44809 Bochum, GERMANY, rbr@punkrawk.com)

SHOTWELL/ZERO FAST - "Slow Down Kids" split EP

Ahh, good ol' Snuffy Smile, more often than not their releases are going to connect. That being said, this split does not disappoint. BART station show kings SHOTWELL deliver another gem with a blast of their unique melodic punk that has a lot of feel of the classic East Bay Gilman sound, combined with some awesome lyrics and snotty vocals. ZERO FAST play power punk like a straightforward THUMBS. Great guitars and good vocals makes the songs go, and my heart go yes. Buy, buy, buy. (JF)
(Snuffy Smile, 4-1-16-201 Daita, Setagaya-ku, Tokyo, JAPAN)

SIVIILIMURHA/ULCERRHOEA - split EP

ULCERRHOEA belch out some basic fast and abrasive grindcore that comes off as a bit generic. SIVIILIMURHA tear through a shitload of thrashy songs that sound like they were recorded in a closet. Not one of the better grind records I have heard lately. (RC)
(Vitun Aparat, Postfach 11 10, D-90538 Eckental, GERMANY)

SKELETT - "Shut Your Piehole" LP

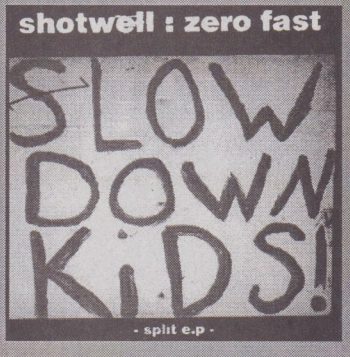
This sounds like the HUMPERS with less distortion. Not bad. Kinda fun at times. One guy has a nose ring and a scarf, two have facial hair, and one guy is wearing a beanie... uhmmmmm... the album cover has a photo of their shitty equipment all busted up and used, plus lots of empty bottles of alcohol... these guys are really going to swank points. This isn't a bad record, it just gets really, really boring after a while (much like the HUMPERS). This would have been much better if it was only a single or maybe a 10". (BM)
(Gigbag, www.wastedyears.com)

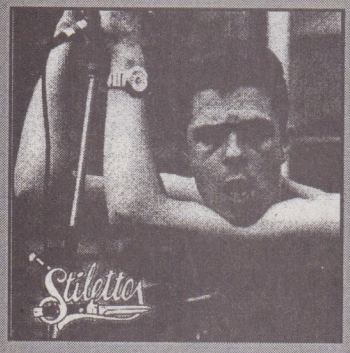
SMACKIN ISAIAH - We Know Sexy" CD

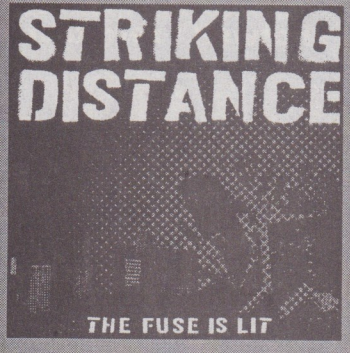
A quick six song, 15 minute release full of hooks, vocal harmonies, tempo changes and passion. Some of it reminds me of PROPAGANDHI or SNUFF. Good Stuff. (HM)
(Fork in Hand, PO Box 230023, Boston, MA 02123, www.forkinhand.com)

SOME KIND OF HATE - "Old Habits Die Hard" EP

Fast, tough hardcore punk from Boston. Not as hard as TOMMY & THE TERRORS or as pissed as TOXIC NARCOTIC, this is more straightforward and not quite as...drunk. Five songs in ten minutes. Not bad. (AD)
(Bridge Nine, PO Box 990052, Boston, MA 02199-0052)







SONIC DOLLS - "Riot at the Sheep Dog Trials" CD

Super catchy pop punk. Slightly snotty vocals, tight guitar, and drums with good variation between tracks. A pretty solid album. Not bad. (SR)
(Stardumb, PO Box 21145, 3001 AC Rotterdam, NETHERLANDS, stefan@stardumbrecords.com)

SPARKLES - "All the Kids are Gonna Fuck You Up" EP

Four songs that could have belonged to the hardcore scene of ten years ago. Their sound is somewhere in between UOA and MEREL. Heavy, distorted guitars, drum beats that are not necessarily fast but driving, along with screamy vocals. The playing is a bit sloppy at times and the vocals can become annoying when they get too high, but if you're not done with this style of music (or too turned off by their name) this record is worth checking out. (PA)
(Smooch, PO Box 3591, Boulder, CO 80307)

SPIDER RICO - "The Vaccine" CD

I am cracking up here. Really bad straight up MOTLEY CRUE-style rock right here. Fuck, this is undescribable; the solos, whiny high vocals, the lyrics, the ballads. Just fucking unbelievable. Is this a brilliant joke? This album just made my day. (SR)
(PO Box 512, Berwyn, PA 19312)

STEPSON - "Teenage Dreams Die" CD

These Czechs rip through eleven hook-filled melodic punk tunes about love, girls, and monsters. Their catchy style is roughly a mix of the OFFSPRING and SAMIAM with a dash of GREEN DAY. A fine CD. (HM)
(Pohoda, Jiraskova 205, 389 01 Vodnany, CZECH REPUBLIC, www.rbpohoda.net, www.info-office.cz/stepson)

STILETTOS - "Loaded" 45

Whoa, somehow I have become the *MRR* rock 'n' roll reviewer. The STILETTOS play some drag out rocknroll punk a la NEW BOMB TURKS, though with a much stronger 70s Detroit rock influence. While this is alright, it lacks that something special. Like a burrito without the avocado, this may feed you, but is the nourishment really there? (JF)
(dBS, PO Box 2550, 3500 GN Utrecht, NETHERLANDS)

STIPHNOYDS - "Portland Punk 1979" LP

It's all there in the title, printed in uncompromising white & black. Portland's STIPHNOYDS were an early mainstay of the Killed by Death series (their big hit "Afraid of the Russians" was comped on an early volume of that series), and are also known to historians for their connection with homeboys the WIPERS & Greg Shaw (who produced their what woulda-been their breakthrough EP). Historical importance aside, I'm having a hard time working my dander up over this album-picture a rural DEAD BOYS with Johnny Blitz playing every instrument and you'll know why-but it does hold simple pleasures for simple brains. "Afraid of the Russians", "Radiation" and "Mom's Fake" have dated well. "Disco Fag", "Jimmy Carter", and their caveman cover of the DEAD BOYS' "What Love Is" have not. (JH)
(Rave Up, via Montecuccoli 13, 00176 Roma, ITALY, www.tiscalinet.it.raveup)

STORM THE TOWER - "Song for FM" EP

I'm rather ignorant of what is going on in Austin right now, but STORM THE TOWER represents the city very well. Four driving, DC style hardcore songs. You can pick out influences from bands like SWIZ or EMBRACE, but the music has a newer feel to it rather than sounding like some rehashed turd. There is lots of screaming and lots of power, but there is also a really catchy and almost poppy feel to these uptempo songs. This is another one of the few records where a real sense of energy is capture on the recording. (PA)
(Honey Bear, 1071 Clayton Ln. #506, Austin, TX 78723, www.hbrecords.com)

STRIKING DISTANCE - "The Fuse is Lit" EP

My history with STRIKING DISTANCE (in case you care): heard their first EP and loved it; super stoked to play with them on tour in 2001, and they were one of the worst bands I've ever seen; heard their LP shortly after tour, thought it was OK, although less original than the EP. That brings up to now, and I slap on *The Fuse Is Lit*....which totally rules. This makes me feel like I did when I heard the first EP. Hard hitting youth crew inspired hardcore. Tough as shit without summoning the inner thug, and "Tear it Down" absolutely perfects the art of the breakdown. Six solid hardcore tunes, hopefully the next LP will be this good. (WN)
(Bridge Nine, PO Box 990052, Boston, MA 02199)

SUICIDE NOTE - "You're Not Looking So Good" CD

Pounding hardcore that comes with a touch of emo, melody, and metal all mixed together. The pace is pretty consistent and upbeat. And the vocals are screamed and coarse. While I didn't think it was bad, it wasn't really over-the-top and aggressive enough for me. But this style is pretty popular so I am sure the kids will eat it up. (RC)
(Ferret Music, 47 Wayne Street #3, Jersey, City, NJ 07302, www.ferretstyle.com)

SUPERBEES - "High Volume" CD

I could have sworn that I heard that opening riff somewhere, somehow, sometime...*erm*. If I didn't know that their name referred to a highly-prized American-made collectors' car, I'd be deeply doubting these boys from the get-go...as it stands, I'm thinking that they're better than bad. Shaggy-haired drug-rock made to be heard under black lights and seen through a dense cloud of cigarette smoke. "Really

Wanna Know" is clear statement of purpose: they're of a mind to rock themselves out and want to bring you, the listener, along for the ride (and into MGD commercial). NEW YORK DOLLS comparisons wouldn't be too far off first base. I could see how they might rely a bit much on a whipped-up IGGY association and bad-boy schtick, but I'm content to listen to the songs and take 'em at face value (just this once). (JH)
(Acetate, 2020 Broadway 2nd Fl., Santa Monica, CA www.acetate.com)

SUPPRESSION - "Burnt Out Receptacles" EP

I seem to remember these guys as just another screaming sludge-drudge 90s metallic hardcore waste of vinyl. Well, I'll just have to *assume* that someone has turned them on to the early BUTTHOLE SURFERS, as they've leaned to cut their screaming with some humanoid rhythms and interesting guitar work. This record is not only interesting, it's almost catchy in its monotonous intensity. Now they have my attention. Dig the almost lysergic stares on the back sleeve. Hmmmm. (RW)
(C.N.P., PO Box 14555, Richmond, VA 23221)

TARAKANY! - "Fear & Hatred" CD

This foursome of Russian punkers play melodic mid-tempo punk rock. Lotsa whoahs with a fairly raw production that keeps it more interesting than a lot of their Western punk counterparts. Another example of the global infectious nature of punk rock. (MT)
(Feelee, Office 401, Krasnaya Presnia, 46/1, Moscow, RUSSIA 123022)

TEM EYOS KI - "Spring" LP

Hardcore from Little Rock that musically sounds similar to PALATKA, but with a mix of female and male vocals and lots of metal riffs. I wanted to like this record after being impressed by their 7", but it doesn't live up to expectations for several reasons. One is that the recording is fatally flawed. The vocals are far too high in the mix and the guitars are too low. The vocals also suffer when there is attempted singing rather than screaming. The high-pitched notes are difficult to take. They could also have easily done without the acoustic stuff. But hey, if you like to mix your hardcore with metal then you might be into this. (PA)
(Harlan, 7205 Geronimo, N. Little Rock, AR 72116)

TOTALT JAVLA MORKER/THEY FEAR THE RECLAIM - split EP

TJM ("Total Fucking Darkness" for the Swedish-impaired), deliver five thrashy tunes in the now standard fastcore followed by breakdown style. Solid release. Southern California's THEY FEAR THE RECLAIM play super fast crusty hardcore, and anarchist politics seem their focus as much as the music, as this release is filled with information and spoken word provides the segue way between songs. I've heard better tunes to be sure, but this gets extra points for sincerity. (WN)
(Arson, 112 Montreal St., Kingston, ON, K7K 3E8 CANADA)

TRANSISTOR – CD

This CD is noisy as fuck. Think hardcore mixed with early UNSANE and that would sum up TRANSISTOR. A perfect CD for those who loved Amphetamine Reptile, and are searching for something to listen to today. (JF)
(Level Plane, PO Box 280, NYC NY 10276)

TROTSKIDS - "4 Fois en 10 Minutes!!..." EP

More shenanigans from this French quartet culminate with a cover of JOHN LENNON's "Imagine" that's sung with a heavy accent, pounding drums and blazing guitars. The SKIDS prove that they still can still churn out quality, spirited punk ditties with this fine disc. (HM)
(Combat Rock, 7, Rue du Paquis, 57950 Montigny les Metz, FRANCE)

THE TROUBLE MAKERS - "I'm Not That Kinda Girl" EP

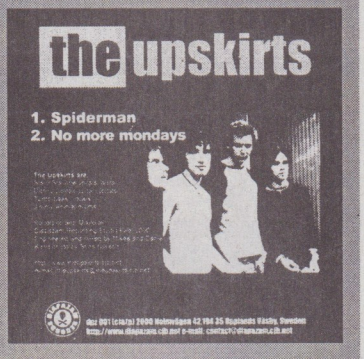
Shit, I was just told that this is a re-ish....I knew there was something fishy about it..... I think I might have even reviewed it before, years ago.....maybe..... but like some ten years ago these dudes from Sacramento used to play around the Bay Area a lot....total Purple Onion band..... they were ugly and had some pretty small cocks but they played some good garage music... this four song EP is actually pretty fucking groovy.... especially the vocalist...total caveman DRUIDS OF STONEHENGE style.... in the old days this was the kinda music that made me want to have sex with men.... (SW)
(Larsen, Rue Du Crey 73230, St. Albans Leysse, FRANCE)

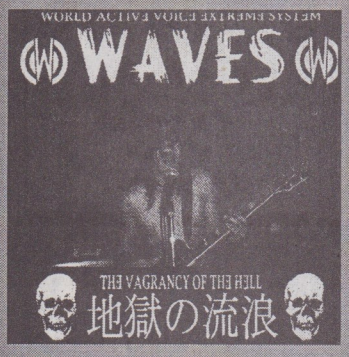
ULTIMO ASALTO - "Soldados del Asfalto" EP

Asphalt soldiers huh? Real Tough (with a capital T) straightforward mid-tempo oi with major gruff vocals and fists-in-the-air choruses. I'd love to get a lyrics sheet for "El Oi es Violencia." (SR)
(Camden Town, Placa del Vi n11, 17004 Girona-Cat, SPAIN, willy@ultimoasalto.com)

LOS ULTRASONOROS - "Rumble!" CD

Oy, such *surf* sounds I'm hearing. They're from Argentina, or so they claim...and given the overall vibe I'm receiving from their release, I'm figuring that they're an instrumental outfit (right on the money). Track one: a novelty/lounge cover of LINK WRAY's "Rumble", with the addition of Herb Alpert-like brass and class. We are amused. LOS ULTRASONOROS have a sense of fun to 'em and don't play like utter wimps (the same of which can't be said for the overwhelming majority of their competition). I hear the usual DAVIE ALLAN and/or RAYMEN influences wafting through tracks like "Straitjacket", "Backfire", etc. and, for once, it's all right in my book. Nice cover of LINK's "Dinosaur", which, for the record, really was written by a grade-school kid who should have known better. (JH)
(No Fun, cc 11909, c100war, Buenos Aires, ARGENTINA, www.nofunrecords.com)





UNHOLY GRAVE - "9 Trax Live" EP

If I understand this correctly, this is a live EP that was recorded in Philadelphia on UNHOLY GRAVE's East Coast 2001 tour with TOTAL FUCKING DESTRUCTION. And it was released to coincide with their recent West Coast Tour 2002. The recording of their "unholy grind destruction" is pretty good, all things considered. Gruff and raw is the name of the game here. This comes on a cool picture disc, with a tour diary insert and is limited to 551 copies. A lot of effort went into this release especially considering how limited it is. So check it out! (RC)
(Ben Agromosh, 18017 Almendro Lane, San Diego, CA 92127)

UNHOLY GRAVE/KERUM - split EP

Japan's UNHOLY GRAVE are back (as if they were ever gone for more than a month) with five more songs of downtuned raw noisy grind. "Totally self produced" for that extra distort, UNHOLY GRAVE continue their assault on punks across the world. These tracks are a couple of years old, for those keeping track. Baltimore's KERUM shines next to the UNHOLY GRAVE side. Textbook grindcore, yes, but played to perfection. Destructive riffing, a growled dual-vocal attack that occasionally slips into evil screeches, superb delivery...best grind I've heard all week! (WN)
(RSR, Str. des Friedens 45, 07819 Mittelpollnitz, GERMANY)

UPSKIRTS/WELFARE - split EP

Two songs apiece from each of these Swedish bands on this 7". The UPSKIRTS play melodic pop punk much in the vein of later era QUEERS. Nothing to rave about I say. Now WELFARE follow up their vastly overlooked LP from a couple years back with another dose of rock n' roll inspired punk. Think not as good as TURBONEGRO, but way better than the HELLACOPTERS, and you get the sound of WELFARE. Punk rock that will kick you in the ass, but not floor ya. A 7" that is just worth it for the WELFARE side. (JF)
(Diapazam, 2000 Holmvagen 42, 194 35 Upplands Vasby, SWEDEN, www.diapazam.cjb.net)

VIRGIN SUICIDES - "Elizabth Royal/Die in America"

Not directed by Sophia Coppola, thank God...the VIRGIN SUICIDES are a punnnnk group form the opposite side of the Atlantic divide (from me, at least) who revel in the death of BEATLES and gentle passing of royal grandparents. "Elizabeth Royal" makes its debt to the PISTOLS' jubilee anthem felt, but it's a tough track and fun listen. "Die in America" is slower an heavier and guitarier, for what it's worth. (JH)
(Repeat, PO Box 438, Cambridge, CB4 1FX, www.repeatfanzine.co.uk)

WAVES - "The Vagrancy of Hell" EP

This Japanese band could be great as the vocalist has a great strained scream, but the production is so weak you can hardly hear the rest of the band. Musically its very messy hardcore punk with some chanted backups. Their sound is so schizophrenic, sounding almost like a hardcore band one minute and an oi band the next—nearest comparison would be a very messy CRIKEY CREW. (TB)
(Human Stench, 14 McKinley Terrace, Pittsfield, MA 01202)

WE MARCH - "Life in a Bubble" CD

Intriguing noise from a name I've never heard. "Life in a Bubble", the opening track and my first exposure to WE MARCH, boasts a real sense of forward momentum and onward drive...a real patchwork of influences at work here, none of them at odds. Mid-tempo lurch and 'core, overamped walls of guitar, vocals dripping with a sarcasm and bile. Bluesy leads falling backward into hardcore squall. Aesthetically they're just as puzzling, but it's sounding like just what I needed to hear. "Electrode for Pleasure" and "We March" have grabbed me, and all doubt is dispelled. WE MARCH-good. Precious little info this time around, but drop 'em a line and stumble into something. (JH)
(Non-Prophet, cdetc@hotmail.com)

WHAT HAPPENS NEXT? – "Osegundo Ano Ealguma Outra Caca" CD

This CD manufactured for WHN?'s Brazilian tour, is basically the *Year Two* CD plus the tracks from their split with LIFE'S HALT. Since I reviewed the WHN? *Year Two* CD this wasn't that thrilling of a release, but if I lived in South America I would be stoked that I didn't have to mail away to North America for the songs. If you haven't heard WHN?, think HERESY inspired thrash with vocals that truly do sound like a dog barking out the lyrics. Good stuff. (JF)
(Laja Records, Caixa Postal 25519, Villa Velha –ES, CEP: 29102-973, BRAZIL)

WHATEVER IT TAKES – "A Fistful of Revolution" CD

This falls into the "I've heard it before but who cares" category. There is an obvious HOT WATER MUSIC thing going on here. Big time! But it's done so well that I couldn't resist the anthems away approach. A good full length. (RL)
(A-F, PO Box 71266, Pittsburgh, PA 15213)

WRETCH LIKE ME - "I Am Become Death" CD

Some of the time these guys feel like a more driving bass heavy SENSEFIELD. Other songs are way more rock n roll and then they about turn and throw in some more melancholic indie rock moments. All the songs are multi layered and intricate, and at times head into noodle territory, but for the most part its zipped tight. Difficult to describe—which is part of the attraction, but definitely an interesting, compelling release worthy of your hard earned Benjamins if you want something a little off the beaten track. (TB)
(Owned and Operated, PO Box 36, Ft Collins, CO 80522)

YEAH YEAH YEAHS - 12"EP

I'd read a lot about this band in the mainstream press (they're one of those bands who are going to save rock and roll), but I only heard them for the first time last month. It's always a bad sign when the first time you hear about a band is in some fashion magazine, but just like fellow New Yorkers the STROKES (who I'd practically written off before I'd even heard them, due to all the hype), these guys *do* have good songs. It's basically stripped-down, CRAMPS-y rock 'n' roll, with a potty-mouthed girl singer. I still prefer the GOSSIP, but this is pretty good. What are *you* going to do after you graduate from art school? (AM)
(Touch and Go, PO Box 25520, Chicago, IL 60625)

YOUNG ONES/ARMED WITH INTELLIGENCE - "Garbage Picking Youth" EP

If the YOUNG ONES and ARMED WITH INTELLIGENCE are the future of punk rock, then everything's gonna be fine. Both bands play hardcore of the frantic variety that places more emphasis on getting the message across and less emphasis on perfecting their sound. Fans of SHARP KNIFE, QUEERWÜLF, the SNOBS, and even the BANANAS will love this record as much as I do. (DP)
(Punks Before Profits, 99 Custer St., Buffalo, NY 14214, Art of the Underground, PO Box 14411, Elliotville, NY 14731)

YOUNG WASTENERS - "We Got Ways" LP

Amdi Petersen finds a new Armé for this brisk bunch of social and political protest songs. It's powerchord mid-speed powerchord punk with BUZZCOCK-ian guitar figures (or in "Stained Circle," sax) hovering over the mix. The style works especially well in the outstanding "A-Z-A.," but their real forte is their pungent sarcasm, best shown in the ironic anti-colonial tune "Ecuador." Overall, a strong release. (SS)
(Kick 'n' Punch, Box 570, 2200 Copenhagen N, DENMARK)

V/A - "Barbaric Thrash Demolition Volume 3" 2xCD & EP

Wow, what an amazing compilation this is. Over thirty bands are found here, spread out over two CDs and one EP. Fuck, look at some of the bands in the line-up: EDORA, REPROACH, HAY-MAKER, OXBAKER, SOUNDS LIKE SHIT, KILLED IN ACTION, SHANK, FACE UP TO IT, KENT BROCKMAN, FUERZA X, MELEE, SCOTT BAIO ARMY and many, many more. And to top it all off, there is the EP of ASOCIAL's *How Could Hardcore Be Any Worse* demo, which is top-notch raging Swedish thrash from 1982! This international scope and quality reminds me a lot of the phenomenal *No Fate* compilations that are on HG Fact. Essential to any thrasher's collection! (RC)
(625 Thrashcore, PO Box 423413, San Francisco, 94142-3413, www.625thrash.com)

V/A - "Barcode The World: Last Call For Unity" CD

Crazy mix of punk rock from the land down under—from the POGUES inspired jams of MUTINY to full bore hardcore a la PLAYGROUND OF HATE all the way around to snotty punk like WE MUST KILL BOBBY—all and all a pretty good crossection of Australian punk. (MT)
(BCTW, PO Box 341, Fivedock, NSW 2046, AUSTRALIA)

V/A - "Battle for Airwaves" EP

From the West Coast we have the WORKIN' STIFFS with a storming street punk anthem, possibly their best track to date—such a shame they've split, as they were one of the Bay Area's best. The BODIES leave their flag waving at the door and deliver yet another stick-in-yer head bouncy *Killed By Death*-esque ripper. Onto the flip...wait...wrong speed... oh, no it's not... it's the WRETCHED ONES and the TEMPLARS with their plodding East Coast oi. I know these dudes have been around forever and deserve respect, but they are both just too damn slow. If this was a soccer match, the West Coast would win 2-0. (TB)
(Radio, PO Box 1452, Sonoma, CA 95476)

V/A- "The Bloodbath is Coming" 2xEP

The bastard son of 625's *Murderous Grind Attack* perhaps? An international grindcore explosion with masters of the genre like REFORM CONTROL, LEFT IN RUINS, NASUM, FEAR IS THE PATH TO THE DARKSIDE, Mexico's HOG, HEAD HITS CONCRETE, DEMISOR, YACOPSAE, and DUDMAN, who steal the whole friggin record with their two tracks. This is all quality stuff (I only found my self wishing it was a CD so I could skip tracks one time, not bad for a grind comp), ranging from hardcore bands to pure metallic carnage. Get this for the DUDMAN tracks alone, enjoy it for everything else.
(Sounds of Betrayal, Box 7092, 20042 Mälmo, SWEDEN)

V/A - "Loved by Few...Hated by Most" EP

I listen to this record and I just wanna break things. This is good. The fact that the closest thing to me is this computer is bad. If I smashed this computer, *MRR* wouldn't let me review anymore. The music is just that good. Unfortunately I happened to read the lyrics, and sure enough the "always controversial" late A.V.O. failed to let me down. With a song called "Trough Boy," A.V.O. glorifies fag bashing. Sure, for some of you the lyrics "Then he asked me if I liked his bum/I got real nervous should have fuckin run/Left hook to the temple uppercut to the jaw/The filthy bastard hit the fuckin floor," might not mean much. You will tell me that as long as the music rocks, who cares about the lyrics? To that I say, I'll never appreciate an instrumental piece more than when Taps plays at your funeral. Some of the other bands sharing this unfortunate release are CRISPUS ATTUCKS, BREZHNEV, MILKMAN, and the BLURTERS. You could go out and buy this record, but do you really want to? (JF)
(Kangaroo)

V/A – "Move to Riot—A New Zealand Punk Compilation 1978-'86" CD

The title pretty much says it all. This is a great collection of stuff ranging from straight '77 style to Rough Trade post-punk circa 1979. To mention a couple bands would be a disservice to those not mentioned. 23 tracks of New Zealand punk that is mostly new to me and most likely nonexistent on the collector's front. Awesome! (RL)
(Raw Power, PO Box 7127, Wellesly Street, Auckland, NEW ZEALAND, crawl@ihug.co.nz)

V/A - "The Die Has Been Cast" CD

Mish-mash of a comp—some stuff, like VARSITY, that sounds like JIMMY EAT WORLD, some stuff that sounds sorta like GREEN DAY (CLEARVIEW 77), some emotive mosh like NO DIRECTION, some ripping hardcore like STOOL SAMPLE—but overall too much variance for anything to grab your attention. All in all twenty songs from all over the map for you to digest. (MT)
(Boxman, 3473 N. Bremen St, Milwaukee, WI 53212)

V/A - "Last White Christmas II" CD

Wow, the BCT reissues just keep coming. This time around you get "73 minutes of live chaos and destruction" which includes CHEETAH CROME MOTHERFUCKERS, REFUSE IT, and TRAUMATIC. And it was all recorded back in 1983! I am not going to lie to you and say the recording is great, but on the same hand when you consider the time and the place that it came from, it really isn't that bad. Of the three bands found here, I liked the snarling punk attack of CHEETAH CROME MOTHERFUCKERS the most. Lots of anger and feedback rolled into one package, and their cover of NEGATIVE TREND's "Mercenaries" was awesome. (RC)
(Bad Compilation Tapes, Box 16205, San Diego, CA 92116, bctinsd@aol.com)

V/A - "Samurai Pride Forever—Tribute to John Holmez"

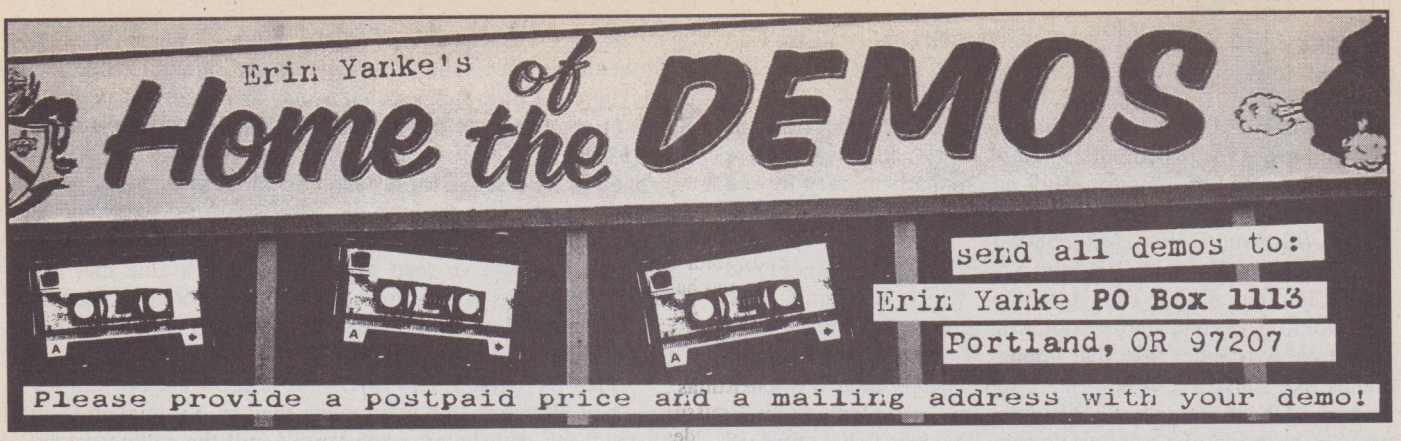
12 tough guy Japanese metalcore bands paying homage to JOHN HOLMEZ, the ultimate Japanese tough guy metal core band. Most of the stuff on here is more akin to mid tempo death metal than anything remotely punk, but then when you're covering songs by JOHN HOLMEZ, that's what I would expect. IMMORTALITY, STRENGTH, T.J. MAXX, EDGE OF SPIRIT, DEAD-REFORCE and seven others offer tracks. Fans of MORNING AGAIN, LIAR and of course JOHN HOLMEZ take note. (WN)
(Hard Core Kitchen, Karum Bldg. #304, 2-6-2 Kitanagasa, Chou-Ku, Kobe 650-0012 JAPAN)

V/A – "Ska And Punk Venezuelan Bands Vol. 1" CD

This is one long CD of 18 Venezuelan bands playing ska and punk. So no matter what, you can tell this CD by its cover. The nice thing about the title is that there is no "Ska-punk" in it. Because you don't get that with this album, the ska songs are ska, and the punk songs are punk. Now while the ska songs tend to be quite good, with many of them having a latin tinged two-tone feel, the punk songs don't fare so well. Too many of the bands have that melodic punk sound that is so popular with MTV and such. One band that does stand out in the punk realm is LADO B. with their BAD RELIGION-ish inspired tracks. A good CD if you like ska, and a neat place to check out an oft neglected scene. (JF)
(Think Oh! Records, www.okradioweb.org)

V/A - "Unscene Effort" LP

This is a rare commodity. A 20 band compilation that #1, is on vinyl, and #2, doesn't suck. JOHNNY COCK & THE NUTS, HEADGRENADE, EYESORES, CLAP, OBR, FUCK YOUR HEROES, DARE TO FLY, MOTTS, SONS OF LIBERTY, BROKEN SOCIETY, SURVIVORS, LOS DRYHEAVERS, CHAINSAW LITTLE KIDS, FACE DOWN, GABRIEL'S RATCHETS, CERNOBILSKE JAGODE, FRACAS, GIRLBAND, MAN O' MALLEYS, ACT OF MARTYR. This is an excellent hardcore smorgasbord. (DP)
(Sick of Talk, PO Box 9723, Reno, NV 89507, www.sickoftalk.com)



Quick reminder...street addresses and post paid prices!

AN ARROW IN FLIGHT play mostly a slow to midtempo emo style, with "chunka chunka" guitars and a singer who moaningly screaming the vocals. It's early 90s styles of emo, but from different regions, so it works out to be a smorgasbord of emo, and it works. ($1 for postage, but free in person. 6 song CD, lyric sheet. PO Box 126434, San Diego, CA 92112-6434.)

BUZZ SAWYER are on the cleaner side of the dirty rockaroll spectrum. They sound good rockin', and have catchy midtempo songs. The vocals are sort of restrained, and sung with only a little attitude. (8 song CD, no lyric sheet. 506 W. Franklin St., Chapel Hill NC 27516.)

CORPUS CHRISTIE sent in a great demo. Their hardcore has a wide range, from hard rock style guitar bits or containing lots of melody. Vocally they're all over the place, like ASF mixed with THE JOYCE MCKINNEY EXPERIENCE, harmonies and toughness. ($3 ppd. 6 song CD, lyric sheet. PO Box 71144, Pittsburgh, PA 15213.)

Cranial Stretch is a comp. of modern day hardcore all stars doing olden days hardcore all stars covers. Hell, I'll just list them...DESTROY covering THE VARUKERS, ASSHOLE PARADE doing CITIZEN'S ARREST, DS13 as NEGATIVE APPROACH, which I think is my favorite, SPAZZ covering DEAD KENNEDY'S, and a laugh out loud moment, back to business with CODE 13 doing NOTA, FEAST OR FAMINE and a REAGAN YOUTH song, DEFIANCE covers ANGELIC UPSTARTS, AUS ROTTEN covering CRUCIFIX, and ULCER rounds it out. Fucking kick ass. This tape is free with issue one of something, but the zine reviewers are all in San Francisco, and I'm up in Portland, so I know nothing of that. (9 song cassette, no lyric sheet. 13386 Piccadilly Dr., Sterling Hts., MI 48312.)

CUT THE SHIT have that hardcore (not punk, and thankfully metal free) feeling mixed with the old school punk sound. This has a Boston anthemic quality, but the bands of "back in the day" on Taang and stuff weren't didn't have this " fist pumpin, head bangin hardcore" quality, says Doug. An added bonus feature is a fold out centerfold of THE TEEN IDLES, and I think it's pretty funny to include a centerfold of another band in your demo. Good work! ($2 ppd. 5 song cassette, lyric sheet. PO Box 41, Allston, MA 02134.)

DADE COUNTY RESISTANCE musically are of the FACE TO FACE school of catchy saccharine (possibly nutrisweet) rock, and a croony broken hearted singer guy, with lots of backup vocal harmonies. They've got one song that lyrically seems to pay homage to the JAWBREAKER song "Indictment," but this band is much more polished. (6 song CD, lyric sheet. 2855 Dubard St., Columbia, SC, 29204-2724.)

DEMENTIA THIRTEEN are a good trashy garage rock band with organ and energy. The vocals are effect laden and kind of snotty, fitting of the genre they embrace whole heartedly. ($7 ppd. 8 song CD, no lyric sheet. 194 Powers St. Apartment 2, Brooklyn, NY 11211.)

THE DISGRUNTLES play like a fast-ish and no nonsense early 90s west coast sounding band, like THE DETONATORS. Vocally it's like the middle period of Kevin Seconds career, where he's starts speaking clearly while ranting instead of spitting his lyrics out at a "mile a minute" pace. (9 song CD, lyric sheet. 4024 Moss Place, Alexandria,VA 22304.)

EVERYONE DIES ALONE plays moody dark screamo style, but the quiet parts are instrumentally gripping, and carry the mood of isolation just as well as when the guy's screaming his guts out about it. (3 song CD, no lyric sheet. 222 N. Washington St, Moscow, ID 83843.)

THE FRONT are a pretty straightforward rock band, although more driving and, although they're really catchy, they're too tough to be a pop band. Real singing with a good range (female) vocals. (9 song CD, no lyric sheet. PO Box 883, Casper, WY 82602.)

Fut Amewica! is a comp with a 14 bands, rock based like CRIPPLED BY SOCIETY or more hardcore, SCOTT BAIO'S ARMY and KISS THE GRAVE, and PUNCH IN THE FACE for those who like it a little more straightforward and CASPAROMANTIX and THE LUMPS for those who like the chaos and weird noises that people are capable of. Lots of variety, but all sort of lo-fi and engaging, except the techno song that will drive your hungover roommates crazy, or at least my hungover roommates. ($2 ppd. 40 song -or so- cassette, no lyric sheet.1300 N. Dorty, Hanford, CA 93230.)

GOATSCREW have a dirty southern hard rock edge on their hardcore, leady guitars that sound like debauchery and hard times. They're mostly midtempo, with some forays into the thrash part pace, and have a shouting singer. Somebody in this band has a really good scream. (12 song CD, no lyric sheet. 2249 Miles Road, Cincinnati, OH 45231.)

THE HALF HUMANS sent in 2 full length CDs for review, but their sound doesn't change that much from one to the other. They sound like a mix between the catchy parts and vocals of RANCID and the driving and sometimes the quirky parts of SCREAM. Sore throat spoken and sung vocals, and pretty good energy all the way through both CDs. (13 songs on each CD, lyric sheet with The Blood, Sweat, and Chaos. 2007 60th Street, Lubbock, TX 79412.)

The Icing on the Gravy is a tape comp with 21 bands on it, some lo-fi and fun (FAT DAY) and some stop start emo hardcore (ASSHOLE PARADE) blazing, tough, and screaming, (MRTVA BUDOUCNOST—Czech Republic) and a host of others. This is actually a really good representation of a lot of the little subgroups that hardcore has diverged into, and the flow between the bands and songs is really good for how many styles

are represented. Amazingly consistent sound quality all the way through, too. ($5 ppd. 33 songs, 21 bands, no lyric sheet. PO Box 300536, Austin, TX 78703-0009.)

THE KEEPAWAYS are a rocking mid-tempo straightforward punk band with snotty attitude and, although they're too melodic and too raw for a full on comparison, they have a little PANDORAS in them. ($6 ppd. 3 song CD, no lyric sheet. 530 N. 9th Ave., Duluth, MN 55805.)

MARION are an emo band who mixes up influences and styles as often as they change tempos, which is often. I think DC would be a good starting point for their sound, but they are able to play tougher than that implies. I can hear Minneapolis bands like JONESTOWN in there too. Vocally there's a lot of bottom of the throat screaming/singing mix, and plenty of backups. As an aside, the printing on the CD cover is beautiful. (7 song CD, lyric sheet. 503 Perry Rd., Greenville, SC 29611.)

THE MAX LEVINE ENSAMBLE belong on Plan-it-X records, same catchy pop with something to say if you want to hear it, but pure pop abandon if that's what you need at the moment. Musically the melodic leads are split between trumpet and guitar. Personally I could do without the Jim Croce cover, but there are 16 gems here. ($5 ppd. 17 song CD, funny lyric booklet. PO Box 341, Rockville, MD 20848.)

THE NEEDLES play rockaroll like you've heard it before, but it doesn't matter because they rock you to abandon. All the elements are here, from solid driving rhythms, good distorted guitar up front, a snotty front guy, and a couple good cover songs. Captivating! (10 song CD, and a 3 song CD, no lyric sheets on either. 310 Front St. Suite 4 #233, Wilmington, NC 28401.)

OMER AND THE LESBIANS made me both laugh out loud hysterically and cringe. They're a funny synthesizer and sounds like toy instruments, with different singers on top of it, inside jokes and favorite products. The instrumental stuff reminds me of the soundtrack played on carousels, that then speed out of control and kill the children riding the rides. They are the older kids working the controls and laughing hysterically while sniffing glue. My favorite song is the instructional use of a tampon with a chorus of questions...they just might be geniuses. ($3 ppd. 29 song CD, no lyric sheet, 1005 Sleepy Hollow Rd., Clarks Summit, PA 18411.)

PAINT IT BLACK follow in the trench of these guys' past bands, KID DYNAMITE and GOOD RIDDANCE and more...modern guitar driven hardcore with anger instead of angst, and spoken/shouty vocals. Are you starting the pit just thinking of it? You should be, this is quality. (4 song CD, no lyric sheet. PO Box 15123, Philadelphia, PA 19130.)

PILGERS play midtempo hardcore with a large melodic component, reminiscent of the style where the lead singer jumps real high, and points a lot. (7 song CD, lyric sheet. 38 Gatcombe, Netley Abbey, Southhampton, So31 5PX, UK.)

RED TAPE mix it up a lot in the realm of catchy hardcore, sounding like a history lesson of Southern California punk rock all rolled into one. Melodic and tough, but complex, too. It's at a totally danceable pace, with vocals that are sung rough, without trying to be any sound that they're not. Good back up vocals that are easy to pick up and shout along to. Good Work! (7 song CD, lyric sheet. PO Box 19135, Sacramento, CA 95819.)

R-N-R DEMOLITION is a screaming angry vocalist with the music pace solid right between thrash and mosh hardcore. There's a little fancy guitar work, and plenty of melody. Solid. (4 song cassette, lyric sheet. PO Box 344, Winchendon, MA 01475.)

STELLENBOSCH play screamo that's slow and dynamically always moving through the scales of angst, with vocals that get into pterodactyl territory quick and often. They have the coolest packaging I've seen in a while, with a zine that has Pettibon style. Lots of care and attention, very cool.(4 song CD, lyric sheet and lots of goodies. Cremerplein #7, 3532 BX Utrecht, Kleurplaat, The Netherlands.)

THE STRANGE DIVISION are a throw back to simpler times, mid 60's pop, and even when they try to toughen it up with feedback and guitar solos, there's still the rolling catchy rhythm section to shake your hips to. This is only a review of the first song, then the CD started skipping out of control, so I hope it's representative of the rest of the demo. (4 song CD, no lyric sheet. 566Crosby St. Apt. #3, Akrn OH 44302.)

THE SWARM OF ANGELS sound like the first wave of post punk bands from England, GANG OF FOUR, THE FALL, all that kind of stuff, but they're from modern times Texas! Good and danceable, interesting guitar stuff and there are surprises in the songs as they build up and into each other...fuck yeah this is great! (4 song CD, no lyric sheet. 3009 Preston St., Houston, TX 77003.)

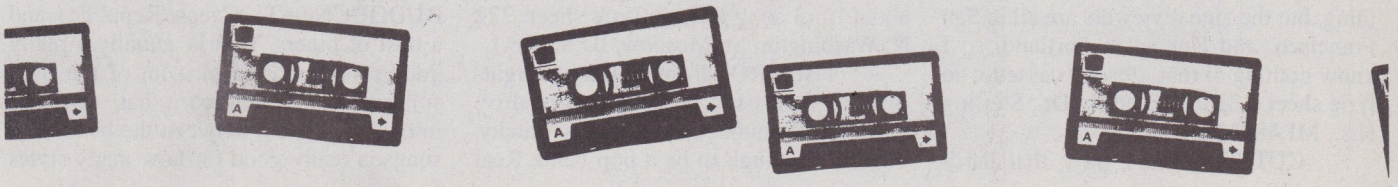
SURRENDER is a tight band mostly plays on the rock side of punk rock that backs up enthralling vocals ...it's like, you know how early GO GO'S stuff is really tough and pretty at the same time? Well, this is countless times tougher, great musicianship and all that, but with the sweet parts intact. They bust into some hardcore, too, where the vocals switch between the sung and the screamed. I'm thrilled about this demo. (4 song cassette, no lyric sheet. 300 S. 3rd Street, Apt. D4, Brooklyn, NY 11211.)

TAPPED OUT and SILVER ACTIONS put out a split, with TAPPED OUT being little more low down with their mid tempo and fist throwing head banging punk. The singing is from the gut, but still sings, and lots of group back ups. SILVER ACTIONS are faster and with more leady bits on the guitar, tempo changes and the guttural vocals are more spoken than sung on this side. ($6 ppd. 6 songs and lyric sheet for TA, 5 songs by SA and no lyric sheet. 3124 Sweet Briar, Grapevine, TX 76051.)

TRAILER PARK HEROS are another band from Tennessee who's version of madness is less melodic and more chaotic than other This Here bands...the tape sounds like a live show, while you're drunk and dancing next to the PA speaker that's getting constantly knocked over by you and a bunch of friends. Growly spitting vocals, and on the faster side of midtempo. As they would say, Hell Yeah! ($1 ppd. 7 song cassette, lyric sheet. PO Box 481, Chattanooga, TN 37401.)

WHATEVER IT TAKES has shouting vocals and backups, but the music is derivative of hookier catchy bands. They sound like a pretty even mixture of the best parts of FUEL and MONSULA. (8 song CD, no lyric sheet. 204 Kenrich Dr., Moon Toop. PA 15108.)

Now it's up to you, what are you waiting for?



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Weirdos "Weird World" LP $8.50 or CD $12
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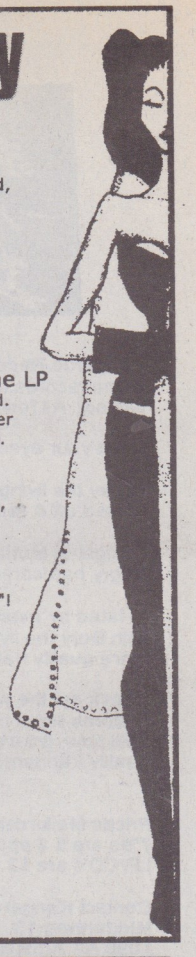

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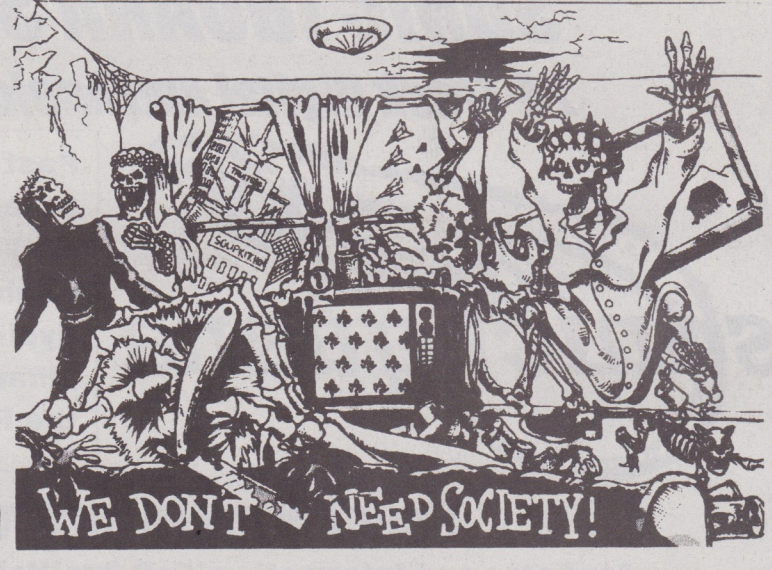

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ZINES

Reviews by: (AC) Arwen Curry, (AR) Aragorn, (CB) Chanel Bowman, (KC) Karoline Collins, (BD) Ben Ditch, (MD) Mikel Delgado, (SD) Sara Double-Ears, (GF) Gardner Fusuhara, (JH) Jeff Heermann, (HH) Harald Hartmann, (CJ) Chloe Jensen, (JM) Jeff Mason, (JL) Jennifer L. Mushnick, (NN) Nellie Nelson, (MN) Mimi Nguyen, (CR) Casey Ress, (MT) Mike Thorn, (GZ) Gordon Zola.

Please send your zine in for review. Write down any information you want included in the review; method of printing, number of pages, issue number and post paid price. If you want us to include a foreign post paid price, tell us. If you accept trades, tell us. The only information we will include is what you provide us.

ALCO-BEAT #13 /50¢
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 48 pgs
Another zine that falls into the category of bathroom reading, not so much because it's particularly "dirty," but because it's great fun to read while having a crap. *Alco-beat* straddles delicately and not always successfully the line between being silly and asinine. In this issue the reflections on laundromats, roller coasters, punk houses, and guilty pleasures are well written and silly, while the articles, such as the seven-page television guide, are just a bit dull. There's a lot in here though, and for 50¢, who cares! (CR)
PO Box 1363 / Madison, WI 53701-1363

BAMBULE #1 / $3
8 x 11.75 - printed - 67 pgs - French
I was quite impressed with this substantial debut issue. Editor Nicolas has crammed *Bambule* with subjects of genuine cultural and political interest, and while the attitude and production here are definitely DIY, both the variety of topics covered and their depth makes this read like a *maga*zine. Included, for example, is an informative modern political history and cultural study of Indonesia, which seems to be quite well done and is buttressed by plenty of sources and photographs. Nicolas is also clearly interested in art: *Bambule* contains a long article about German painter Otto Dix, and interviews with French gay and lesbian organization A Jeu Egal and feminist organization Les Voies d'Elles are illustrated with radical art, catching and keeping your eye. Punk rockers? Yeah, they're in here: one long interview with Yannick from Tragedy and a great one with Stéphane from *Rad Party*, among other stuff. Nicolas seems to be uniformly respectful about providing context for all of the material he covers, and we all know how rare and precious that is. This is a great start; I'll look forward to the next issue. (AC)

Nicolas Retiére / 5 rue Buffon / 38000 Grenoble / France
les_nains_aussi@libertysurf.fr

BOSTON PUNK FLYERS #? /$2
8 5 x 11 - printed - 30 pgs
Yup. Pretty much all flyers. "96-02" "Surviving the post-Rat era". This is pretty self-explanatory. Looks good, if you want reprints of flyers, here ya go. Didn't do much for me, but the kids around here were stoked on it. (GF)
FNS Publishing / PO Box 1299 / Boston, MA 02130
www.geocities.com/spatt77

THE BROADSLIDE #3 / $1 or trade (plus 83 cent stamp)
8.5 x 11- copied - 24 pgs
The first half of *The Broadslide* is a bunch of articles covering different aspects of current events, which, while they were interesting and well written, didn't really offer any opinions I haven't already heard in any of the other political zines floating around. This is followed by a couple of pages of music reviews before the focus shifts to more personal subject matters. All in all, it's not bad, but it could do with more attention paid to the layout. (BD)
c/o Boone / PO Box 329 / Columbia, MO 65205-0329

BROKEN PENCIL #19 / $4.95
8.5 x 11 - printed - 72 pgs
Broken Pencil is, among other things, a small-press magazine that succeeds in its own Culture Workshop Writing Group way. It's thick, it's colorful (at least on the outside) and it studiously avoids fleeting ephemera such as punk rock records, hairstyles, and the body counts of 19th Century serial killers. This particular issue contains a feature on Slovenian Indie Culture, Riding British Columbia's Waves, the Montreal Anarchist Book Fair, the Search for Thai Zines, so-called Criminal Cinema, and "the Hottest Happenings & Coolest Choices!" (JH)
PO Box 203, Station P/Toronto, ON / M5S 2S7 Canada
www.brokenpencil.com

THE C.P.A.B. #3 / $1
4.5 x 5.5 - copied - 28 pgs
This is Vicki's "I kill" issue. Urban (SF) adventures on the extreme get-inside-my-head tip, broken typewriter style. Vicki gets back to basics—basically, she's totally bored and frustrated, life

sucks, she hates everything, she wants to break everything, have dangerous adventures, and stay out all night. If you haven't felt this way at some point in your life, constantly, passionately, for at least six months straight, are you really a punk rocker? I ask you. (AC)
PO Box 170565 / San Francisco, CA 94117

THE C.P.A.B. #4 / **HEARTBREAK STOMACHACHE** #6 / $1
4.5 x 5.5 - copied - 48 pgs
A split issue by two Bay Area kids who split a PO Box. *The C.P.A.B.* isn't quite as pissed as the last issue—this one works over Vicki's recurring fascination about interacting with strangers on the street, and yells a little bit about boys. *Heartbreak Stomachache* is Christuffer's account of a emotionally sloppy early relationship. Oh, young love—the flowers and bees, the hurt and confusion. Hopefully the next issue will tell a prettier tale. (AC)
PO Box 170565 / San Francisco, CA 94117

CHUMPIRE #151 / 1 stamp or trade
8.5 x 11 - copied - 1 pg
The most famous one pager? Here's why; cool stories about Florida, books, museums, deregulation, films, zines. Friendly writing, unbelievably good for one page. (GF)
PO Box 680 / Conneaut Lake, PA 16316

CRACKS IN THE WALL #2 / $1 or stamps
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 20 pgs
Fuck yeah! It's so rare that I find a zine that combines personality and politics as well as they are in this. With rants on the Feederz, complacency and laziness, and mass mind control, not to mention movie reviews and an intense short story, this zine has it all. It takes a little bit of concentration, seeing as some of the ideas are pretty complex, but Andy's writing kept my attention even through the most confusing explanations. Everything is very well-written, which was a pleasant surprise—it's good to see punks that know how to use the dictionary. Get yourself a copy of this zine and thank me later. (CJ)
Andy / 2 Tinkham Glenn / Wilbraham, MA 01095

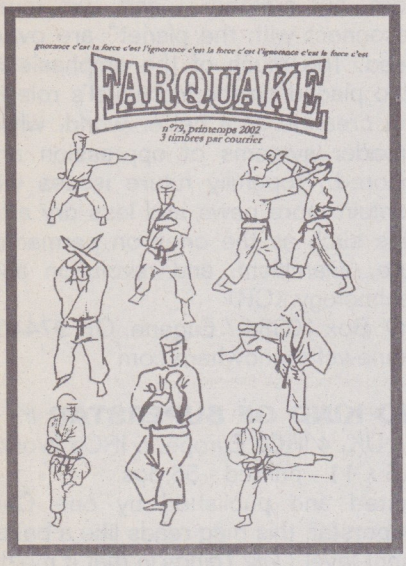
DIG IT! #25 / 4,5 Euros
8 x 11.75 - printed - 48 pgs - French
This long-running fanzine is dedicated to all things distorted and 60s, with newer surf and garage thrown in. This issue contains a detailed article about Roky Erickson, interviews with the Bellrays and the Flaming Sideburns, and an impressive life-and-times of the Mighty Hannibal. These are interspersed with record, zine, and show reviews to create a satisfying and consistent package for the lo-fi rock 'n' roll fan. (AC)
c/o Armadillo / 32 rue Pharaon / 31000 Toulouse / digitfanzine@chez.com

DIRTY GURL CHRONICLES #1 / $2 or trade
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 20 pgs
Awesome crusty girl comic. With a drawing style that reminds me of Megan Kelso's *Girl Hero*, Arriel constructs a funny, entertaining comic. In this first issue, street kid Pig Pen happens upon a superhero outfit in the dumpster. When she dons it in a drunken stupor she becomes The Smelly Avenger, a crime fighting, cop smashing do-gooder, who stands for the right to "wear dirty socks and read dirty magazines." It's about time the kids had someone to look up to. (SD)
Dirty Gurl Comix / 69 Berkeley St / Somerville, MA 02143

EARQUAKE #79 / $2
6 x 8.25 - printed - 28 pgs - French
This long-running scene resource contains show listings throughout France, thoughtful reviews of new books, zines, records, tapes of interest, plenty of useful addresses, and interviews with novelist Franck Michel and Bordeaux punk band Acrimonie. Just more evidence for me this month that the French scene is thriving. (AC)
Fréderic Leca / Le Ménil / 88160 Le Thillot / France
Xearquake@aol.com

FINGER ON THE TRIGGER #4 / **NOTE TO PRISONERS** #? / $1
4.25 x 5.5 - copied - 64 pgs
A split personal zine, the *Finger on the*

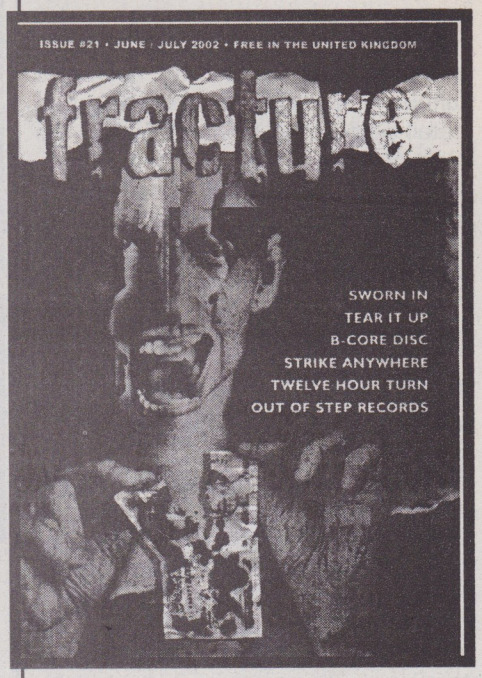
Trigger side is enthusiastic, sincere, and a nice read. In typewritten sections that flow into each other quite easily, Adee talks about being told, as a young African American girl, by her white neighbors that there is a difference between black people and "niggers;" boys, girls and the gender politics of train-hopping; sexual harassment and armpit hair; and more. Sprinkled throughout are cute little drawings of herself in various conversations, and an excerpt from a collection of oral histories of blacks living in the "Jim Crow" South. *Note to Prisoners* (it doesn't clarify which issue) is the "don't try me" issue. Sarah writes with a clear, concise simplicity which is nonetheless humorous and poignant in turn, and always compelling. In a story about the trials of growing up a working-class white girl, she writes, "My sisters were teenagers then and they were really cool. They stole Wet & Wild lipstick and cut off the sleeves of their DIO shirts. They got to crawl out of their window and I had to stay home and make sure the dog didn't bark when they came back." Well-told stories and snippets about all those who have "tried her," including boys, siblings, teachers, punk rockers, and the state, round out this side of the split. (Oh, and Sarah totally calls out Crimethinc for a sexist scam. Double thumbs up!) For a buck, this zine is a jewel in disguise as a bargain. You can get a back issue of *Note to Prisoners* for a stamp or trade, too. (MN)
Sarah and Adee / 1214 N 7th Ave / Pensacola, FL 32503



FRACTURE #21 / $3 world
8.5 x 11 - printed - 114 pgs
This issue features Sworn In, Tear It Up, B-Core Disc, Strike Anywhere, Out Of Step Records. Still free in the UK, still a great read, lottsa columns, good interviews, great layout. It rules. Of course you get it. (GF)
PO Box 623 / Cardiff, CF3 4ZA / UK
fracturezine@hotmail.com

GIGANTIC #1 / $2
4 x 5.5 - copied - 32 pgs
A super hot little bundle of fun, *Gigantic* is easy on the eyes and a great accessory for your back pocket. Hand screened covers, nice layouts and a great sense of humor! This is worth ordering for the clever little tale entitled "Record Store Dating" alone (suffice to say that I'll never look at the Amoeba employees the same way again!) Other highlights include a few adventures in "groopiedom" (if you're a rocker with seemingly all the right moves, you best think twice about making out with a fan...they might just put their experience in print...especially if you're a bad kisser!) a short history of Midwest punk legends, some mini-interviews with Richard Hell, Ten Benson, The Mooney Suzuki, the Datsuns, and the Strokes, and a regular sized one with the Hotwires.

Gigantic deserves a great big old round of applause. Only costs one pound if you live in the UK. Can't wait to see the next issue! (KC)
Honda Artrocker / Flat 4, 18 Agamemnon Rd / London NW6 1DY / UK
mr-love@angelfire.com



HEARTATTACK #34 / 50¢
8.5 x 11 - printed - 200 pages
HeartAttack always reminded me of a mini version of *MRR*, just with more advertisements. It's made from the good people at Ebullition Records and distro. In this particular issue, they had well done interviews with Against Me! and Tear It Up. Their record reviews have good variety, but could use a few more images. At 50 cents a pop, it's a good deal. (KH)
PO 848, Goleta, CA 93116
heartattack@Ebullition.com

THE LAST THING I SEE #1 / stamps or trade
2.75 x 4.5 - copied - 24 pgs
In a self-deprecating tone, Brent tells the short story of his time at a stupid corporate job. Guess what? He quits. (SD)
Brent McKinght / 1810 Jacobson Blvd / Bremerton, WA 98310

LET'S ALL DIE #1-4 / $2 each
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 133 pgs
Join in on the fictional tour of See Jane Kill, Lakeview Ontario punk band, as told by newly heartbroken,

nearly always drunk, roadie, Casey Haight. Each volume of these four installments contains two to three chapters of what seems to be a continuing larger story. Because this is a fictitious account of a tour there are aspects of the typical tour diary that are avoided, however, I can't help but feel that this falls into the same genre as the overdone tour diary. A bit gratuitous in length, as well as in the detail paid to the bowel habits of the main character. Not quite as well written as *Tales of a Punk Rock Nothing*, but not quite as annoying either. (SD)
Dead Celebrity Books c/o Ductape / PO Box 741 / 1057 Steeles Ave West / Toronto Ontario / M2R 3X1 Canada
colin_jerkass@yahoo.com

MINE: AN ANTHOLOGY OF WOMEN'S CHOICES $ 3
8.5 x 7 - copied - 59 pgs
The woodcut cover depicts a woman in sneakers and cuffed jeans, holding a flag emblazoned with the word "MINE," standing on a bleak, black road marked by "Comstock," "Webster," "Casey." These are the names of some of the court cases and legislative measures passed over the last 150 years that, in one fashion or another, restricted women's mobility and access to reproductive choices to different degrees, according to race and class—cases and measures which defined women outside the normative scope of citizenship (without privacy, without legal rights to individual sovereignty, etc.). This compilation zine is a collection of women's stories about abortion, and is a necessary intervention in an era characterized by the slow legal and legislative dismantling of what rights to reproductive freedoms we have in the United States, and the social and economic conditions which further discipline women with restricted access and dialogue about reproductive choices. There are a wide range of stories here (all pro-choice) about the social stigmas attached to abortion, to public discussions of female sexuality, about the economic and legal restrictions which inhibit the question of "choice" for poor women, working women, young girls, etc. There are personal stories about rituals for saying goodbye and about working at a clinic, histories of abortion in the United States, and political critiques of patriarchal control over women's bodies. There are tales about medical abortions, surgical abortions, herbal abortions, illegal abortions, and menstrual extractions. It's an amazing collection which Meredith is still accepting submissions for in future printings. This is essential reading, get it now, now, now. (MN)
Meredith S / PO Box 19136 / Pittsburgh, PA 15213

THE NEW SCHEME #6 / $?
8.5 x 11 - printed 70 pgs
Not much info with this one. Oh well. Pretty thick music zine with a lot of interviews with bands including The Lawrence Arms and The Casket Lottery. Lots of music reviews, some book reviews and a few columns. If you like poppy emo hardcore kind of punk stuff then maybe you'll be into this, but if you hate music, like me, then maybe you won't. (BD)
Stuart Anderson / PO Box 19873 / Boulder, CO 80308

NEWS FROM NOWHERE #1 / stamps
17 x 11 - printed - 8 pgs
I've been to Eugene, the hometown for *NFN*, and it really is nowhere. This zine doesn't actually contain any news, though. It is a collection of essays urging revolution and a establishment of a more equitable exchange, free form the cancers of patriotism, consumerism, and environmental destruction. The writing is a bit boring and cliches like "racists aren't born, but created..." and "we must reconnect with the planet" are overused. Too much of the emphasis is also placed on the individual's role in the creation of a better world, while broader systems of oppression are ignored. Hopefully future issues will contain more news and less dry articles such as the ones on permaculture, anarchism, and revolution and technology. (CR)
PO Box 10384 / Eugene, OR 97440
thenewsfromnowhere.com

NO KIND OF SUPERSTAR #3 / £1 UK, 4 IRCs Europe, 5 IRCs World
8.5 x 11 - printed - 56 pgs.
Edited and published by one Carl Superstar, this mag reads like a basement-level *Ugly Things* in that it melds enthusiastic words with a vast appreciation of 60s garage, psych and power pop...but it has a jagged, homemade quality that Mike Stax' zine moved away from years ago. Another obvious difference is that *No Kind of Superstar* features articles about and interviews with current artists, not confining itself to the Period Ghetto. Stuff on the likes of

the Owls, Piebald, everyone's favorite comic-book-turned-pop-group the Archies, moldy oldies Procol Harum, and Wild Weekend III. Eclectic in its approach—the fact that there's a review of GBH's *City Baby Attacked by Rats* reissue stands as incontrovertible proof, and they're not above wading into grubby punk rock of the modern variety. A swell read, clearly written and published for all the right reasons. (JH)
PO Box 274 / Wakefield WF1 2UG / England
nokindofsuperstaruk@yahoo.co.uk

PAPING #6 / $3
8.5 x 7 - copied - 48 pgs
How do you say the title? Is it pay-ping? or pap-ping? Anyway... Call me shallow, but one of the reasons I liked this zine so much was its cover. It's screenprinted in three colors on a cut-up manila folder, and it just looks really nice. This is a collection of comics written by a fourth-grade art teacher, his friends, and occasionally his students (or at least that's what I could make of it). The stories are funny and heartfelt, simple but not simplistic, and the drawings are original and varied. And I thought it was funny that he writes about playing Crimpshrine for his students and then says "they thought it was a joke." I wish my fourth-grade art teacher had been that cool. (CJ)
John / Apt #4 / 60 St Marks Place / New York, NY 10003

RAD PARTY #29 / $3
4.25 x 5.75 - printed - 84 pgs - French
"I've always preferred 'Live to Win' by Motörhead to 'Born to Lose' by Johnny Thunders," writes Stéphane, establishing the tone for this new issue of his long-running personal punk zine, "but unfortunately, my life has always resembled the second more than the first." I hope he'll pardon the translation, but apparently no one else around here can read any French—I guess all the smart kids took Spanish in junior high. Not that I'm complaining—that means I get to review *Rad Party* every few months, when it comes out. This one *is* worth collecting. Perennially starry-eyed, Stéphane details his romantic misadventures before launching into the music-

focused segment of *Rad Party*. This section is always an impressively thorough, current, and informative review

of all bands idealistic, shredding, or otherwise relevant to Stéphane's punk rock experience. "'Live Fast Die Young' is certainly most beautiful, and stupidest, *devise* I know," he signs off, keeping, as usual, his head above the murky waters of loves lost and incredible punk bands that broke up when we were too young. (AC)
Small Budget Productions (Rad Party) / BP #7 / 78110 Le Vesinet Cedex / France

RETARD RIOT #5 & #6 / free or 1 stamp
2.75 x 4.25 - copied - 16 pgs each
I really like zines that confuse me. Having said that, I think these zines are rad, but I can see how some people would disagree. The basic premise in both zines is a collection of drawings, most leaning towards the political side, but some of it is just plain weird. There are also record reviews in #5 and book reviews in #6, but it seems like the main focus is the art. Sometimes it can get a little immature, but in more of a lighthearted, joking way than anything else. If you want serious, long-winded and heartfelt zines, these aren't for you, but they sure made me laugh (especially the "terrorist bumper sticker sale"). (CJ)
Noah Lyon / 67 Barclay Rd / Clintondale, NY 12515

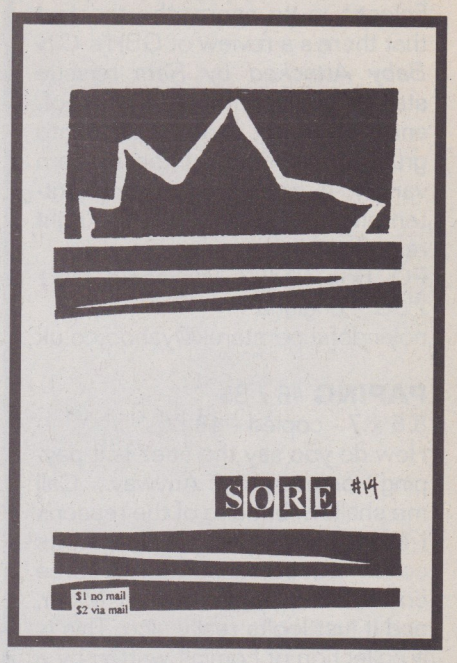
RIGHT BRIGADE #1-3 / 2 Euros or $2 and IRC
8.5 x 11 - copied -30 pgs
I'm totally impressed with these three comics by Knut. Check it out: cardboard covers, bound with duct tape, slipped inside plastic record sleeves cut down to size. Each comic is around 30 pages of wild stories depicting the events of the late 80's in Knut's life in Germany. Sure the drawings are crude, but hilarious, with every character wearing some great band t-shirt. Yes, the English translation (!) is written in over the German text (which has been whited out, but still visible on the edges). The plot lines move from school, to the punk show, to a fight, to the next day, the next year—but within this is a subtext examining independent spaces,

healthy relationships, and punk politics. The end product is a textural, impressive labor of punk. (SD)
Knut Siekmann / August-Bebel STR122 / 33602 Bielefeld / Germany

SNAGLETOOTH #1? / free or 1 stamp
2.75 x 4.25 - copied - 16 pgs
The first thing I saw when I opened this zine was the proclamation that "Reading makes you smart. But plus it makes you crazy too. Now you're reading and getting a little crazier." And how true it was. This is a puzzlingly cute and funny collection of drawings with a little bit of writing. Some subjects include children on pogo sticks, trees, the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, and 40-guzzlin', breakdancin', gun-totin' fingerprints. I feel a lot crazier now. But in a good way. (CJ)
Sasha Pearl / 24 Fisk St / Red Hook, NY 12571

SORE #14 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 - printed - 48 pgs
The intro to *Sore* mentions that the editor (Taylor) had a hard winter trying to decide what to do with this magazine (what direction to take, money woes, etc) then adds that he's really excited about adding a new section of his own writing (called Cultor) and it is the most fun he's had with this zine in a long time. Perhaps (and this is just a suggestion) it is time to concentrate on just putting out your own writing and skip the collection of contributors (fiction and columns), music/book/zine reviews, short interviews (punk work: teaching) and ad space (which make up the rest of *Sore*). I'd love to see an issue just full of personal diary style writing like the Cultor offering in this one. Anyway, personal preferences aside, this is a solid effort and worth checking out. (KC)
PO Box 68711 / Virginia Beach, VA 23471
SOREzine@aol.com

STOLEN SHARPIE REVOLUTION # 1/ $3
5.5 x 4.75 - copied - 96 pgs
Beyond the fact that I found *SSR* to be incredibly interesting, useful, and entertaining, I hold out the sad hope that this resource for zine makers will inspire and encourage folks to make better zines. *SSR* has suggestions and step-by-step instructions to improve every aspect of the zine creation process; from making your own paper, to creative cover concepts, to finding distros. Not only is this little zine crammed full of information, but it's all presented in a rad format that shows that these people know what's up. Before you make another crappy zine, take a look at this one. Hopefully you'll be able to glean something from it that will make your project more of a success. (CR)
Microcosm / PO Box 14332 / Portland, OR 97293
www.micropublishing.com



STRIKE #1 & 2 / ?
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 32 pgs each
Two issues of awkward feminism that I'd accept much more gladly from someone who seemed younger. Both issues consist mostly of reprints of comics, rants, art, and propaganda relating to women and feminist thought—editor Mandy is clear about wishing to communicate through other people's work as well as her own few-and-far-between comments. But the result is a confusing jumble of opinions, some of which I can get behind (pro-lifers? burn 'em down!) and some of which, like the anti-porn rants, leave me annoyed at best. Mandy goes half the distance in criticizing the mainstream media for its portrayals of women, but falls short, and lapses instead into a posture that comes threateningly close to proposing

restricting other women's approaches to feminism. The second issue contains a handwritten essay I assume written by Mandy, which is more coherent than any of the rest—why not fly it right up front? (AC)
474 Sinclair Ave #4 / Atlanta, GA 30307
rblgrrl323@excite.com

TOILET PAPER #1 / ?
8.25 x 5.74 - copied - 40 pgs
First of all, the layout is really distracting. There are no paragraph breaks, and some parts, like the reviews and poetry, are boxed off unevenly. Included are interviews with Bumble Bear Records, Quest for Rescue, the Big Collapse, Evil Jake, and Aerobitch, and essays about Sheryl Crow (in the form of a very long, extensive fan letter), sexism, sexuality, and other topics are given the stream-of-consciousness, one-paragraph treatment. There's a really ill-informed "rant" about how transgender and transsexual individuals are delusional and pathological, which smacked of 1970s anti-trans rhetoric from feminists like Janice Raymond. Ugh. (MN)
Alva Dittrich / Joh Kohlman Str 8 / 53913 Swisttal / Germany

TORPEDO #1 / $3
8.5 x 11 - printed - 50 pages
This glossy covered "zine" pained me to finish it. It started off with a few band interviews with random questions and irrelevant questions. After that came "The Top Ten Ways To Kill Yourself—the cool way." Throughout this while "zine," there were initial attempts at being comical, and in my opinion, the writers failed horribly. They review major label records (such as MCA, Epitaph, etc.) as well. Read some of it before you use those precious $3. (KH)
PO Box 35070 / Syracuse, NY 13235

UP MAGAZINE #4 / $5
11 x 8 - printed - 48 pgs - Dutch
This new hardcore zine continues on with interviews that include Rose Tattoo, De Heideroosjes, Fu Manchu, Satanic Surfers, Groovie Ghoulies, Sick Of It All, Soulfly, and a few other less well known bands. There are also reviews of new releases, and plenty of colorful ads. And finally, the zine comes with a CD sampler that includes bands that are interviewed in this issue. (HH)
Postbus 4269 / 5604 EG Eindhoven / Netherlands
website: www.upmagazine.nl

UPS #8 / $2 or £2
A5 - copied - 40 pgs
Pretty rad zine dedicated to international (European) DIY hardcore. The editor writes about his label and the Dutch scene in detail; also there are scene reports from Finland and a shorter one from Slovenia. He writes of not going to see Lärm practice and not regretting it because they weren't that good! Like him, I prefer their later band's material. There's a good interview with Betercore (and a tour report from them), also ones with Remains of the Day and Citizen Fish (featuring a few responses from our own Karoline Collins), a DOA retrospective, and plenty of reviews. There are no advertisements. (JM)
Richard UPS / Wanmolen 5 / 3833 ED Leusden / Netherlands

ZINE WORLD supplement to #17 / $1
8.5 x 11 - copied - 10 pgs
Owing to a delay in publishing, this supplement is to keep *ZW* up to date with their reviews, and will be included with mailed copies of #17. As always, the reviews are well-written and cover a variety of zines; I conservatively estimate that there are about 150 reviews herein. This is missing the wonderful news section, but certainly is fine and fairly-priced for what it is. (JM)
PO Box 330156 / Murfreesboro, TN 37133-0156
www.undergroundpress.com

coming soon
CIRIL- NEON KING KONG split

CIRIL
s/t CD
Finally! The first full length by these Poni meets Christian Death punkers from the LBC.

DEAD MAN'S CHOIR
"Out With The Trash" CD
Punk-rock-n-roll mayhem by these SoCali scenesters. On tour now!!

DRAIN BRAMAGED
"Seven Course Meal" CD
The 3rd full length by these O.C. punk veterans. More songs about Brews and Springer.

Thrash Of The Titans LP
The mega-thrash compilation with Strong Intention, Ruido, Fuck On The Beach, BS-13, Cripple Bastards, Dead Nation, Lack Of Interest, Flachenbrand, Anal Cunt, Scarred For Life, MK Ultra, Hirax, D.R.I., Tragatelo, Insult, Beyond Description & Capitalist Casualties

SCARRED FOR LIFE
"Far From Home" 7"
EUROPE 2000 tour release by ex- Glycine Max, Pig Children, Dogma Mundista & Bonecrusher members. Includes a Batallion of Saints cover.

CIRIL - ARMISTICE split LP
Long Beach Poni crew vs. Wilmington hardcore political crust.

FUCK ON THE BEACH - RUIDO split 7"
Japan's powerviolence heroes vs. LA Spanish punk superstars.

Also available:
go to the website for a complete list of releases. www.knowrecords.com

- **Ruido/Insult split 7"**
- **46 Short "Specimen" CD/LP**
- **Dead Man's Choir "She Don't Like It" 7"**
- **Dead Man's Choir "What's Wrong With Me" 7"**
- **Scarred For Life "Born, Work, Die" CD/LP**
- **The Fixtures "One Crisis Short Of Chaos" CD/LP**
- **The Fixtures "Dangerous Music Defect" CD**
- **Das Klown "Holy Crap!" CD/LP**
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jul 19 fri Pitch Black (record release),
Tear It Up (N.J.),
Down In Flames (N.J.),
Against Me (FL),
Flya (FL),
Fusty Lugs (AZ)

jul 20 sat Skill Share Benefit
Bands TBA

jul 21 sun 1pm
(GREEN ANARCHY TOUR)
Resist And Exist (L.A.),
Elder Wrath,
Songs for Emma,
John The Baker,
The Singing Crow

July 26/27
Bands TBA

aug 2 fri
The Insurgent (N.Y.),
Prix The Pilot,
Deconditioned (WA),
Blast Fo Me (OR)

aug 3 sat
Enemies (cd release),
The Explosion (MA)
Divit,
Fleshies,
The Blottos (last show),
Maneurysm (WI)

aug 4 sun 5pm
The Locust,
Lightning Bolt,
Arab On Radar,
Hella (Sacramento)

Aug 9 - TBA

aug 10 sat
Dillinger 4 (IL),
Lawrence Arms (IL),
Toys That Kill (L.A.),
The Arrivals,
The Attack (Canada)

Aug 11 Sun.
Yaphet Kotto
Calvary (ex-Current & Ottawa members)
Omega Cinco (spain)
The Shivering

aug 16 fri
Champion (WA),
Terror (L.A.),
Stay Gold (WA),
Circle Takes the Square
Alligiance

aug 17 sat
2 bands t.b.a.
Atrocious Madness (OR),
Bumbklaat (L.A.),
Black Market Fetus
(Rampaging Insane Deprivity Fest)

aug 24 sat
Phantom Limbs,
A Special guest
Pitch Black
Firefighters For Christ
Sod Hauler (WA)

all shows all ages $5 plus $2 membership (if you don't got one...all shows start at 8pm unless it says different wnat to get in free? show up early and volunteer to work the show!! want to play a show? call during booking on tuesday night-510.524.8180
no dumbshits, we only like smartshits... thanks...stay punk.

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FIENDZ
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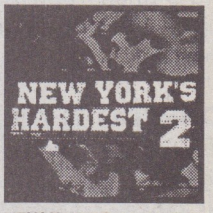
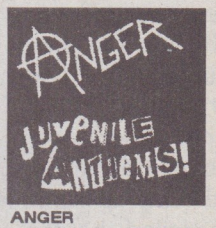
FLATUS
BLINDSIDED
Third full-length offers 15 tracks of pure Punk-Rock 'n 'Roll. This is the band's best material to date.

FLATUS
AURAL FIXATIONS
Great Punk Rock featuring the songs "Budget Beer", "Pavement", and "Bandwagon".



DEMONSPEED
KILL KILL KILL NEW!!
Finally, the long-awaited 15 song full length from NYC's Demonspeed. "Speaking of killing, the new Demonspeed CD will slay you."--NY PRESS

NEW YORK'S HARDEST 2
Legendary Hardcore collection including 25 TA LIFE, REACH, INDECISION, CANDIRIA, SFA & more. Produced by Sal Villanueva (Thursday, Taking Back Sunday)



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COMPLAIN - Debut EP
Fierce crossover thrash from Sapporo Japan.

MAD RATS - EP
Debut skate thrash from Portugal..features members of TIME X.

SCHOLASTIC DETH - Killed EP
The last recording - fast nerdthrash

FREAKS - EP
Solid/fast hardcore from Tokyo

SPITFIRE - Collection CD
An awesome, yet unknown Sapporo HC act from the mid-80s. Demo, live, CD-rom footage.

DISCARGA - LP/CD
Ultra fast political HC from Brazil...like MANLIFTINGBANNER. Collects old and new.

V/A - Barbaric Thrash Vol III 2xCD+EP
Shitloads of new thrash bands from all over the world plus a crazed ASOCIAL demo EP.

DOWN IN FLAMES - LP/CD
Debut LP of high energy thrash from kids who are half your age. CD has a live set.

V/A - Four Corners Positive HC LP
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EPS STILL AVAILABLE:

CRUCIAL ATTACK - Debut EP
Raw as fuck SXE HC from Reno.

LIE - Why EP
4 rippers of no-BS Japanese HC/thrash.

BREAKFAST - Eat Rice EP
The 2nd EP by Tokyo skate-thrashers.

QUATTRO STAGIONE - Debut EP
Crazed German fastcore...1000mph and DIY.

IRON LUNG - EP
Crazy time changes & off chords.

SCHOLASTIC DETH - Revenge EP
2nd EP. Fast HERESY inspired nerd-core.

THE REAL ENEMY - EP
Positive, political and fast youth crew

FACE OF CHANGE-1990 Demo 2xEP
Raw HC and melody like Uniform Choice.

JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS - Debut EP
Osaka's version of early GANG GREEN.

SCHOLASTIC DETH - Debut EP
Fast skate-thrash inspired by books.

EDORA - Debut EP
Ripping fast thrash/grind from Singapore.

POINT OF FEW - EP
Political Dutch hardcore/thrash

BREAKFAST -Eat Rice EP
Debut of Tokyo skate thrash.

JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS/EXCLAIM split EP
Crazy fucking split.

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HHH - 2xCD Discography (repress)
Ripping Spanish thrash from 80s/90s.

ExTxA - We're not the...CD
Colls 1st LP, debut EP and comp songs

YOUTH ENRAGE - MCD
Crazed fast core from Sapporo + CD-ROM.

RAMBO - Wall of Death LP/CD
Heavy Philly political HC + CD-ROM

IMMORTAL FATE - Beautiful LP
Brutal grindcore like INCANTATION.

REAL REGGAE - MAZE + THC CD
Guitar heavy thrashcore from Osaka Japan.

V/A - Murderous Grind Attack CD
An American/Japanese 17 band CD comp of brutal, DIY grindcore. Raw and DIY.

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS - LP
Like a mix between BLAST! and MITB. Fierce.

LIE - LP / CD
Last few copies - Saitama Thrashcore!

GORDON SOLIE MOFOs 10"LP
Definitive Midwest hardcore/punk.

DUMBSTRUCK - LP
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HIGHSCORE - Discography CD
Super fast youth crew from Germany.

PLUTOCRACY - Dankstahz CD
Out of control grindcore 89-92.

LIFES HALT/WxHxN - Split LP
Vinyl still available.

WxHxN - The Second Year CD
Collects 3 eps and CD-ROM.

SPAZZ - Sweatin II CD
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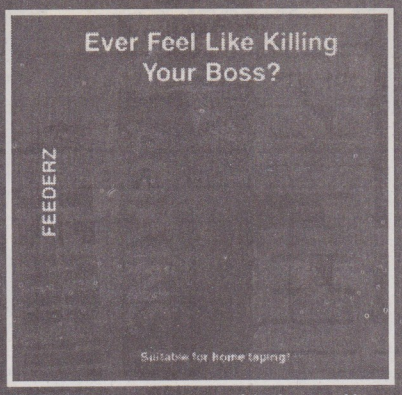

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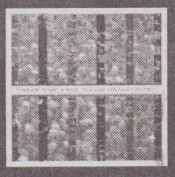

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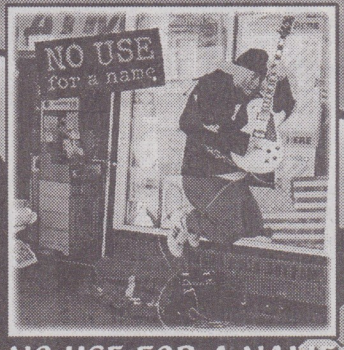

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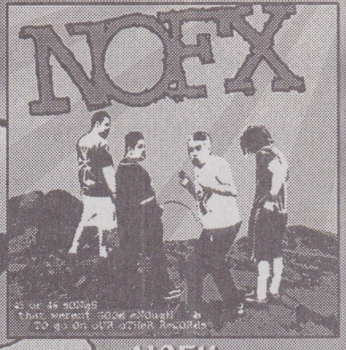

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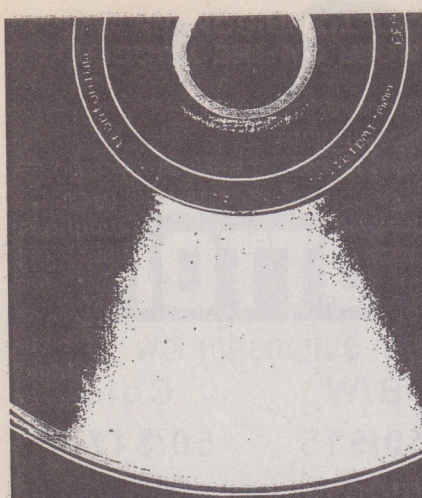

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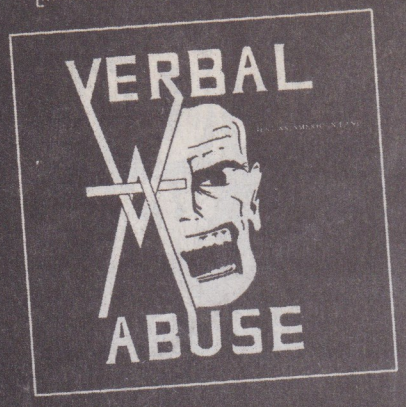

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VOLUME 01

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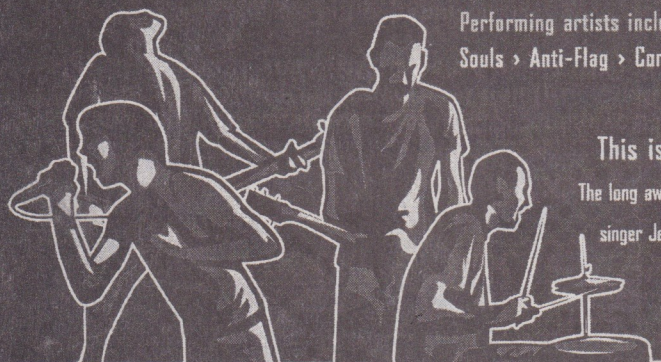

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FOR SALE- Many collectible punk-speed metal and garage vinyl. Email me your want lists. I also trade with other collectors. kgrave2000@hotmail.com

ANXIETY DISTRO sells rare/out of print punk. Five dollars for 80 minutes of music burnt onto CD-R. CH3, Dils, Toxic Reasons, Killed by Death comps, Bloodstains comp., http://anxiety distro.hypermart. net or PO Box 6766, Portland, OR 97228 for full/list info.

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RECORDS WANTED: The Damned, Neat, Neat, Neat 7", Japanese pressing; The Ramones, Do You Wanna Dance, 7", Japanese pressing; The Execute, A to Z 7" flexi. Will buy or trade. Send correspondence to 4071 Chanute St., SD, CA 92154 or email: ggmwcase@aol.com

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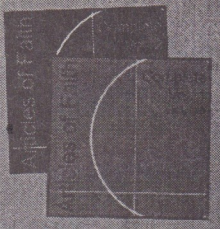

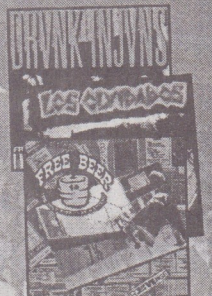

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